

sang perfectly
from perfect nests.
Sea-winds blew,
ruffling the down
of the newest born,
invading the most
hidden warmth,
taking their due.

(Ovid. **Metamorphoses**. Bk. VIII)

Jan Nelson

DUSK

I want something more solid
than dreams and streetlamps
Lighting up the sunset
with private pockets of embarrassment
And pulling down the shades on my grief.
In the next room, someone is crying extravagantly
For the soft-poached eyes absorbing into the earth.
People look through windows but see only shadows,
The ultimate in still life.