

Five Poems · *Sue Owen*

RECIPE FOR NIGHT

All the ingredients share
the same purpose.
Put in the stars
where the darkness
was blinded by light.
Their sighs can be heard
from great distances
like a flavor.

And put in the moon
when it is a full cup.
That pure light is better
than any milk.

You can see your dreams
with it.
You can hear what
the sun whispers to it.
What the other side
of the earth won't yet tell.

What else can we put in?
Don't forget the darkness
hurrying to be remembered.
It leans into this
stirring like a close shadow,
like a wind out to make
trouble for the leaves.

So put in a pinch of
darkness, spoon of darkness,
dash of darkness; it's
all the same.

Night turns out the same,
even if the moon closes
its eye, even if
the stars shine breathless.

MY GRAVEYARD POEM

Plenty of melancholy.
The little plots
so neatly trimmed because
the dead like it that way.

And the pots of flowers
that perk up the scene
with their need to bloom.
And a few birds, the first

visitors, to break the solitude.
Let them perch and peck.
They seem to be the only
ones not so afraid

of one or two ghosts.
And the caretaker, who makes
the rounds, for whom
time has not yet stopped.

All those who doze
in their underground beds
cannot dream the world back.
Only the granite headstone,

cold and leaning, comes close.
And on it those markings
that shrink life
to the pause between two