

Self-Portrait at Noon

Upright, not bent
Or blistered,
I belong to noon.
Noon belongs to the sun.

I make my horizon
Of towers & squares:
White nowheres,
White despairs.

I see the future—
Seals melting,
Oak-baring wind,
Clouds in the water.

It's done in this light.
It's completely gone.



Captive

The foreigner speaks perfect English.
The flock moves off.

Trees stand up like kinfolk.
A bicycle lies in the hedges.

The sun beats on grills and cages.
A blue-bird lives in the stained glass.

No one leaves town.
But the wind leaves town.

Everyone has a silhouette.
Death is a friendly game.

