

## Vista · Janet Piper

I lie on the patio  
In my long chair,  
Gazing into the deep gulf of space  
Through intricate traceries of leaves,  
Branches of forest trees,  
Dark in pale skies.

I think of Hopkins' Oxford  
"Towering city and branchy between towers"—  
But this is Heaven itself—  
Here is no vaulted ceiling;  
No bounds measure  
The depth of these skies.

There are no walls  
To this universe;  
Beyond these branches  
No graceless growth of cities,  
No base or sour noise. No arches  
Uphold these skies.

## One Small Head

I am not afraid  
That my head  
Will not hold  
The little I know.

But sometimes I fear  
My heart will burst  
Viewing the actual,  
Fearing the worst.