Brittle Things
Linda Pastan
ALAN STEPHENS

AGAIN HOW THE WEATHER WAS

After the rains and chilly aftermath, warmish, 'genial' winds, clear all day, though not too clear for the eye's comfort—with night, stars exceptionally distinct and brilliant, windiness in trees though quiet on the ground mostly, some sort of scent in the air, some flowering bush—the light in houses brilliant, houses filled full as if to bulging with light, as sacks with wheat when amongst the hectic work and racket, machinery and dust whirring in August blaze, all seemed to rush to a quiet wheat shine—these houses filled full with such light.

LINDA PASTAN

BRITTLE THINGS

I dream of brittle things:
A papery moth whose wings Are colored like a kite That blows apart in flight.
I dream of things that break: The surface of the lake Before the children swim. The children are so thin Their bones stick out like wings.
I dream of brittle things.

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