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A Loaf of Time

May Swenson

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FOG AND SLEEP

The foghorn sounding from the cape took up
 The sea's long uncoordinated roar
 And changed it to a pure sea snore.
 The sound crept up the coast; the night
 Yawned huge about the house;
 And, sleep-encircled then, I slept.

Morning. The fog with banners and pennons,
 Like an army, passed through the pines.
 Holes in the air looked blue;
 The sun shot through in burning lines.
 But a foghorn blown by a sea-wise child
 Clouded the clearing air; and soon
 I rocked almost, I rocked
 Almost as though
 I stood upon my feet, asleep, at noon.

ERNEST KROLL

A LOAF OF TIME*

A loaf of time
 round and thick
 So many layers
 ledges to climb
 to lie on our
 bellies lolling
 licking our lips
 The long gaze a
 gull falling
 down the cliff's

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table To coast
the constant
waves The reach-
ing wave-tongues
lick the table
But slowly grayly
Slow as the ocean
is gray beyond
the green Slow
as the sky is high
and out of sight
Higher than blue
is white Around
the table's wheel
unbounded For
each a meal The
centered mound to
be divided A
wedge for each
And leisure on
each ledge The
round loaf thick
We lick our lips
Our eyes gull
down the layered
cliff and ride
the reaching waves
That lick but slow-
ly the table's
edge Then slowly
our loaf Slowly
our ledge

MAY SWENSON

