

Prophecy

I like you better than conversation;
When you're with me, I want simultaneous articulation
And silence I can address; I want the almighty yes.
If I were something you didn't make me, would you like me still?
And if you didn't, would the moss still climb the hill?
And the moon lay down its silver wraps in the fields for the night?
I want poetry; I want control; I want to be right;
I want the line that neither fits nor rhymes:
 It will be better in six months' time.

— *Kay Burkman*

Beak To Bark

beak to bark
and the fur knows ice, and the dry dust
of leaves, hidden as fur to winter rain
and light under waves
as fish to rise unperceived,
ice and dimly present;
beak to the new twig,
and bud here is ripe with wind,
stormed out of the cold recess,
and the fur knows ice, swollen on limbs and leaf bough,
and a trail of hidden blood
snow stains,
leaves a mark
as ice to earth
and the hidden cost of cold.

— *Andrea Moorhead*