

A SHORT WALK . . .

Some years ago I abandoned
memories (a grown family)
and went to live with big airs in
the country's quiet, sometimes
meeting an on-the-spot face. The
variety of company
never ceased to amaze me, though
I fear I left behind me some
ugly scars of unwritten letters
— for my reply, of course.

But a breeze
blew on all sides of my face
and I forgot the hot run back
uphill of a bothering past
too late to catch.

I may tell you
where I'm going today: walking,
not chauffeured, because I am too
threadbare in being prompt.

If you'd
enjoy a short walk in the shade
of a high forest of ideas,
whether we catch any between
leaf and leaf's shadow I'll say
such may be old-fashioned sunbeams, but
they could total us many smiles.

GIBBOUS MOON

Well I know her white face as
she climbs over my roof, with her
madness reigning; and am haunted
as a chimney that is harried by
bats . . . black caps and capes donned to daunt
me. Night defers to her phasing
of illumination. I lie,
listen while the flat steps of sleep
move past. A broken vision hoists
gibbous moons . . . hers is not love's full
face to the Earth. Part through night the
eaves adumbrate her shadow.

I

wait a long time, seeming longer
than sleep soothes. My words prove I have
watched: she watches nobody as she
stands out of sight behind a shed.