

POETRY

PAUL BLOOM

dust and roots,
the sounds of logging;
purple lizard
 and iridescent flash
 of steller's jay:
second tier valley
 below treeline.

my home is a glacial meadow.
there is no ceiling.
the lights go on and off
with the clouds.
 there is no agenda.
 a blinding hot sun
 bounces off canyon walls
 and the world a bach cantata
 with the mysterious red lake
 in its center.
when the wind builds up
clouds cover the sun
 and the meadow turns gray
the vissta emits terror,
becomes kettle drums
that signal some unknown event—
the meadow itself unchanged;
 the symphony changed
 not so much by wind and clouds
as the unseen filters of mind.

ALAN DAVIES

A morning begins to elicit
some blue from the sky
people walk from the dreams
that fled
my bed.

All night the sky hungers for a few herons
and the trees crack and stumble in the wind.
Some brute with four feet has knocked the
bird-feeders down.

Cumbersome night's quilt blanket
doesn't let day end
as I dream of you —
again and again.

Two drops of water
one clear one
just hued with pink.
Ocean —
bear me out.

You seem suddenly
to be thunderingly wondering
where you are —
everything is so cadenced
and pure, on a day like this.