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## Vandals, Early Autumn

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## VANDALS, EARLY AUTUMN

Who shattered my window with a stone?  
I thought it was the wind, willful  
after a dry season, or heaven  
making a terse remark. But aiming  
my flashlight, I watched  
the last boy's crimson back  
struggle over the fence,  
and a tiger's fierce face sewn  
on his denim jacket as a namesake.  
How his few years have plundered  
the heartwood of reason; why should I  
relinquish this house, this poetry  
I shaped and reshaped with love,  
to the wont of stray bamboo?  
No use calling the sheriff nor  
waking a friend. The angst is mine, mine.  
I slouch; I sigh; my eyes  
too bleary now to see  
early-autumn's dragonflies  
skim over the filthy tarn  
and into the wateroat,  
cut wateroat.

*for Donald Justice*