

## JEREMY TAGER

### DELVAUX'S DREAM

(Belgian surrealist painter b. 1897)

Women with dimples as deep as pockets  
hide their children among the weeds  
and sleep open-eyed  
The names of extinct birds  
interrupt their dreams.

They stand, arms linked, in full sun  
to compare disasters.  
They separate like tendrils of rain;  
dismantled world.

Women with voices tired of the rain,  
walk with wheels cradled in their arms  
and feed on the underbelly of the moon.

Boats scrape bottom  
and the women,  
as pale as the skeletons of birds,  
are either sleepwalker or alchemist now;  
they shake their fingers at the sun  
and still wrestle with a name for silence.

## DIANE FAHEY

### WINDOW CATS

A spring Saturday. After a week of quiet busyness  
the village timbers settle one breath deeper.

In the dim room: presences, a holding silence  
behind glass . . . Their otherness glitters, draws me  
up the drive to gaze at their indecipherable  
dream. One curves, pure black, along the saddle  
of the rocking horse; the other, a porcelain shape  
tabbily perfect under chipped grey nostrils:  
both posed, in possession, and every hair a master-  
stroke. Behind slits in topaz, each is an intimate  
absence staring me back down the drive, the tabby  
leaping out into the window frame to watch me away,  
then vanishing back into that stillness, that  
composed power, on which they ride and they fly  
to old Assyria.

