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## A Wind

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JANE HAYMAN

## A WIND

A wind awakes  
 in the schoolyard;  
 this is a dream  
 seen through a gate.  
 Within, a winter sun  
 and leaves that scrape the walk.  
 Children make rings and turn,  
 possessed,  
 into the sky  
 with shouts inaudible  
 or late  
 and then gone.

I am alone with  
 you, a name  
 that wakes in my throat.

WILLIAM PEARLMAN

## CARAVAN

Another trip, though tiring. Oh I went on. What a show, I heard somebody  
 say. A regular walking circus. All the way through gold to gold to green.  
 All picture postcard network. So utterly beautiful, assuredly not real.  
 Fun house reflectives of the impossible. I wanted to get the film over;  
 There was much too much technicolor, not enough matter.

I want the chance to direct a spectacular. Bring everything up the hill,  
 baskets of food, kegs of Coors, banana trees, horses, huge negro-dancers  
 carrying us in great caravan to the peak as the drug brings the eyes to  
 find diamonds in the fields, fluttering crescents in the garden.