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## Two Poems

John Haines

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## **GREEN PIANO**

Her hands on the green piano  
were sudden and sharp, thin bones  
of a bird treading the keys.

And the tune they plucked  
came through a throat of wires,  
like a wind in bare trees.

She searched the melody harsher  
and deeper, hunting downward  
among slashes of sunlight,  
furrows stricken with shadow,  
her fingernails stabbing the earth.

Ponderous and slow, the ivory  
and black tongues of an elephant. . .

And her music soared, scale  
upon scale, into a dazzling cloud,  
a high and furious clapping that broke,

crashed as thunder, and stopped  
in a waste of echoing rock.

## THE TUNNEL

Disappearance begins with you,  
always ready to turn,  
seeking a change,  
a mask, a face not your own. . .

a hollow filled with roots  
and angry sighs.

You leave at an inner distance  
a shadow, or the shell  
of a shadow,  
standing, sleeping beside me.

All the landmarks drained  
by the wind of your passing—  
fields and rivers, streets  
I do not know, your name itself. . .

Your face a tunnel of lights  
which I no longer see.