

JUST PASSING THROUGH

Alistair MacLeod

Sitting here across our drinks
 For the first time in the eight
 Years since "it ended," I find
 My voice once more rising
 And my wild hands waving as before
 Turned on by you and *David Copperfield* together.

And suddenly I *really* look
 Full in your face (which I have
 Somehow dared not do for this past hour):
 The salt-wet tears are streaming
 Quietly down your cheeks to lose themselves
 Within your dress of coolest blue.

Once more my sea-cliff coldness knows
 The oceaned washing waters of your love;
 The moon-maid sea against the rock-hard wall.
 Water on rock, if constant, may make
 Granite into sand. But rough, rock cliffs
 Are constant too. They are not one night stands.

COUNTRY DREAM

Robert Feinstein

I made you
 Out of dust
 That seeped into my room
 At dawn
 And made you fly across
 The garden
 Like a bird.
 And I filled all the day
 With you
 So that your perfume