

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;