Landscape With At Least Two People In It

James Scannell McCormick
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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


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.