

*Daniel Weissbort*

IN ENGLAND

I'm in England again,  
looking at the sky—  
much closer than over there.  
And much quieter here,  
as in a room everyone has left  
temporarily. A temporary hush.  
Or perhaps as if abandoned to one's own devices,  
briefly, before some appearance—  
fix the hair, straighten the tie,  
brush a hand over the flies . . .