

## 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*

## 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*