



Poet's own image

Beneath These Skies

Beneath these skies we walked
Homeward both, with inner voice
Kept frozen, lest our hearts be opened
And leave each other wiser.

Beneath these skies we talked,
Or might have, had awkward silence
Not strangled nerve and quashed desire,
Us neither left the wiser.

Beneath these skies we forked
And rightly, though now-setting suns
Cast shadows long through shade forlorn;
Still neither any wiser.