

STANLEY PLUMLY has published one book of poems, *In The Outer Dark*, and a second, *Giraffe*, is forthcoming. He usually lives and teaches in Athens, Ohio, but is spending this year in England on a Guggenheim Fellowship.

LIGHT

One wife enters from nowhere
to perform the laying-on of hands.
Now you know what it is to be touched.

Your whole body is in light, as to be understood.

The woman walking from the end
of the hallway has said nothing
since she began. She is also your wife.

She is crying. She is like your body repeated.

The wife of the doors, the woman of rooms.
She is the third person. The small moons
of her hands: how they bring you back

from whatever dark to whatever body is.

DREAMSONG

I was in the middle of the way,
with the lights on
and the dark side rising.

I was kneeling, no traffic,
I had the river
under me; I believed in what

I wanted. I wanted to die.
I wanted the whole
day. So I rocked back and forth,