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PETER F. NEUMEYER

AT THE OCEAN

When the wild white waves
 Would wind their song
 At the crags of the bitter shore,
 And the creeping things and the things that soar
 Had fled to their various caves,
 When all the earth was clothed in gray
 And the mist had marked the death of day
 And the gull had shrieked its last dry cry
 And the sun had gone away—
 Then I looked about
 And I saw you there
 And the fog began to rise
 For your honeyed hair
 And your sea gray eyes
 Had melted the death in the air.

JACK MATTHEWS

THE SHAPE OF WALKING

I have found my life to be this:
 the shape of walking, and the world
 is stairs that climb upwards
 in shelves of silence, is paths stretched
 through the wilderness of days . . .
 and highways—bland flatnesses
 engineered up on terrains that roll
 and bump like a wild, hardened sea
 of clay. These are the world,
 and I am the walking through . . .
 not the man who walks, but the very
 movement, which would be my life
 even if no man were there to fill it
 like a dull actor overchallenged
 by the genius of the role.

And in the matter of destinations,
 I have realized that the true ones
 grow like flowers upon the stems
 of the routes I take. I awake
 in the silver mornings and watch
 my mind fly out upon the rims of light,
 probing landscapes for the heart;
 and then I begin to walk, learned
 in hope; for it is footsteps
 which tell us where we want to go.