

## 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

an edge so it will close,  
but he feels he would miss the sound  
of it banging against its hinge,  
then remaining open in silence like a sail,  
propelling the house beyond the town  
to wild events in open fields.  
It's as if it falls when it closes,  
returning in a lull to its jamb.

He is happy this way in the interim,  
falling asleep each night  
in exactly the same way.  
If the door breaks, he'll buy another,  
or better yet, fix it.  
He will take perfect measurements of its width  
and length and examine its damage of splinters  
with gentle hands.  
He will mold it back into shape,  
then wait for the heat of summer  
to expand it again.  
Until the door blows off  
on a sleepless night,  
he will take advantage of conditions.

#### FROM THE APOCRYPHA OF DAVID

I wish I could die like Moses  
gazing at the Promised Land.  
I envy him that death atop Mt. Pisgah,  
so scenic and self-fulfilling.  
Lying here now beneath my palms  
I ache inside from more than gout.  
My palace is a huge luxurious joke.