

Four Poems · *Zona Teti*

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Leaves in wind and a sea-wind smell
of salt and wet rot, loves of an old
woman when the boys go away
to the mist of girls.

So I too was mist
melting back into a mountain,
leaving at last clarity and stone.

But boys want to start to drown,
though most make sure they never finish,
asking mist to part to a sea,
asking death to stay a possibility.

Age is too far out to see.
Or rather, the symbols of age.
The boys still go by codes
as if they knocked rhythmically
still on the clubhouse door.

And yet the boys are lovely and new.
You can't help thinking about them.
The new skin in mist. The oversized hands.
The new minds that die with a thought.