

## How Far / Lee Van Demarr

How far my hand has gone  
Since you slept beside me.  
In the morning it is turned up  
on the pillow like a shell on a beach,  
and in it the sound of water  
roars on the shore across the sea.  
Or it is my blood. In the early  
light I lift it up and practice  
letting go of your breast, your hair.  
It has learned nothing else.  
We will go through the day of motions  
freed by demands until it  
is time to sleep again. Then  
we will be parted by the fear  
of dreams and on its beach  
the hand close around its sound.  
I listen to the dark, to the wave's separation.  
How fragile the sea is.

## The Embarkation for Cythera / Lee Van Demarr

*after Watteau*

A golden light is all dissolved  
Among trees and statutes and ladies  
As the parties saunter along  
Down to the grey-green sea below.  
The gentlemen help the ladies  
Since the cherubim ascend like  
Frightened smoke and the boats are not  
In sight, and perhaps they will be  
Late. But everyone keeps walking  
And their clothes are elegant, hanging  
So richly right on them, soft  
Vermillion, delicate orange.  
The statue grown over with wild  
Roses has no arms and all  
Around the air and sky blur with  
A steady devotion of fog.