

W.H. Green

THE CAMPANILE AT LSU

For Judith

Recall the flat, mosquito-feeding warmth,
the tower, and what the night watchman
(who took us for lovers) did not understand.

The martins, mosquito-delicate,
engraves spirals in the light
of the clock above the grass,
the paper-pale, unwritten earth,
traced the flickering lines
of mind cacooning us.

He couldn't see.

Recall that summer, tower-high talk
that working days and nightwatchmen
have stopped and asked us to forget.

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