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 chauffered, 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.