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A Close Call

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NOT GETTING CLOSER

Walking in the dark streets of Seoul
under the almost full moon.
Lost for the last two hours.
Finishing a loaf of bread
and worried about the curfew.
I have not spoken for three days
and I am thinking, "Why not just
settle for love? Why not just
settle for love instead?"

A CLOSE CALL

Dusk and the sea is thus and so. The cat
from two fields away crosses through the grapes.
It is so quiet I can hear the light air
in the canebrake. The fair wheat darkens.
The glaze is gone from the bay and the heat lets go.
They have not lit the lamp at the other farm yet
and all at once I feel lonely. What a surprise.
But the air stills, the heat comes back
and I think I am all right again.

SECRETS OF POETRY

People complain about so many moons in my poems.
Even my friends ask why I keep putting in the moon.
And I wish I had an answer like when Archie Moore
was asked by the reporter in the dressing room
after the fight, "Why did you keep looking in
his eyes, Archie? The whole fight you were
looking in his eyes." And old Archie Moore said,
"Because the eyes are the windows of the soul, man."