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Two Poems

Victor Trelawny

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NORTH/SOUTH

Direction starts out wherever it leads.
The ducks find their way
Back. Sitting here on a rocky hillside
Above the city, I unpack my lunch
Like a light fixture
And watch, tired, almost there.

The ducks roam the gray sky
At home. I see them as racing shells,
All those oarsmen! And the deep marshgrass
Like a northern country . . .

Further down, a broken sawhorse collapses
Into an upper case 'M'.
Two bands of ducks pass, almost touching.

I hold up my brown paper sack:
60 watts. Along the valley
A thousand doors open on darkened rooms
As I bite into the bright bulb
of a plum.

THE WHIRL

Part of a slideshow, we ride standing
Through the summer air, strapped
In our separate spaces, bathed by a roving

Searchlight. Image after image of the city,
The river, the otherwise unfocused
Houses projects from the billion images

Held behind our brows. But the scenes
Flash past so rapidly on the star-swirled
Screen, we cannot hope to raise

A weightless hand in time to point out
The particular place, upriver perhaps,
Where we had been once or would like to go.