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Incantation

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ROBERT CHETKIN

INCANTATION

Nothing survives in the temperate zone,
 The seeds of Middle and Mild have grown
 A fruit which changes men to stone;

Dwarves in the tropics writhe and moan,
 And giants roam the Poles alone,
 But nothing survives in the temperate zone.

STANLEY NOYES

DREAM OF FAIR WOMAN

At black five in the morning
 Woke—you stood naked by my bed
 Long hair to your elbows. "Do
 You want a woman?" you asked, shaking.
 "Yes." Threw off pajamas, guest in your house,
 Mind on your husband in the next room,
 On teen-age kids in other rooms.
 Made quick love, too quick,
 Lay clenching your tough, athletic body
 Thinking of your husband's .38 he'd showed me.
 "Aren't you afraid he'll find out?" whispered
 Finally. "He knows," you whispered, shivering
 Still. "He's a dear man and I love him dearly."
 Separate I lay, trying to separate truth
 From dreaming. After wiggling me uselessly,
 You sneaked away to his and your own opaque
 Bedroom, where I heard him snoring.