

And the horse, ignorant of everything, walks away  
Like a skilled butcher from a dark, maimed

Lamb still wiggling in the grass behind him. And  
Morning surrenders to mid-day, and the afternoon

To the evening, and the evening surrenders everything  
To the sleep of these two peasants

Who have had a discouraging day in the fields:  
They dream of the black, burial horses of a king

With heavy sable plumes and the blinders  
Of gold-leaf made starry with diamonds,

Horses not like the auburn mare who stood  
In a world that

Belongs to a system of things  
Which presents a dark humus with everything

Living: all of us preceded  
Not by the lovely, braided horses

Of which the peasants dreamed, but by these two  
Peasants and their horse struggling

Briefly, at dawn, in the deep trenches  
Of a field beside the green, winter sea!

## Premonition / Mark Jarman

Mother, I see you blocking the door,  
your skin is a mesh of light  
letting the night through,  
your breasts are no longer toylke  
as in the bath, they are cones  
of moonlight tipped with darkness,

and between your thighs  
that reddish wedge of hair  
that hovered near my palm-sized face  
is white with a black crease.

When you turn completely to memory  
that is the shape you'll take,  
reminding me each time I pass  
through you into another room  
that death is a short trip;  
your heart stops and you're there.

## The Picture / Arthur Vogelsang

In this one, we sat on the floor.  
Beyond the thin glass the idea of water and thunder  
Was like a seizure in God's mind  
("Fresher! Fresher!" he yelled, and threw the water down)  
And among our legs which smelled like salt and clean blood  
We spread out the thousand photographs,

A few aunts dead, the Cartier-Bresson imitations we published,  
Our cats at two months, that auditorium  
Where we saw Lowell eight years ago deserted  
Afterward so in our frame it looked like erosion  
In a waterless desert or a hill so steep  
You'd think at a sneeze someone would have somersaulted down  
Over body after body into his sidekick poet  
Rich's lap. The old girl friends,  
The boys who had you, in snapshots  
Somehow better than the 8 x 10's we were secretly so proud of and sold.

In nearly every one, of us,  
There's this irony on my face and always on yours  
That keeps us from being scared  
At the nervelike blue light which instant by instant attacks the powerful rain  
At the edge of the window.

There's a smile