

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

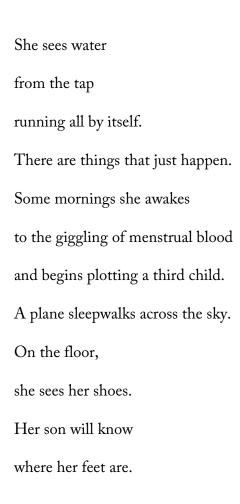
in the traffic light

could be your own.

Pitted red moon

in the hard rain.

Life Interrupted



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

