THIS TWILIGHT, THIS QUIET

Douglas Lochhead

This twilight, this quiet from the city noise,
this night of warm spring moon,
the hollow shaping promise in the air,
the trees show signs, we have seen
the same before, and it all adds
to new perfumes, new shimmers of recall.

I am ready to welcome it again,
this weeping parade of green, this
teasing tulip time which tells me
the world is a quiet rage of wonder
so much, my love, as you.

AT CHRISTMAS

Douglas Lochhead

One wonderful, prolonged, enduring
flash of pink dream, the children
see it full-faced in their wide eyes
and take to them a horde of gifts,
a cave of sentimentality grows
and what they become is us,
beginning to fall and forty, uneasy
on uneven sidewalks, strips of leather
pulled hard against the temples,
and what is puritan, what is told
about horrible and beautiful things
happening to that Man remains,
but what is real, and what
we try to tell them remains drifting
somewhere off-shore.