We are tired
of being tourists
on a weed-
surrendered road.
We cannot look at this

Wreckage through the window
and not feel our backs work
beneath a load,
iron wheels unbrake
across a field.

JOSEPH GROSSMAN

The Red Shirt

Each morning
I forget a little more.
The solitary cry of the bluejay
grows dimmer.
Midnight memories
stay buried in the meadow.
Leaves change
in the midst of changing.

Then I remember my hand
hanging from its shoulder,
how it betrays me getting dressed.
How it twists the buttons
of your old red shirt.

GAIL GHAI