DAYS OF ’98

No, you don’t read Cavafy for wit:

the charge of emotion,
the force of nostalgia,
the horse-driven cab
to a bed and the half-opened clothes ...

Faces like statues of gods’
and more yielding than stone,
and the light on young limbs.

Every body that stirred his desire
a blow to the heart.

Words are museums of silence;
each beautiful face a vieux jeu.

Maybe it’s envy;
I know that the chagrin is real.

IMAGINARY COUNTRIED:
THE NECESSARY FAIRYLAND

Stranger things than children can invent occur in this land,
Where some infants are discovered fully formed without a parent
And where mothers feel no birth pains and no periods exist.

Children may be eaten here by ogres with no surnames.
Elder-wood is also death to infants,
And brings doom into the house.