

Robert Hirschfield

## High Pass

Her plastic nose-dagger

straddles the dead hour.

She motions me over.

It is the moment

in the old films

when cowboys

down from the high passes

stop to water their horses.

Her mouth is in my ear.

*Life is no fun anymore.*

## Out Walking

You trail behind  
a weightlessness  
too heavy to carry.

On Exeter,  
the masked face  
in the traffic light  
could be your own.

Pitted red moon  
in the hard rain.

## **Life Interrupted**

She sees water

from the tap

running all by itself.

There are things that just happen.

Some mornings she awakes

to the giggling of menstrual blood

and begins plotting a third child.

A plane sleepwalks across the sky.

On the floor,

she sees her shoes.

Her son will know

where her feet are.

## **Candlesticks**

Candlesticks growling in tallow.

How did they get in?

Their edges find you.

You let yourself bleed.

You don't move.

Nothing on the table moves.

You are like everything on the table.

Even that herring

pretending to be asleep.

**After Love**

for *Julia*

After love

nothing moves

but time

backwards

a face

its green dart

of snow

your seventy-seven

years

blink

## Portent

She trembles  
before her omelet  
burnt almost black,  
splayed,  
a trench coat  
on a plate.

Was this  
what the sages  
all her life  
warned her against?