

DORIS LEADBETTER

THE FARM

The ruts lead now to a sandstone shell;
eyeless, lintels sagging where windfingers scrape and hollow.
A pail still swings where the rusted rim of the digger's well
bears the mark of the rope and the lantern's tallow.

The shades and shards of the people still
rattlerake the blinds that hid the glittering death of the farm.
The trees were felled, the topsoil blew around the poisoned
well;
and they left the dead land to the saline worm.

KNUTE SKINNER

PROBLEM

How shall I offer a challenge to that star
that metes your day and singles it for his.
Lives may not bend as bodies do together,
appointments may not wait upon a kiss.

How should we draw tangential days
into one tether.

Or how shall you, my darling, hope to war
the woof of Wyrð that bursts my brittle night
and will acknowledge neither tie nor tether
but draws me in the shadow of its light,
unless we go our separate ways
somehow together.