

PAUL BENNETT

A Birthday Thought, 1976

Born in snow
After heroic resolution,
When coral-bells are interior,
Their airy stems bending,
Their petals like cheeks,
Soft as lips,
Is to be different from
Those customary men and women
Trapped in syntax
Piling fuzzy words
On words night and day.

Nothing means
Except it be bitten off—
Except its saying touch us
In intimate places, intimate ways,
The moisture of feeling
Primeval as mud,
Stones ground fine
For our nurture,
Osmosis: the passage of liquid
Through a membrane,
The substance of silence.

DARRYL PRICE

What Happens Now

The grass has
Turned into a fire
Blazing over her feet,

Until she is the center of the sun,
Like the flame around the wick
On a candle. She goes anyway. I sicken

And die, a petal ripped beneath
An evil rain's mad paws. I am shredded,
Like colored balloons going up now.