

TWO POEMS BY PETER BALTENSPERGER

A Season in Perspective

September again:

high-piled cumulus
straining to be in a poem.

I write them, and they disappear,
relieved of their burden.

The sky shudders,
emaciated, pale,
vulnerable to thrusting steel,
piercing:

strange seeds
awaiting stranger springs.

I write some rain,
to facilitate the germination,
and pull down night.

When We Collect Enough Feathers, We'll Fly

The man says,
there are stones growing in the garden,
giant circles growing and growing,
like

Inside,
the walls are crumbling.

Other stones.