

where is the lost color?
wandering in the machine
strange boils, scurvy, on the machines

but chosen
the last chord
you must leave now

Tom Raworth

ONCE OR TWICE

No country would have me

Where I was born slips my mind
Uncontrollably

Once or twice
Climbing unfamiliar steps
I've discovered a lost bend or sock

The host's wife wears
A heavenly smile
In an embroidered frock

So like a good child
I confess my perplexities

Of the two standing at the window
One speaks of his regular habits
In a remote world

Soon he'll hurry
Like a ghost at daybreak
To his rented room

For the first time
You notice me