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The Poem After

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A Little More Than Rebirth

Could I have forgotten
The color of the sunrise
While watching shadow images on
Grey blinking television thoughts.
With my index finger I have traced
The edges of existence.
Now I want to sense
All the joys
And sorrows
Of this crazy spinning earth
(A strange new longing)
Because the winter day shines
White like a ringing coin.

/Diane Payne/

THE POEM AFTER (for Lynn)

Softly, like the gutter rain--
Window dressing, heavy water,
Bloody torrents, purple reign--
My hand now stops and says I ought to
Breathe a love-filled, long farewell
To Double-Major, Double-Minor
Who soon, or so my clouds foretell,
Will create words somewhat finer
Than my brand-new old Victrola
(Alva's answer to the laser),
Admiral, or Motorola;
Making business for the glazier--
Last night you bent my heart, you see.
Please, don't vanish like the green-gem sea!
I hope to meet with you once more
O'er vodka mix or post box shore.

/Paul Michael/