

Spring 1985

Low Tide; December Walk

Tom Sexton

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Low Tide

March. My mind with its winter bent
ignores the willow catkins, moves
over a ridge of red-flanged birch,
then holds two figures on the shore,
the sharp recoil of falling ice.
Clouds fat with reflected light cruise
like sulfur-bellied northern pike.

December Walk

Only the thick ringed trees
appear above the snow;
marrow-white, bone-dark, one
more ashen day begins.

Our words float before us,
in fine syllabic nets
of frost, discordant notes
in a nocturne for shrews.