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## A Summer Walk

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## POETRY

### FOUR POEMS

#### A SUMMER WALK

Love, the harsh field declaim  
Unchanging chaos where we walk tonight.  
Cut in the stubbled hay the scent  
Waits where it lies dissoluble in air,  
Spicing the season, calling the name.  
It is the summer—pomegranate, heat, haze,  
After acacia, wind, pine, fire, rain—  
Come in its order, earth circle and sun,  
Round the hem of a robe, pine, pomegranate, pine.  
The oat seed perfect closes the leaf;  
The warm air, raising the summer scent,  
Lifts like a letter on the cooler wind.  
Grasp the torn page, the preface, lest it be  
Rosetta of the structure, unity,  
The title, author, centerstone, or key.

I feel the dark wherein I shall not fear—  
No dark of sense, nor light, nor warmth of hand,  
Only a stillness that I shall not hear.  
The residual spirit, naked, wakes again  
Into a flame, a fire, a light, a world,  
An abstract energy of mind on mind.  
Ah, wombs that gave them life, can you decree  
The spirits haunting immortality?

I once was young enough to dream and know  
I was immortal since I wished it so.  
But where the I who dreamed? The mirror frames

An aspect stranger to the face it wore,  
Mortality grown constant as a chain,  
Binding as water that is gone and flows.

From untouched outlands at the mountain's rim  
The dove recalls us with a mellow cry;  
The summer morning shimmers off to lose  
Its sheer beginning in the ragged sky.  
I see the curve of the earth whereon is wound  
The ever-present present, sanguine, loud,  
The shade of oaks stretching across the ground.  
The summer presses on us when we walk  
Through fields called fields whatever else they be.  
And we imprisoned in a hedge of years  
Look for a province and a dynasty.

FINALE

What we have made to hold  
The dreadful dark, the day,  
At last approaches cold  
And bitter turns away.

It cannot track the wheel  
Where its companion led,  
And its vast hopes congeal  
In glaciers of the dead.

KEEPSAKE

Regret that through a glance  
Discomforting could grow  
A thunderstorm of chance.  
Regret that winds may blow  
With blunt intensity  
While under waves the sea  
Rests in unhurried flow.

Beneath the hurricane,  
Oh dissolute, at last  
The still outwaits the rain  
Deepens and holds us fast.