## A MAN'S HOME IS HIS CASTLE

The Dutch door:
The crone, the wicked queen,
Leans in; she smells of winter apples,
Mushroom shrouds.

Behind,
The forest stiffens. Among the hemlock dens
Coots clack flatfooted over ice
Of swamps, their eyes round,
Unblinking, black.

It is The Old World, inexorable: Webbed feet across your shoulderblades At night.

## LOOKING AHEAD

I am haunted by clothes poles
Leaning across afternoon lawns
Like skinny grandmothers
Trying to make off
To the wooded corners of hayfields
Where the dark steps forth
Into deep grass
And the first thrush note
Drops like wild honey
Down the beetree of their bones.

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