

Fall 1988

For David S.

Rick Newby

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For David S.

What others criticize you for, cultivate.

—*Jean Cocteau*

Imagine: a tightening in the throat,
blue books, and a mother who is dead.
This blue house, blue-roofed,
holds all remaining memory
and ten thousand beloved volumes.
The long, low automobile
sleeps under its cover
of snow tinted blue, and the fire
speaks, a steady murmuring:
voices of the dead, women
who first caressed your ear
with lovely words, magic words, words
lifted into song from the dense,
mysterious, printed page. The meal
is spread upon the table. The bottle
of dark, southern wine breathes
on an oaken sideboard, heirloom
of remembering. Lost in the warmth
of this winter's night, you feel
again familiar presences,
open a book, touch blue pages.
From the photograph on the wall,
a tender glance. In your ear,
the voices murmuring.

Rick Newby