

Robert Hogg

Talking to a friend, she

puts her hand
upon my knee
quite casually

No need to
look at me
she knows it will

bring pleasure
though I am afraid
to put mine

upon hers
to reassure
it is a touch

made
nervous by my leg
held rigid against

the shaking
love before its
making

From the **Window of a Stopped Bus in Buffalo**

a graveyard
headstones
row upon row

a low
sun, leaning
shadows leaving

snow (on the north
side as we
go into it

falls

down Main Street
as the dead go
under

the shadows
grow longer go
down

The Poem as Carrier Pigeon

Christ! To write
like that! send

words home
a bird

they know
returns

And if I can remember

he lay down naked
upon her bed

and drew the white sheets
across his loins

anticipating darkness
and her coming later

What was he doing here
alone, in her bed

What was she
who would come later

What was she to do

to define this place
by coming or

by living here
alone

A Spring Day in Buffalo, with Misgivings

How not write Blake
in the sunshine?
Dear Blake:

even as the wind howls
heavily, the freshest of leaves
in the trees give way

blossoms fall as light
gives over to clouds
in dark array

a damp
mist
enters me

moves in like night
emitting darkness –
& the light

as day dims
leaves me
only this to say:

rain from the dark
clouds
will cover us

the Lombardy
poplars
bend in the storm

No more
will come of it
than harm

The Singer

My friends are about me
my friends are all high

Guitar is a nucleus
melody, the strum

at thumb's edge
the drum

& high strings
are tangy

his breath
is sweet air

For My Brother, visiting Berkeley

Goddammit George
I love you

and because I have
your mattress

you are sleeping on
the floor

you said it was
OK you are used

to it from home
a sleeping bag

in the sunroom
so it doesn't

matter
any more

but I know
better

it wasn't always
your idea

sleeping
on the floor

Moonset and Dawn

In its going down, the moon
has slipped through my fingers

I am left with the memory
the embarrassment
of reaching

In this darkness
the heaviness of night
weighs against me

Why do I deny your nearness
the weight of your arm on my waist
your warmth up against my back

I am turned away
as always
reaching for the moon
and calling on the night
to take me

Love does not brook such division
is born of itself
out of nothing
is the act of itself
as Dawn is
not of the sun
but of its own rising

Eros and Eos join hands this morning
while we, who are less familiar
awake in ourselves
a distance that belies our bed