

## LOOK DOWNWARD, ANGEL

Proust was recalled by taste to a vanished world;  
for me, the past is opened up by thought  
of surfaces I've touched: the flow unfurled  
of dark road streaming North, of cobbles fraught  
with antecedent meanings, brasses sought  
in Europe – relics pressed by pilgrim feet.  
That flowers sprang where saints have walked, saints taught.  
On sounder grounds, the Natives call a weed  
“the white man's footprint.” In between, a cheat  
swore looking down became the ill-begot.