

## Four Poems · *Fredrick Woodard*

### SPACES

*“A man understands when his life is  
built on nothing; and that’s a sad day.”*

The lilac outside the kitchen window.  
It will bloom in three weeks  
I am not wearing a watch;  
But I will walk into the fields that day  
There will be snow as when we walked there years ago,  
You pregnant for the first time.  
We did not live here then; we rented the house out  
To the hospital workers who did drugs  
And swam naked in the neighbor’s pond.

This solitude is unearned.  
I am self absorbed: spring rain and sponge.  
Were you here to take the walk with me  
I wouldn’t see you.  
Your hand would be there, in mine;  
But you gone from my mind;  
Out the door  
Down some street with no name.  
I’ll gather the shy sweet flowers.  
Stand in the doorway and, seeing nothing, say nothing.

### ONLY YOU TOOK HOLD

I take the covers under my chin  
with trembling fists.  
All day long, I caught glimpses of you  
in the light on my spectacles,  
you, moving on points chased by shadows;