

"Dad, wait for me, wait for me!" she calls, running, but the wind from the ocean blows her words away. Never mind, down at the sanctuary they'll be safe.

Safe and out of the wind.

## RICHARD VANCE

### ONCE MORE, WITH MAGIC

If we were to wave the wand  
that makes magic from stark silence  
or from words  
when there's nothing left to say,  
I'd drop to my knees for a minute  
and mean it  
the way I didn't quite mean it  
the first time I proposed.

Then I'd dance you to holy places  
like the meadow  
where hummingbirds hover red-struck  
or a mountain  
white-hot with stars--  
and kiss you enough vows  
to mend a lifetime  
one-fifth broken  
by nothing more than past,  
that hare from the hat of illusion  
our mind-traps  
need not clench in steely jaws.