

THE MEETING

When I saw her coming toward me
I moved in front of her,
Moving to my left
As she moved to her right.

When she turned left
To pass me on my right,
I moved in front of her.

She stopped, staring at me.
I put my arms
Around her and held her
Tightly against me.

She struggled slightly
And then fell asleep on my chest.

This was ages ago.
I have not let her go.

—*William Virgil Davis*

THIS FAR NORTH

We rise to drive five hundred miles one way.
Better than any holiday, we spend it
Driving five hundred miles that take all day.

Better than any holiday, we end it
After the miles pass behind the car
When we get out to stand out in the night

With moon enough to tell us where we are,
We stand out in the dark without a light
And leave the car to cool beside the house

We come into to crawl into our beds
Where all the miles passing our heads
Bring us this far north from that far south.

—*Harold Fleming*