

Jan Weissmiller

OUT OF WHICH WINDOW

Out of which window
did I see
the snail on the leaf,
the green green
of the leaf-shaped leaf,
to which the snail-like
snail adhered—
its shell in the wind
more motionless even
than it appeared.
It did not cling
to the fragile leaf
(insubstantial leaf)
beaten by rain,
by wind.
What day was it,
what time?
Out of the kitchen window
with you
(you were there
behind me then),
the snail on its leaf
in the wind.

PRESENTS

Five. There are five.
Picked as a gift and shipped
they've arrived,
three having opened
in their dark wrap