

# Three Poems



Night Shadows, Edward Hopper, 1921

## *Home*

I recall when home wasn't home, how so same the streets,  
buildings' silhouettes, footfall's scuff ...  
When, penniless, having walked avenues all day, weary to  
the marrow,  
I found myself, like some spent arrow, in a boxcar, near a  
house we'd rented once,  
Seeking embers in a grate bereft of fire, safe hearth away  
from windward,  
warmth on a sultry summer's eve ...

But that night was more hollow than in other towns I'd  
known,

'cause it seemed I was each anywhere

alone,

a stranger 'midst the props of childhood's stage ...

When home was will'-o'-wisp through fingers, I a pilgrim  
with no shrine,

bookmark sans a page ...

Crusoe on my island of an age—

*Late July*

On that cant above the ditch, daisy suns give way to  
nebulae of Queen Anne's lace;

From verdant tangles blow morning glory trumpets;  
nights fret days' edge' like kit pawings

of subtraction.

Summer, two-thirds done, ripens toward fall in  
obligatos of the pretty,

Things appearing, disappearing in fealty to enigma, the  
Universe come hither thus along a river's serpentine, its  
codas robed in reminiscences ...

But these gyre in anxious flocks beneath the mortal  
heaven,

Where dread hunger of forgetting stalks each tissue  
flimsy ...

sachets of memory to be strewn like time

at Armageddon—

*Sheaves*

One dawn past summer solstice, begins night's undertow.  
Though I can't hear it yet, autumn's whispering to the  
willows ...  
Decided by some old law of cradle rocking, some inverted  
lullaby.

If asked after a thousand years from June, seek me here,  
Where water droplets dropping onto leaves seem strikes  
on taborets;  
Where a deer's tracks cleave the dew, she having come this  
way seeking sweets when dawn was rumor just;  
Here, where omens of October coax fog from warm  
purlings of river,  
And silhouettes fatten into studies of familiar things, half  
made icons of the bonny and the plain;  
Here, where cadences of world are bound into sheaves by  
we yeomen of a sun ...

where time droves swallows toward Mexico—