

## CHARLES HANSON

### *Lumen*

1

An Ohio farmer  
plows a pattern  
across the landscape,  
the upturned earth torn  
like broken skin  
with blue-violet depths.  
In the valleys  
the purple river weaves  
among the folds of grass  
and hybrid fruit trees,  
creating a perfect arc  
under coral sky.

2

Daybreak taps  
with its golden leaves  
against the window,  
the pale rose sky pushing  
against the frost.  
Golden-laddered crystals  
melt in the heat of sun;  
a blue stream of light  
flashes into the white room.

3

I lie down  
in the autumn weeds,  
my body holding  
its separateness like a seed,  
and stretch my arms out  
in a cross beside the  
umber shadow  
of the mulberry tree.  
I make my mark  
upon the ground,  
a stark line drawing  
on wheat paper.

4

Night  
pushes me forward  
to merge with ghost and air  
in a twilight dance.  
My flesh is stonelike

against the stars,  
my cool shoulders imprinted  
on the bronze dust.  
I design my sleep  
from the scarlet bouquet  
of evening light.

### *Winter Wine*

All winter we fought the cold.  
Indoors, we baked bread and sorted  
the golden lentils, drinking winter wine  
that left a summer flavor in our throats.

In the unbearably white landscape  
we watched the thin frost on the window,  
the candles dying in their roots,  
our heads resting on hot pillows.

First we read Hamlet, then Macbeth,  
and tasted three drops of blood within the wine.  
We thought: what could betray us now, the snow  
waist-deep, the cold earth unburdening the sky?

We drank iced wine beneath our frozen roof,  
your eyes glinting like a mirror of ice.  
We made love again as in love's first day,  
reaching out to feel the scattering of snow.