

Stephen Massimilla

Elsewhere

In the meadow of a morning where I went walking,
in the grasses of my walking was the morning.

Striding like a gryphon in orphic air, the cold black filly
 swung
her tail, turning toward me with the dawn from the bright
 brink

westward through a butter meadow radiant with heat.
Blue-black, striped with shy-lights,

a Stellars jay went winging to a dripping roof to sing,
Go away, go away. Only raspier, Away.

I was another, apart and moving in a valley of granite;
an instrument in wind, a hollow bone,

asking the breeze that visited all places
where I would find my own.

I leaned on the hardwood door, by the grey
pavement where the heat whisper rose

the way grasses swell in a dream that loving passes
like a dream. I thought that belonging

was no place like being loved, but rather like a place
of loving being: I was thinking that I thought

that I would think tall thoughts in a forest of lodgepole pine.

Far-Sighted Seer

The twitching nerve of his signature blurred
on a late page of fall, through smoke still coiling
from the pipe he dumped, his head drops back
between volumes. Raccooned in shadow-glasses,

his pupils half hide in these dark woods; and she
in the seat across the desk is bedeviled
by moods obscure to him from even the time
he was her age, she incomprehensibly

Beatrice just then, tied to midriff, smirk
on lips, and something like a dimple in wind
glinting at the edge of her cheek, out there

beyond a leaf-shred captured in the storm-glass,
glinting among blue shades of Toussaints that shift
through a riddling of lights on turrets and bridges

behind her, someplace far-gone and never-resolved
and home to the inadmissible imp of a man
who had staked all his vision on nothing but distance.