

FOUR POEMS BY VINCENT BUCKLEY

Tears and Rain

Winter, far winter. The dammed floods
had long since spilled over
and we trod the groundwater
into Spring. The city fat with rain
quiet, trying to look into your eyes
north-easterlies pressed with hot moist
horizon, visible everywhere
until we wondered if our bodies
transmitted lightning and water

As they did years earlier
the fields of England ran
backward; the water shone with mist
water meadows roamed in the air
leaving
prickle of trees
and tears glistened on your childskin
the streaming window of your voice

Cold Spring Tanka

Spring. Eyes grow private;
 no tasks but familiar ones
 and no haste. Only
 sap in the spirit, body
 aching with spring distances,

poems to live and write.
 Rest. But watching the blue cold
 clear and fill the pane
 I ask: What lungs could bear this,
 what heart make such an effort?

A Summer Like This

You opening a gate
 in a white wall
 black latch on white-roughened stone
 your hand
 closing the trees
 behind me as I go
 into the sun speeding at corners

and all down Hawthorn Road
 cicadas shrilled up and sank
 house after house
 breaking the skin of each garden

speeding leaving my love
 my love-city
 in a summer like this

From the Dark

Under wood and glass the striking latch
 dog walking past the window
 his breath among the leaves
 the fine dun glass caught in rose glow

leaf, soil, under the fringed sun
 shadows lengthening into mist.
 the dog bounds sideways, runs,
 and spreads his feet at me

Sun goes from the rose glass. Sweat
 goes from the dry quick night.
 Darkened, we go up from the dark
 for our lungs' sake roundness of air
 in the flat window lightning like a spark
 a drift of song lifting your hair

lightning that brings the smell in
 of garden brings draughts coming and going
 flashes on walls, on ceiling
 quick outline of a water shadow