

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.