A Wind

Jane Hayman
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 god 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.