

## Two Poems · *Chard deNiord*

### FIELD

As long as the trees encroached inside  
the fence I sank in the waters of disbelief.  
I imagined a field beyond the field  
that looked the same, that had no place  
per se but nonetheless *was* because  
of the theory I learned from clouds  
that *might as well* is the essence of *is*,  
no matter how different two things are.

The field that stayed beyond the one  
that gave itself to another growth—  
the locusts first and then the pine—  
was the one on which my memory depended,  
was the stillness of forgotten images.

I was sorry about the days I had missed  
by staring down, by losing sight of the clouds  
I loved as a child, by walking past the cows  
whose heads I had held against their will  
as a boy-on-the-verge of leaving the field,  
whose minds condemned the slightest thought.

I was sorry about the clouds that had passed  
in the same sky blots they're in today,  
as if to say there was hope for me to raise  
my head, as if to say I had thought  
too hard about what comes next. Time was  
only the ash that fell from a stick.  
Never mind the time that merely ticked.  
There was time for me yet to make a change.

I broke a stick and saw the face St. Thomas said  
was Jesus. The wind declaimed at Pentecost,  
*A body burns to form the shapes you see in clouds.*  
*A body breaks the clock with a silent boom.*

I traveled at the speed of light by looking up.  
I walked across the field that was  
and that was it. My body burned with each  
unfounded step. There was a light beyond the light  
that drew me in like a moth. This was the violence  
that bore away. My closest friend spoke for death.  
What could I say? I lost my voice when I tried to speak.

## THE DOLPHIN

My dearest parents, what did you expect?  
That paradise was a place  
where I could live and reign?  
I'll try to explain.

I was blind with seeing inside the walls  
where beauty starves on beauty.  
I'm on the verge of speaking things  
I can not know without the stones' assistance.  
Those men, for instance, without their teeth,  
the corpse I saw beside the river, inspired me  
to search the earth piece by piece  
until I learned that the air breathed me  
when I ran my hand through the dead man's hair.

I was extinguished in the pleasance of salatrees.  
A fire blazed inside my head like a flower.  
I saw two things as one and multiplied the rest.  
It never ends, this carrying over of other things,  
this chorus of voices inside the river.