

## Two Poems · William Logan

### LIVING

A strip of ochre binds the distant oaks  
behind the ancient professor  
wrapped in a deck chair,  
his hair aflame,

tongue lolling in its socket.  
Death translates the tended lawn,  
but April's rotten corporations  
return its favors to private gardens.

The musky horns of fluted daffodils  
tilt from a vase by your hospital bed.  
We lost our way to your room  
and knocked at one, then another,

the old, oceanic nightmare,  
behind each door the drowned husk of a face.  
Outside your window a vain forsythia  
fizzed with bloom

as you counted out your age:  
*87 now, no, 86, no 87 . . .*  
They wheeled you away to the porcelain baths,  
the sarcophagi, you announced,

of the damned Phoenicians,  
and then they called you *Professore*,  
like most annunciations, in a minor key.  
Save us from, save all of us from hell.