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Prescription For a Myopic Lover

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Prescription For a Myopic Lover

Cover Page Footnote

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The distant percussion of a train rushing through the lush summer darkness. The land knew him before he knew the land. Frost's poem became his, and he knew only of the land that needed but did not want him, his hands to soothe its ragged face. Everyone got bitterness in his chosen thing. He nodded his head past the room and the window, past the home and the harmonica, past the maples and the porch and the music of voices since birth. The man walked downstairs. Intensity settled on the forded wooden rivers.

ray pavelsky

thinking dreams dead
or damned to dark deception
i chanced upon
garden shapes and colors
where crystal glitter
dazzled my shattered dawn
with green serenity

Prescription

For a

while resting my head
on a flower bed
a savage earthquake
sucked me in crushing care--
fully as i fell

Myopic

til fading focused
on a singing eagle
sweeping down

Lover

brushing my face
it left a feather
that caught and carried me out
into the breeze-fresh sky
higher and higher and higher
resting me on a cloud
that reflects the steady gaze
of moon and sun and stars
and . . .

rick taddeo