

Ethel Rackin

Buried in Either Time

The weather's clues—so
far as the crow—
one grew old white and
the other too. Buried in
stone or put out—
either time one waiting,
growing old. Both buried
in existence. A stone's
throw from a tree
and true—the older they go—
buried or put out. So the older
one grew. In trees too.

A light left on in the harbor—

into which a boat, a cabin,
a particular shelf, a lamp's light—
its triple sheen—
a bowl of mixed fruit
sailed like a flower—never—
on the first day of spring
sending up a leaf too soon
into the various.

Decay Song

Every second of every day I'm dying
in my cheap shoes and expensive dress
I'm dying on this semi-wet park bench
under the large tree I can't name
the humid breezes blowing
in minutes I'll rise and resume my post
in the hotel lobby
I'll die within a cubicle or cubby
within this single thought
I'll catch a strong breeze
under the still nameless tree
and keep dying.

Grapevine

This way is candy
that way is fruit in the trash
this way is lipstick stains
that way is Peachtree Street
this way is lightning bugs
that way is matchbooks
that way is telephone poles
and solitary whisperers
and treasure.

This way is candy, fruit in the trash, lipstick stains, Peachtree Street,
lightning bugs, matchbooks, telephone poles, solitary whisperers,
treasure.

What in the world

would I be doing if not loving you

what in the world would I do

what in the world would I be doing

if not loving you

what in the world would I do

I who have so long loved you

what in the world would I do

the you and the I and the you

when I'm loving you

what in the world would I do.

