

CHARLES BERNSTEIN

Anaffirmation

I am not I
when called to account –
plaster over, dumbly benched
the corrosive ardency
of blinkered identification.
To affirm nothing, a veil
of asymptotic bent,
prattling over-
tunes in the striated
ecstasy of an turned-
around spade. Sprain parkway
gulls its titular
horizon, & my growling
Zebra knows me just
enough to tip
her hat.

with the permission of the author
from *With Strings* (University of Chicago Press, 2001)