

For Tony: 1941-1969

by Martha Moldt

My life

Has suddenly loomed up

Into a cliff.

And all the long years ahead

Pour over it

In a bottomless torrent.

I had thought

To travel them with you

And share

All the rapids and

The still pools of beauty

Contained therein.

But you shot past me

Downstream,

To uncharted seas.

Beloved and once-alive,

Where are you now?

And are you bereft

Of such beauties

As I am free to absorb

On this late-summer night?

Can God wrap you

In soft breeze;

Sing your soul to soaring

With the music of crickets?

Can summer stars

In velvet sky,

Or orange-paper

Crescent moon

Reach

Into your phantasmic

Existence?

Can I send you all
These beloved commonplaces
Through my thoughts?
Or must you be content
With grander glories?

YOU ARE TOO

by Debbie Corwith

You told me
 Once
That I was blind,
 And
Knowing what you meant
I opened my eyes
To feast themselves
 Upon your being
Catching as catch can
 A here and there
 Of you
Without a why or where
 Of you.
Now I'm just a knowledgeable
Fool
With enough light
 To blind even
 A wise
 wise
 man.