

## TIME'S CANDLE

This candle measures time  
 by the flare, each moment, of a vanished  
 moth. Destruction replenishes  
 itself perfectly: burns wings,  
 never wick. Just as the dray-horse  
 clatters through spider-webs  
 —at the open gates of the brewery—  
 woven, with unstoppable energy,  
 from snapped threads of the morning.  
 On the news: missiles were fired  
 at a just re-built new settlement.

## MAKING PLANS

The potter shapes a bowl, thinking of fruit.  
 But it's used to hold water, then matches.  
 A lover signs his letter in the tenderest  
 of loops. She can't read his name,  
 and so marries another. He sighs, and mends  
 fish-nets instead. The chess-player  
 moves a pawn to checkmate his future:  
 my kingdom for a horse, my horse for a lover,  
 my lover for even a crust of bread.  
 The dice roll, though their eyes are blind  
 cataracts of ivory. Only "Mrs. Osiris—  
 Fortune-Teller," otherwise my wife,  
 knows what will come. In lovemaking,  
 the walls fall away for her, and she sees  
 right down the street. Unashamed,  
 she makes love, as we all must,  
 out of time, in the public gaze  
 of distant past and far future.  
 Later, over a cup of tea, she will share  
 only one certainty: "We'll do that again."