

The Threshold Stone

In my upper pasture lies a threshold stone,
whose house long ago abandoned it. It leads
to brambles and tangled nations, to letters
with war scribbled hurriedly over them. But also
to forgotten clothes at the lake-shore,
and a young man who swam down the beach,
following two long-legged
girls swinging the uncrumpled hemlines
of their freshly ironed yet so open thoughts.
To cross a threshold is always to return,
but to several inconsistent, and so unvisitable, places.

ROGER NASH

Your Room

There's a tiny teardrop of amber
Lying on the desk.
A watch with your initials,
And another's beside.
Smoothing over contradictions,
I see you, framed, in hiking gear
Stooping for a rest.
Hair clear past your shoulders.
Went in looking for a dictionary,
Came out a stranger.

DAVID WARE