

THREE WIVES

Table and chair.
This is no marriage
but an arrangement.

Your first wife was the daughter
of a man who built houses.
Each room left you emptier.

The second stood in the middle
of rooms, auditoriums, fields
and took her name, over and over, in vain.

The third had to be tracked down
in snow, like a small animal
suddenly run out of room.

Now she sits all day at her desk
like Emily Dickinson,
pure with poems.

Stanley Plumly

FALL RAIN

Thunder, old man and
blind, grumbles from
corners. Old too is
rain that keeps falling,
weakly falling, yet
dissolves the roofs over
all you remember into
swamps again, it
will take the sun
centuries to dry them
back into nothing.