

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

Hung about the land
And your song
Could be heard in my room.

And I whispered to you
Of the chaos and creation,
Of the whirling cyclone and the rose,
Of the mystery of the moving breeze
Which does not know where it goes
And yet still flees.

And I made myself into the dirt
And placed you among the darkened clouds
So that when your tears fell
I too could feel hurt.

I walk
Among the cities
Where tall monsters guard
The specks of light—
Like precious jewels—
And shadows crawl
Like burglars
Near the sickly trees,
And concrete rivers
Flood the plain
And men pray on their knees.

I am a whirlwind whirling
A red red rose
Caught amidst the dust of an empty lot
Who does not know
Where he goes;
Caught in a world
Where cyclones blow
And phantoms of dust
Mean that paper is tossed below.