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## Departure and Return

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## DEPARTURE AND RETURN

In the room that walls the world nobody saw  
 His slow-stepped passage through the dark door,  
 On which habitually all backs are turned.  
 Nobody knew when he was there no more.  
 And indeed, to him it seemed stark perilous,  
 Seemed that he moved by inches, if at all;  
 But he did go, the distance being less  
 Than that divides the body from the soul.  
 And when he came again into that room,  
 Though no one asked to know where he had gone,  
 He was not to himself nor they to him  
 Still self-estranged, but one and one and one.

J. S. MOODEY

## OLD MAN'S LAMENT

Dark head behind the window curtain  
 Red shutters beneath a sloping roof  
 Speechless tiles, awkward turrets  
 Tonight you are the loose soil of my lifeless coast.  
 Tonight you engulf with darkness  
 The knotted tree trunks of my gloomy roads.  
 Tonight you turn in my mind without respite  
 And glow in my blood like heated coals.

O delicate-faced gypsy  
 Noble willow of my marshy roads  
 Forever standing immune and innocent  
 In the blue and white doorways of my thoughts.  
 Forever standing there.