

GOING THROUGH THE MOON

We go for a walk. It is autumn.
It is half past our lives.
Old tires lie about. The country
is flat as yesterday, as the day
before that. Here is my body,
I say, take it.

No thanks, you say, you already
have one. It is a clear afternoon.
The moon is in China.
I go home, and wait.

The moon comes. I put my head in
its lap, not as a child.
You are somewhere else at the time.
You will never know why
you suddenly rise out of yourself,
and call my name.

Stephen Dunn

THE OTHER SIDE

I come to the great noose of water;
Like stone gods, the succorers wait,
Dressed in their tiny garments. All day
They stare from the opposite shore.

The boughs of the Manchineel
Let fall their blindness and black apples.
Gratefully I undress. The first stone
Rises like light to my hand.

10 *Charles Wright*