poetry

you can look through the key-hole
if no one's in sight
and see what you can
with your limited vision
of the forbidden land
But only the master has a key

I wore the glasses of a blind man
till the eyes of my fingers
groped for and touched
the face of a word
which arrived on the tongue
of an evening smell

Richard Sherman

four poems

a rubber eraser is efficient
for minor mistakes
but only the pointed talon
can scratch out
the guilty eyes of knowledge

later at night
than the clock can strike
darker at night
than the eye can see
deeper in the night
than the foot can penetrate
the sun of my desires
battles the owl

She would have been five in the early spring,
The frost churns yet in the ground,
And started in at the community school.
Her hair was oats glistening in the field,
Like Benny Ray's; he's two.
Every day I cross the shallow stream,
The water puckers over the slippery rocks.
Pausing here,
I ache at this road.

Sylvia Girsh

Out of touch,
Passed's underpull our peril sinks.
Not amulet nor urn, no image at eye-level;
History draws at oblivion
,perpetually,
drinks.

We're on the high seas now:
No candy calm, no tall tale
Tricks a snugly-pleated scene; all sets us.
But soundly rounding is the sea: she's under us
As mother palm her infant's boat,
Teetering in a bath tide.

We know how hollowly is worked, below,
What once was fat.
We know where we ride.

M.C. Richards