

a roc's egg, she drifted softly downward
t of the angels' tenderness and the minds of men.

2.

ch that is beautiful must be discarded
that we may resemble a taller

pression of ourselves. Moths climb in the flame,
s, that wish only to be the flame:

ey do not lessen our stature.
e twinkle under the weight

indiscretions. But how could we tell
at of the truth we know, she was

e somber vestment? For that night, rockets sighed
egantly over the city, and there was feasting:

ere is so much in that moment!
many attitudes toward that flame,

e might have soared from earth, watching her glide
oft, in her peplum of bright leaves.

at she, of course, was only an effigy
indifference, a miracle

ot meant for us, as the leaves are not
inter's because it is the end.

Some Trees

These are amazing: each
Joining a neighbor, as though speech
Were a still performance.
Arranging by chance

To meet as far this morning
From the world as agreeing
With it, you and I
Are suddenly what the trees try

To tell us we are:
That their merely being there
Means something; that soon
We may touch, love, explain.

And glad not to have invented
Such comeliness, we are surrounded:
A silence already filled with noises,
A canvas on which emerges

A chorus of smiles, a winter morning.
Placed in a puzzling light, and moving,
Our days put on such reticence
These accents seem their own defense.