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