

E. H. Beyer

A Shower

A downpour has
come on the rows of violets.
There is a curtain, a
sheen of light in relief.
For a moment
there is no sense of becoming wet,
just a rumor of another
way to rove over all
things.

The Backward Self

My shadow shrinks
and expands like a
lung. It is
over with
and then it starts
as a shyness below
me. It is
open to you now
again.

The Spirits

To the mountains
the spirits have crossed over,
those departed ones with a
journey to
make into the wilderness and
great stillness of uneven terrain to where
a blank check awaits.
I go on my journey too,
but am alive. A wall
around them is not there. Instead
as if in a stable they gather as horses
then run over the marsh at first
and glowering there, linger in a last
chance at real light.
Those whom we've lost, I know those ones well as if sung to.
It is Eyolf and his Bettine.
I am glad to have known many and
not been foiled by all.

A ring around the earth

In a ring I go
around the earth.

Always the same
day comes forward.

I become
old inside this ring,
yet on the outer side
of things

I am a
shadow and hoary, frosty light,
while still as
fresh as a showy daisy.

A Taggart Day

Just playing a
game not for
sport, the sun
was rosy-colored.

Here, I wrote a row of
Taggart lines. We watched the sun go
down.

We watched
again the next day. And
we were in the garden, and
while we waited for night
there were people with us,
strange wonders of mountain men
and women who
came in from the east.
They were magnesium clouds
whose secrets were
told by a giant wind
in that evening Ovid foretold.