

Two Poems · *Alicia Ostriker*

CHANSON

A hammer flies through the air

Toward
The window.

Once, they waltzed.
Once, the nightingale.

At her loom
The white moon.

If the accountants
Get at it, forget it.

An orchard like a brocade
Partially shadows.

The edge, the
Nothing, hunters and bugles.

Tiny brown
Horses.

What a blow—morning sunlight
Cuts streets in half.

Then the flowing petroleum river
And ferries crossing her

Shiveringly burn.