Winter 1995

Landscape With At Least Two People In It

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But this is the place of no lover and no angel,
Random and inflammable.

How the terrain lurches toward the shore,
Willows untwisting their catkins above slabs of old
breakwater.

In shadows, last ice, brown and pitted as bone.
Seventy degrees' difference between

Two days. A cottontail doe, stumbling dumb with
spring
And young, her coat green along

The ridge of her back. The air-vexed water: vein-
green, eye-blue. Lip-red
Withies of Mulberry. Immaculate cerebra of cloud.

Something sacral, elemental: pathetic
Sun, mud, west wind blowing the lake

Nearly waveless. Ladybug and her midwife's blood,
Duck and his hangman's hood.

Old gods of threshold, gate and field's
End. Shore: liminal, littoral, this world

Speaks, if it does, for itself, the old monologue
Of the land. No musing. No talking back.  

for N.E.