

## Michael Hartman

### SEARCHING

I have heard your voice and have viewed your curls  
Bounce with grace before your enchanted face.  
I have spied on your secluded movements  
And have followed the faint trail of your scent.

But they opened the door and called your name.  
Your slow removal from that midnight porch  
Communicated more than lethargy,  
So I absently wandered the black streets,

Lost and unsure of a desired pace-  
If I linger, I might miss our meeting,  
Yet speed can blur my vision and instinct-  
Like never before, this chase excites love.

Through a translucent image of myself,  
Captured in a shops unsullied window,  
May I witness you in me, like the ghost  
You may have been, prompted by my love.

## A MICKEY'S AND A BUM

A man, slightly unshaven,  
Wearing a light brown wool coat  
And wandering around with the face of  
An innocent child, importuned me for a dollar.  
After explaining that I had only a twenty,  
He said that a twenty was okay.

So I bought us a bottle of booze,  
And we drank in some root butchered,  
Weather rotted corner.  
The shadows of the pines  
Concealed us from the street's loud drone,  
Which sounded like the wind in autumn trees.

We sat and took pulls from the forty.  
In my madness, neither his homelessness  
Or the crusts lingering beneath his nostrils  
Could make me wipe clean the bottle before each drink.  
We spoke about new languages  
While the wind wept tears of a storm  
Into our hair and salted us with the late snow of spring.

After a few more delicious and delirious swigs,  
And spitting into an undulating puddle,  
Filled with the reflection of Catholic Church's ashen cross,  
I said goodbye.

Leaving his company, the bottle and my madness,  
I later witnessed his coat hanging from a handrail in  
The cities central park.  
It danced in the wind, but he was not there.

## THE NORTH WIND

The snow, weighing down the limbs of firm pines,  
Which turn lifeless when against the still night,  
Followed the thunder.

The soft angels reached the ground and settled,  
But soon a furiously wandering wind  
Placed life in cold breasts.

And the crows played graceful games in the gusts;  
Their jet black bodies exaggerated  
By the ashen sky,  
And the pines danced their stationary dance  
As the wind relieved the burden of snow  
From their footloose branches.