

# Two Poems

by [Isabel Chenot](#) (November 2024)



Driveway (Richard Diebenkorn, 1956)

**driving through desert, mid-August, late in the day**

Then I saw a geometric language.

Fenceposts were just seams of air  
nuanced on a flat land. Gleams of anglage.

Just their  
rhythmic sheen would pass,

while every line  
of desert diagrammed the low

sun into sentences  
of waist-high grass,

of barbed wire, of weather-bitten  
cables over scattered farmhomes.

The sunbows  
snagged on splinters, flicked out long flares  
  
on the rust-scarred filaments.

The sun declines,  
like everything I know.

But slits on distance—  
fence wires in the desert—

scrape the moon and stars through,  
and rake up sunsets into lateral fires

from glints and vertices  
and dusk's half tenses.

### **outstretched still**

*While the earth remains,  
Seedtime and harvest,  
Cold and heat,  
Winter and summer,  
And day and night  
Shall not cease.*

–Genesis 8:22

See the road stretch to haze  
hinting a harder, heavier wall  
of night, whispering sharper grays  
of mountains. Watch the seared waysides fall  
back from each mile. Look, bits of glass  
where sun-beat, tangled flares of grass  
burn summer motionless–

and think we'll be consoled.  
Some day when winter's on my mind,  
I'll just pull off the road, and, heat or cold,  
I'll cut the motor to unbend  
my seedtime in the ceaseless dust.  
These waysides with their scaggled harvest  
evoke the arms of Christ.

## [Table of Contents](#)

**Isabel Chenot** has loved, memorised, and practised poetry all her remembered life. Some of her poems are collected in *The Joseph Tree*, available from Wiseblood Books

Follow NER on Twitter [@NERIconoclast](#)