T.V. ANTENNA

Ribs stretched out, like a cross of several crosses--

up on the height of a roof--

clamped to the chimney or screwed into the

hard shanks of tarred

wood--a warden weight pulled up here to collect the

screams that puncture space and to

push them down under the

flat face of our ceiling.

—Michael K

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NIGHT STUDY

So still the night, so still
what words can say it?
quiet, serene, becalmed? oh, all or none of these
for there is now a reticence of trees,
a diffidence of darkness; what syllables convey it:
this trance of snow, this coventry of chill,
with even that great-muscled oaf, the ocean,
smooth-skinned as guile
and the sharp-tongued shore placid, for once, and mute.
What syntax can compute
a positive negation, what language reconcile
this silent joy with earth's unhappy motion?

--Gilean Douglas