

## TWO POEMS BY ANNE SCOTT

### Mated

sharing textures rugs and walls  
plants greening rooms in  
light shadows and eiderdowns  
plans chairs and stains the time  
of day a guest the rain  
a joke a cold or ache  
week's start and end

minds wander amid common  
things take roads  
mysterious unseen return and  
try to hide or say and  
sometimes say the same  
and separate

each laughs at his own  
book and tickle but they  
make a house a mood a we  
join fates swat insects and grow  
fat and flowers aging more slowly  
for the other's aging

learn compromise against the  
dream and are  
more in more out of  
shared walls and replies  
in their mute solitudes  
and hidden union

## The Wood

paradise, you'd say sky  
shining in gold-silver boughs  
rich moss rust floors of  
needles trees lithe, reaching

yet i carry too much stuff  
and strain for paradise, besides  
i see the fallen, rotten leaves  
in mud wood's underside of  
gritty bush and slime

my sky wide knowing drawn  
by vital pull mud rock  
thick crusts of bark  
**i see the woods**

project my layered bands  
wolf-serpent eye and  
blood the flight and  
gravity of birds who  
grasp gawk cry and soar