

They carve their shadows in this  
glass growing thinner every night.  
A spark's ignited at the center of  
my skull. Soon we'll all be free.

## For You / Daniel Halpern

You are not going to say any more now—  
we are in bed and your fingers are closed  
between your legs.

My hands are in their chambers.

We are talking with a low-watt bulb burning.

It is not sordid. It is raining.

There is unfriendliness between us  
and your long white men's flannels.

For too long there has been cloth  
between us.

Later the cat  
will move down your length a warm ball of fur  
between us. My 800 pound arm  
is sex, all man between us.

It is late. It is raining.

Others have conspired in this taking apart.

Objects have kept us  
from each other.

In the front room there is an Eve all male.

The feeling here for you is mine

and you are lost,

powerful, unsure—your angry renegade head . . .

You are not sure.

## Another Twilight / William Stafford

Sometime you will be in a store,  
some evening. The lights will come on  
rippling forward, and the shelves  
will wait, their still way. Nights

empty as big dark windows  
will line up for you.

Like that, I was here, and I stopped too.  
Somewhere in stillness the lights  
came on, for their own pale being,  
and I listened with all my life  
for something else, quickly, the way you do.

## Happy in Sunlight / William Stafford

Maybe it's out by Glass Butte some  
time in late fall, and sage owns the whole  
world. Even the obsidian chips  
left by the Indians glitter, out of  
their years. Last night's eager stars  
are somewhere, back of the sky.

Nothing where you are says, "It's me  
only." No matter how still the day,  
a fence wire hums for whatever there is,  
even if no one is there. And sometimes  
for luck, by neglecting to succeed that day,  
you're there, no one else, and the fence wire sings.

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## FIELDS OF ACTION

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### The Poem as a Field of Action: Guerilla Tactics in *Paterson* / Paul Mariani

A plan for action to supplant a plan for action:

In those dark days of December, 1940, with the German Stukas dive-bombing over London, ringing the city with fire, T. S. Eliot, from his fire

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