

Four Poems · Marianne Boruch

OLD BALL FIELD

Birds suddenly forlorn in such a field, school hours,
so the land empties itself
back to simple pasture. A flock of sparrows, and then
another flock descend and rise, descend
and rise haphazard. This one,
that one there.

It's probably the light. Late morning,
cloudy, and the birds too hungry because
it's spring. *It's spring*, says
the silent couple in the dugout, three hours now
of skipping school, and kissing there,
not an eye between them open.

EXHAUSTION

Snow lay like exhaustion
all over the yard. Then why
this thrill waking up to see it
as though some
large mystery had given up
and said *here*.
Snow, the slow boat. The great
tiredness in it
is a haven the way
great loss is a haven.
No one does it deliberately
but one gets brought to this
as though to an altar
at the beginning of winter.
Where I walked all fall aspen leaves,