

Island

In the heat of that summer
 there was a crazy growth.
 Decent trees obscured farm houses.
 And the naked children
 were a mere slither in the tall grass.
 Gradually, the dirt road
 disappeared
 into the fronds of the wild sorrel.

A walker there

parts a tangle of tendril fingers,
 the purple vetch pea searching
 like an eager lover
 in everything.

Day after day
 the haze and the soft wind
 and the scent of the muskmallow
 heavy
 on the dreaming voluptuary.

—*Anne Compton*

Men and Women, Remembered.

The cool rooms of summer houses
 fern plants casting shadows
 down a long hallway
 sideboards and banisters
 and the women, solid and moving.

And down in the dusty yard,
 shoploft, well-house
 pumproom. Words
 unused, unsung in me
 and the singing of the men.

— *Anne Compton*