

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