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