

POETRY

KATE BESSER

Song for the Somnambulist (after Stevens)

The self undone discovers fortitude.
Now sings the wind, an only broken tune.
The singing is not singing to be heard,
is like a blossom unfurling in night air.

Let song make your heart hurt, indolent lover,
trolling the dream hours, deep and intertwining,
prying the old hours, lost and late and limited.
These hours are full and fade without decaying.

The calendar not then nor now nor ever
can capture them. But in themselves are thus:
a flight of nervous foliage holding tight,
Holding, branch bound, dreaming escape.

An escape that comes in disarray and tempts;
or, if not foliage, then our unburied dust,
recalling the past times' urgent waywardness
and the mumbling tales the hours told.