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TWO POEMS

FISHERMAN'S WIFE

Back from the slippered river's edge at dusk,
 Tugging buckets for the evening's canning
 She sees, beyond the birdless sky, night
 Sliding like lava down the hills; waits at the porch
 Which is no porch, but a pier in Monterey
 Where dusk comes with gulls — the sardine season sun
 Somewhere at sea, and her heart going after like the tide;
 Waits where a buoy bell laden salt wind
 Drives the fishermen's pipes before it . . . meanwhile,
 A pendulum moon quarries the granite hours.

ALUMNI DAY

Where campus bridge still hangs, a mooncarved smile
 Between the banks where mummies of collegiate years
 Are locked in bark, a lost moon sails
 Between two branches.
 In this season of surrender

The maple dips her whittled ensign to the frost,
 Late lights on faculty row yield sullenly
 To sleep's insistent dialectic —
 And haltingly, the murdered undergraduate
 Confesses to his own ghost.

WILLARD N. MARSH