

Three Poems · *Chard deNiord*

HESTER

She knows where you can find her
outside of town, where nature argues
with God and a rabbit dies.
No homily can compare with her.
You are convinced by beauty first,
forgetful to death of its reward.
You are convinced in your heart by her walk
through the trees and her choice of songs.
You are cruel immediately and chase her down.
She is reluctant to talk to you,
but she turns around like an angel trapped
inside a dream.
You want to make love to her again
on the forest floor in order to remember
the first time, in order to damn
yourself in the woods beneath the passive eyes
of maple leaves, but your lips are burned
and you cannot kiss her.
You are torn and stare at the trees
which carry a wind of indifference:
“It’s up to you.”
She agrees.
You leave her there and return to your room.
The doom you write depends on confession.

THE WIND AND THE DOOR

On stormy nights he thinks
of the wind and door as lovers
destroying each other.
For months he has meant to plane