

1966

Before Dark

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STUART SILVERMAN

AFTER LONG SILENCE

As an old print rises through the stone
And sets its shadow on a random sheet,
Carrying the past up from where the past has lain
So that the present seems to stop in doubt,
And workmen, congregating, talk in groups
About the artist risen from the void
While someone rubs the stone down to eclipse
Whatever moved and quickened in the grid,
So some thing I was rises through the bone
Nudging the webbed interstices of time,
And stains the outward being with old loves.
The dull skin mottles, finding in the grain
Those words you used in summoning the form,
Which left no substance wedded to these leaves.

RICK FOSTER

BEFORE DARK

The texture of the cloud,
Long-stranded, granular,
Grey as weathered wood,
Tells of the coming hour.

Above, two jet planes pass,
White tails torn by gusts
Of wind, providing us
With emblems of our past,

Emblems of our hurt
Love, blown high and wild:
Speeding the gathering night,
Flying against the world.