

## THE POND

Night covers the pond with its wing.  
Under the ringed moon I can make out  
Your face swimming among minnows and the **small**  
Echoing stars. In the night air  
The surface of the pond is metal.

Within, your eyes are open. They contain  
A memory I recognize, as though  
We had been children together. Our ponies  
Grazed on the hill, they were gray  
With white markings. Now they graze  
With the dead who wait  
Like children under their granite breastplates,  
Lucid and helpless:

The hills are far away. They rise up  
Blacker than childhood.  
What do you think of, lying so quietly  
By the water? When you look that way  
I want to touch you, but  
Do not, seeing  
As in another life we were of the same **blood**.

## FOR MY MOTHER

It was better when we were  
together in one body.  
Thirty years. Screened  
through the green glass  
of your eye, moonlight  
filtered into my bones  
as we lay  
in the big bed, in the dark,  
waiting for my father.  
Thirty years. He closed  
your eyelids with