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Winter Birth

Larry Rubin

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Winter Birth

Night drizzle sounds like scratching among
The cankered leaves—noisy field mice nuzzling,
Foraging deep in the rotting layers of forest
Where winter grinds cold humus. Sing

The night song now—there's birth out there,
Cracking the fog, but drizzle shrouds decay
For all your stagnant inner-ear canals
Can tell you. Trim the lamp and flog the fire—

Bar the door, poor Tom's a-cold. Breath
Of oak-rot seeps beneath the cracks. Sing
The night song now—drum time to the drizzle.
By dawn the leaves will breed new earth.

—Larry Rubin

Invocation

Moon of the lost season, linger near
Moon of returning autumn, heed again
The soul's cry over the lonely weir
The heart's shadow, dark upon the plain
See how the hare is furtive in the grasses
The cricket's song is stilled, the plaintive loon
Withholds his call. Time trembles as he passes
The rose will droop, its petals fall too soon
Moon of remembrance, turn, but not for long
Mirror past rapture, delicate and brief
Moon of the lost season, be my song
My comfort in the night of disbelief.

—Georgia C. Nicholas

Dry Mesa

Have you come back, Señor?
Or is this the dream
That haunts you,
The clinging dust
Of yellowed faces
Cracked by the sun,
The dry well
Where the flies cling.

Have you come back, Señor,
Expecting to see a soul,
A bright shawl of surprises,
The dark hills
Rain fresh with green?

We are poets too, Señor.
We move in a world
That is dust.
And dream
Other dreams.
Never certain
How foolish we are
Or how brave.

It is different for lovers, Señor.

—Peter Jackson