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By Day or Week

John Dillon Husband

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BY DAY OR WEEK

The street empties cold ash on phantom sky,
 Turns itself dustily to morning bars,
 Rakes a child's gilt slipper on the cinder heap,
 Composing blues, grays, brickyard reds.

The iris of day spreads, the sheets come down,
 Miranda boxes out a purple dream of boys
 Staring with glass slippers starting in their eyes;
 In a green gown begins tomorrow's days.

The red rush of buses eats a look,
 A drummer from a suitcase tries to see
 Green water drowning Sunday afternoon;
 The pavement breaks, and miracles a tree.

To the travelling eye Miranda's blouse disposes
 A downward thinking thought, divide and conquer,
 A hope of hothouse roses. Pigeons open evening out
 Like brothel doors, the clock grows longer.

JOHN DILLON HUSBAND

FLOOD

To Lionel Trilling

The first day it rained we were glad.
 How could we know? The heavy air
 Had lain about us like a scarf, though work
 Got done. Everything seemed easier.
 In the streets a little mud.