

the victims, will somehow survive. The sun touches
along and goes away, and while the stars
come out the sky waits and wherever they look
it is now and there is still time.

4.

I am time. When you look up
from this page I will be waiting to go
with you to the end of the story.

DREAMS TO HAVE

1.

They film a woman falling from a bridge
but the camera stops, and she stays
in the air. I remember that place
the rest of my life: it is going on
while events wait for their cues.

2.

Time jerks its way forward and you are
a long-waiting part, ready, ready,
walking our town. I round your corner
and my eyes come true.

3.

At a gallery every picture has us
in it: a frame back of the frame
pulls us, and I turn with an awkward
lope, heading outward. But that urge
takes me ever toward the center,
which moves.

4.

A person mixing colors bends low
when we walk there. "Why are you
so intent on that bottle you are stirring?"
And then I know: in that little bottle
he has the sky.

William Stafford