

but he finally made it

sailed off with scaly legs retracted
hovering off
great gaunt seaplane
sailing slow
solid august
surreptitious
over the mangroves.

P. REES

DISENGAGEMENT

I prepare for your going
with hardened heart,
telling your faults
like beads in the night.
Sins long forgiven
are raked for a spark.
I need a fire
to warm myself by
when you're gone.
Add no more grains
to the years' hoard of love;
it will make bitter bread
when you're gone.
You will not know,
but please forgive
this final cowardice.

DERRY PARKER