

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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