

Alamgir Hashmi / TWO POEMS JAHANGIR

No sound
 but
 birds
darting from tree
to tree.

Not the season
that I can think of
in any loving connection.
Too much lightness
 of the air,

 too many figures
 of loss.
Spring flowers swing and fall
to the graves naturally.
 I am reading your name.

JANUARY EGGNOG

The best thing after Christmas
is to receive regular jars
of it in the mail.

In any case, Georgia
gets it from the compact
cows of Mantua.

The yield has doubled
since the military took the farm.

And now they squirt peanut butter
on your toast, and their charm,
while you think about the come-again
doric summer.

Virgil liked it without fail.