

## 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.