

“Driving West on a Winter Evening”

I wish I could love you
how you love to dance, the way you move
your arms, your fingers stirring
the light through the bedroom window.

But then, I wish I could love
the sun, tipping over the edge
of night, perching between
the dashboard and visor, pounding

my eyes with the same love
and light the land I cannot see
accepts blindly. I wish I could

Open the night-blooming flower
to embrace the daybird, seeking
in sunlight what only can be
found in darkness. The greatest thing

I can give is the retriever
locked in the house, growling at his
glassy reflection, wondering why
he won't run through the rain.

“Finding an Old House in the Woods”

Vacant windows swallow light,
yet inner lamps remain unlit.
Tattered curtains—silk unfit
for desertion—

shrouds enfolding impotent
shadows in the corners,
the only mourners
in the sepulcher.

Edges blunt and colors fade
as winter shades approach
and tongues of frost reproach
the crumpled shell

whose decay we can't disturb—
its doors are rusted closed,
its secrets undisclosed—
vagrants denied

Desultory desire to
plunder barren bedrooms,
crushing ragged blooms
of fragile spring.

We leave it as it was,
its perfect dust unmoved,
its strength and use unproved
by grasping hands.

Reluctant to be known,
it may fall from force above—
or it may crumble of
its own accord.

“Speaking with Shadows”

Summer flowers fling darkness
behind them; or does the sun,
splashing gold on the day,
shape the shaking shadows?

The apple's void-echo weeps
Its woes that it can't provide
Sweet life like its maker,
For nothing can feed nothing.

My faceless twin grips the ground,
Cold with lonely horror,
But then I cheer him up:
for when the day fades to night

the light will flee from our eyes

and our shades will be one with us.

“Walking in a Snowstorm at Night”

On a walk last night I thought how fast the falling
snow would muffle sound, warding ear and mind
from passing clamor of cars, people;

How blissful, blundering blind through peaceful
torrents, cold, unaware of the wayward
bus sliding through stop lights, heedless
children catching snowflakes on their tongues, frigid blankets
blocking heated words from the bedroom.

I wondered how serene the homeless
drunk would wake on the park bench
stiff and numb to sense
the shroud no hands had laid on him.