

FOR AN UNWRITTEN POEM

R. L. Cook

I fell asleep with harvest on my mind,
 With dark seeds packed like acorns in my brain:
 I dreamed a myth of wakening to bind
 In tidy stacks a continent of grain.
 I watched the summer smiling through my dream
 And lived upon the cheating poppy scent;
 I did not see the grizzled reaper come
 But only felt space shiver when he went.

Then I awoke; the summer field was stubble,
 The poppy scattered in an autumn wind;
 My threshing yielded only chaff and rubble,
 The winter voice of rooks croaked of the end.
 With harvest on my mind I fell asleep
 And when I woke there was no crop to reap.

NOW SUMMER BLOOD DRIES GOLDEN

R. L. Cook

Now summer blood dries golden; laced along
 The shivering air and through the jittery trees
 A cold red flame is licking down a throng,
 A crackling harvest of deep-tinted leaves.
 Now winter glowers in the sky where no
 Heyday of blue is splashed among the cream
 Cheeked clouds: like phantom butterflies the snow
 Falls feathery and clogs the barren dream.

But do not think that winter is the end's
 Beginning or that snow can seal for good,
 For spring's nightwatchman rubs his hands and tends
 The braziers of life: near the white wood
 A seed is crouching, waiting for the sign
 And coils of birth are ready to unwind.