

ALL haunt the power line here,
 from other lands and time
 fantastically transported.

And the golden dog beneath the apple sky
 wonders why I should weep.
 He cannot see these shadows,
 or store their starlit language in his heart—
 only bark at the crackling twig,
 or looming shape, tricked by the moonlight gleam—
 he cannot see old ghosts.

SEVEN POEMS BY LEONA GOM

THE FOOD OF LOVE

The last record
 has been seduced into song
 by the delicate incision of the needle,
 which, when it has finished,
 detaches itself,
 and moves away.
 The machine,
 finding no new rhythms
 plunging for fulfillment
 on its silver spindle,
 turns
 itself
 off.

Simpler models, of course,
 can play only one record at a time,
 must be shut off externally,
 and do not even have
 a button called "reject."