

# Albert Goldbarth

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## *Too Here*

Maybe the gods *do* walk among us, swaggering,  
consoling, pitying, lusting for our warmth and inexperience  
that must be a kind of sexual veal to them  
—whatever, maybe they *are* here, always, invisibly.  
Maybe we *do* exist in fields of psychic interconnection,  
and the way electromagnetism or gravity is a grain  
that patterns space-time, so are waves  
—although we'll never be aware of them—of hunch  
and luck and telepathy. As for neutrinos:  
it isn't maybe. They're showering through this page  
and your hand and your heart right now. The moth  
beats in a frenzy around the candle flame, as if trying  
to whip the light itself into a cream. It can't refuse  
the bulb in the bedside lamp, the headlight on the car.  
And yet it doesn't even seem to *see* the sun  
—the sun is too here for that.