

TWO POEMS BY WILLIAM BEDFORD

The Visionaries

Taking your hand
I am beyond stars and planets,
in a place where the flowers talk
and the grass bends in love,
wild with a strange music.

And if we fall
from the high trees,
our vision broken by the sudden end of love,
in taking your hand
I remember the touch of leaves.

Departures

The garden understands your going,
a bareness of earth and trees
that darkens in the cold air,

a reflection like the leaves in water.
By the gate, an empty nest lets rain.
A mist soddens to October.