The Threshold Stone

In my upper pasture lies a threshold stone, whose house long ago abandoned it. It leads to brambles and tangled nations, to letters with war scribbled hurriedly over them. But also to forgotten clothes at the lake-shore, and a young man who swam down the beach, following two long-legged girls swinging the uncrumpled hemlines of their freshly ironed yet so open thoughts. To cross a threshold is always to return, but to several inconsistent, and so unvisitatable, places.

ROGER NASH

Your Room

There’s a tiny teardrop of amber Lying on the desk. A watch with your initials, And another’s beside. Smoothing over contradictions, I see you, framed, in hiking gear Stooping for a rest. Hair clear past your shoulders. Went in looking for a dictionary, Came out a stranger.

DAVID WARE