

## **An Interim**

### *Fall Song*

berry, hop, and hip plucked  
pulsing blare of hip-  
hop, briar gone to barb  
a black squirrel squirreling  
away its acorns in the corner,  
scurry in the radiator's  
hiss, *open the book*  
*now open the book*  
the hung-over dancers  
are drifting back to bed  
to the clock-work dip  
of the oars. Frost  
on the gargoyle, frost  
ivy-twined, *open*  
*the book, now open*  
*the book*, the last  
sere leaf soon  
falling... fallen.

*Field in Winter*

The world, a museum of itself.

The cold colonnade of dying elms.

You cannot will a dream, though you, too,

can fall, and fall asleep, and wake

in wonder. There is nowhere

the whiteness has not

touched, take

a look and

see. The corners, the edge, of each

thing exposed:

you walked into a new transparency.

*Field in Spring*

Your eye moving  
left to right across  
the plowed lines  
looking to touch down  
on the first  
shoots coming up  
like a frieze  
from the dark where  
pale roots  
and wood-lice gorge  
on mold.

Red haze atop  
the far trees.

A two dot, then  
a ten dot

ladybug. Within  
the wind, a per-  
pendicular breeze.

Hold a mirror, horizontal,  
to the rain. Now  
the blurred repetition

of ruled lines, the faint

green, quickening,

the doubled tears.

Wake up.

The wind is not for seeing,

neither is the first

song, soon half-

way gone,

and the figures,

the figures are not waiting.

To see what is

in motion you must move.

*A start*

Study is the absence of summer, though,  
too, a kind of summer  
when summer's not. And now it's summer  
when study's not, though  
it is moving, though it is seeing--  
a gold-finch swaying  
on a blue-stem stalk.  
Don't close the gate behind  
you as you go.

--Susan Stewart, Phi Beta Kappa Poem, Princeton University, 2015