

Amherst

AMY CLAMPITT

May 15, 1987

The oriole, a charred and singing coal, still burns aloud among the monuments, its bugle call to singularity the same unheard (she wrote) as to the crowd, this graveyard gathering, the audience she never had.

Fame has its own dynamic, its smolderings and ignitions, its necessary distance:
Colonel Higginson, who'd braved the cannon, admitted his relief not to live near such breathless, hushed excess (you cannot fold a flood,

she wrote, and put it in a drawer), such stoppered prodigies, compressions and devastations within the atom – all this world contains: his face – the civil wars of just one stanza. A universe might still applaud,

the red at bases of the trees (she wrote) like mighty footlights burn, God still looks on, his badge a raised hyperbole – inspector general of all that carnage, those gulfs, those fleets and crews of solid blood:

the battle fought between the soul and No One There, no one at all, where cities ooze away: unbroken prairies of air without a settlement. On Main Street the hemlock hedge grows up untrimmed, the light that poured in once like judgment (whether it was noon at night, or only heaven at noon, she wrote, she could not tell) cut off, the wistful, the merely curious, in her hanging dress discern an ikon; her ambiguities are made a shrine, then violated;

we've drunk champagne above her grave, declaimed the lines of one who dared not live aloud. I thought of writing her (Dear Emily, though, seems too intrusive, Dear Miss Dickinson too prim) to ask, not without irony, what, wherever she is now, is made

of all the racket, whether she's of two minds still; and tell her how on one cleared hillside, an ample peace that looks toward Norwottuck's unaltered purple has been shaken since by bloodshed on Iwo Jima, in Leyte Gulf and Belleau Wood.