

Lois Redman / OREGON APPENDIX

The car

headlights illuminating,
as though two points
of truth to the day:

- 1) half-ton, crumpled, a yellow
schoolbus, the kid's brown
jacket
the cars

being waved through

- 2) and looking for you
over the side of the ferry,
pushing farther
and farther away,

looking for emerald
(if that's really your stone

the *Rhododendron* sailing
through the scum of seagulls

Down the coast, Washington,
Oregon's
sea isn't sentimental

(and here's where I made the mistake,
thinking this would resolve
in a clear line of beauty

Yes,

I still want to love you
than not
but recognize the beating
as barnacles claim a semi-stance
of adversary, almost liking it,
I'm tempted to say, but simply
just living, barely
cling to the rock
igneous, eaten away
and under-
cut.

Yeah,
I would rather love you
than not, would rather
stay here
than turn away

It's coming down to love
and divine law

Another bloody beach
the birth of it all

(as though I could've avoided
being burned by disbelief
or stung
by the tongue of the copper dog
licking my toes

Cynicism wears this
coastline down

the sun descends, slipping into
(imagine a white sail

slips into
the burning hem of the sky

It's coming down to love
and divine law

to walk
gracefully in what pathways
the world offers

I need you, the ocean says, murmuring
those long, soothing lines

expectations
speak of an older age
or addictions, we fall

we say, in love and, holding you, I walk
against some disbelief

so that the heart lifts
in love's conversation, poetry
a suspicion of new spring
in the blossom tree, slate
of North Shore mountains, the heart-wood
of another's poem, rose
and heather of old
gardens

Driving home

Easter
and driving home,
light
streams across the bridge, the intimate
traffic, resolution
of love's posture