
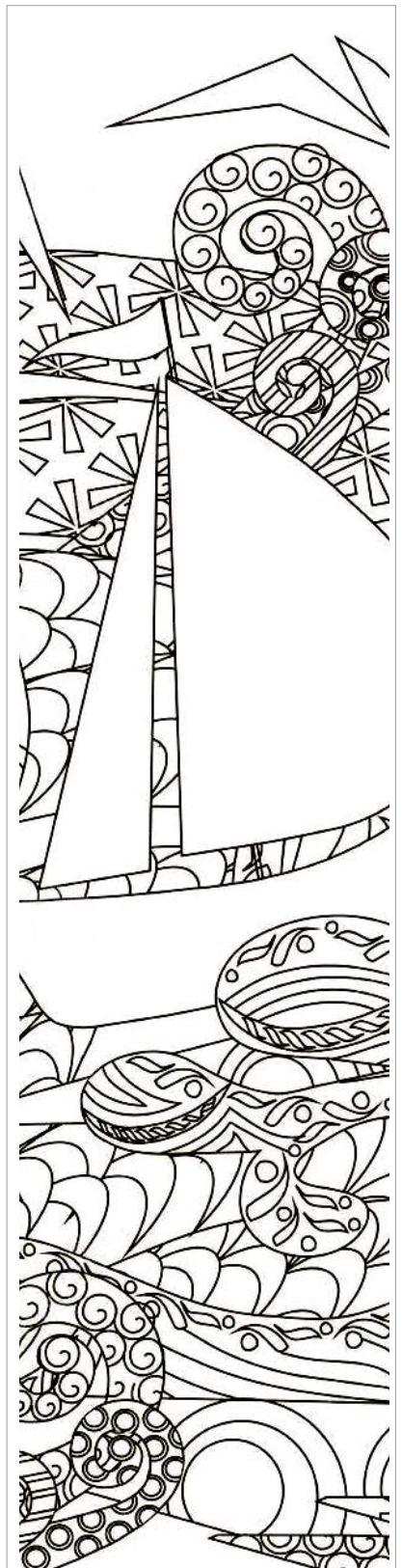


Celebrate
National Poetry Month
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Sea Grapes

That sail which leans on light,
tired of islands,
a schooner beating up the Caribbean

for home, could be Odysseus,
home-bound on the Aegean;
that father and husband's

longing, under gnarled sour grapes, is
like the adulterer hearing Nausicaa's
name
in every gull's outcry.

This brings nobody peace. The an-
cient war
between obsession and responsibility
will never finish and has been the
same

for the sea-wanderer or the one on
shore
now wriggling on his sandals to walk
home,
since Troy sighed its last flame,

and the blind giant's boulder heaved
the trough
from whose groundswell the great
hexameters come
to the conclusions of exhausted surf.

The classics can console. But not
enough.

— Derrek Walcott (1992)

somewhere i have never travelled,gladly beyond

somewhere i have never trav-
elled,gladly beyond
any experience,your eyes have their
silence:
in your most frail gesture are things
which enclose me,
or which i cannot touch because they
are too near

your slightest look easily will unclove
me
though i have closed myself as fin-
gers,
you open always petal by petal my-
self as Spring opens
(touching skilfully,mysteriously)her
first rose

or if your wish be to close me,i and
my life will shut very beautiful-
ly,suddenly,
as when the heart of this flower ima-
gines
the snow carefully everywhere de-
scending;

nothing which we are to perceive in
this world equals
the power of your intense fragili-
ty:whose texture
compels me with the colour of its
countries,
rendering death and forever with
each breathing

(i do not know what it is about you
that closes
and opens;only something in me
understands
the voice of your eyes is deeper than
all roses)
nobody,not even the rain,has such
small hands

— e.e. cummings (1923)



At the over-matured sushi,
The Master
Is full of regret.

— Yosa Buson (1716-1783)



Exit

Just when hope withers, the visa
is granted.
The door opens to a street like in
the movies,
clean of people, of cats; except it
is your street
you are leaving. A visa has been
granted,
'provisionally'-a fretful word.
The windows you have closed
behind
you are turning pink, doing what
they do
every dawn. Here it's gray. The
door
to the taxicab waits. This suit-
case,
the saddest object in the world.
Well, the world's open. And now
through
the windshield the sky begins to
blush
as you did when your mother told
you
what it took to be a woman in
this life.

— Rita Dove (1995)

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