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## Keepsake

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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.

It is the calm that keeps  
The wreckage waters cast  
Odd-timbered on the beach  
And strews informal rage  
Metric along the page.

FOR A CHILD

When I was young, the world was small;  
It held our garden and the wall  
Two walnut trees from which to see  
The domain that belonged to me.

The weeds outside the flower bed  
Grew often higher than my head,  
And I wore trails down which to pass  
Through the green corridors of grass.

So now for you the sky will be  
A touchable blue-flowering tree,  
The summer will be yours to keep,  
And the night dark that you may sleep.

ANN STANFORD

SCHIZOPHRENE

Unable to sleep  
he watches the cat

and its paw after paw  
approach toward where

awareness gleams  
and where

in silences  
he screams.

NORMAN KRAEFT