

Leslie Palmer

READING YEATS BY A FAILING LIGHT

Everything happens in a blaze of light

W.B. Yeats

I turned in by the shore road,
followed ambiguous turns marked by wooden arrows,
saw the dead stump and stopped.
In a tangle of green weeds
it seemed to twist, revolve, wind. Parked,
I opened to Yeats and read poems that made me over.

Broken

by leaves the light fell
in dappled patterns that danced
on the car hood, made me sway
to their music as whistles
call a falcon to the wrist, shrill
commands that lift the raptor
from the prey, turn the blank eye
from rise and fall over sunny fields
to miraculous assent
to the padded drab arm,
the hooded dark.
Again I turn to poems.

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