

ANOTHER POEM FOR WALLACE STEVENS

You are Isis, and I, a hen
picking among chaff,
move my thin head.
You flow, over rocks
and around reeds,
searching, as Isis
for her child, who will play
again by the sacks
of grain, shadowed in the shadowy barn.
We too, your readers, hollys of darkness,
mistletoes of winter, wait
for the Shining One, with whom
we will flee over the littered and wind blown roads.

WATER RECONCILIATION

When your privacy is beginning over,
how beautiful the things that you did not notice!
A few sweetclover plants in the ditch
along the road to Bellingham,
culvert mouths in driveway approaches,
wooden corncribs, leaning,
what no one loves, no one rushes toward or shouts about,
what lives like the new moon,
and the wind
blowing against the rumps of grazing cows.

Telephone wires stretched across water,
the drowning sailor standing at the foot of his mother's bed,
grandfathers and grandsons sitting together.

Robert Bly