

We are tired  
of being tourists  
on a weed-  
surrendered road.  
We cannot look at this

Wreckage through the window  
and not feel our backs work  
beneath a load,  
iron wheels unbrake  
across a field.

JOSEPH GROSSMAN

## The Red Shirt

Each morning  
I forget a little more.  
The solitary cry of the bluejay  
grows dimmer.  
Midnight memories  
stay buried in the meadow.  
Leaves change  
in the midst of changing.

Then I remember my hand  
hanging from its shoulder,  
how it betrays me getting dressed.  
How it twists the buttons  
of your old red shirt.

GAIL GHAI