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We Who Have Hated

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They hold napkins beneath their glasses.
 They speak often and then go back saying "I mean. . . ."
 They go feeling, fumbling forward into the days.

But they never go back and start over on the big things.
 They never know they have fumbled life.
 The whole ship and tenement of their lives
 moves on like the sun.

Buzzards Over Arkansas

Three sombre wheeling chips tantalize a vortex
 invisible above a continent of pine cliffs
 and brush canyons.
 Casual denim-tiger, the man walks a far lane
 toward casual supper.
 Hog liver? Squirrel? The body of a soft rabbit?
 Far down in a gulf of thought spins Arkansas.
 The sun goes down. The fur sound of winter
 stifles the hurt mind.

BILL STAFFORD

WE WHO HAVE HATED

We who have hated for this murdered while
 Can breathe the same air now, and meet and smile.

Like sick men, each assisting each to stand,
 Feebleness offers feebleness its hand.

And if our words are frailer than our touch
 We speak with tongues that spoke too soon and much.

Now in the fewness of our words are said
 The tidings of the risen from the dead.

CHAD WALSH