

Liz Waldner / TWO POEMS

Lost Lost Lost

— *for whosoever would save his life shall lose it . . . Luke 9.24*

i. Lost sheep

I don't know where I am to be found.

I know the way to a place is called direction;
truly, knowing is not enough.

And in what sense am I a place?

Hearing wants to be nominated —
the bee hears the sun's electric song
and sings along by seeking.

Why argue this?

But touch insists on its place at the table:
in green pastures make me to lie
down and eat of the green
body, until I am found enough
to be my own bourne

and like a seed, saved.

ii. Lost coin

I feel sheepish. I buried the money
(mercury winged) knowing exactly
where in earth my cache of silver
coin lies: that it loses itself
to save itself
simply isn't true.

iii. Lost daughter

Some days my feeling is wanting
to find something. I am waiting
all the days to receive this communion.
The sun's coin on my tongue is a token:
the day spends itself on journeys of words
and buys me a ticket to days I will lose.
The sun travels its shadows. I don't move.

Day speaks to day with my tongue;
it traces across the pasture
fir, birch: letters that spell out my name,
this address of flesh the same,
a green grown of ten thousand lost things.
Tonight I will lie in their shadows,
the better not to be found. Forked Song

I am the one who is here.
I am eating the color of leaf.
Speared on a silver-tined fork I wave
a wheel of boiled carrot at the view —
at October and its mountain and its leaves.

The world fits me.
For my right ear is a notch,
a duplicated valley's V ascending askew,
earth opening like Venus' shell
bearing the bluegray of sea.

Hiss on shingle, it isn't. It is mountain there
blue in its distance, far and blue.
One heave of not-sea, one angle of un-wave.
Hush, you.

It turns itself to cloud, that sea
and sails, meet for my brow.
That is how I look when I think,
I think, and the several blues
fall right into my upturned eyes.

Maples in front of my nose
are for my nose, red and red.
The house behind me
suits the hair on my head.

For my left ear is an apple orchard,
a dozen trees in pairs escorting
a marble walk. The rock grows gray.
The red roundnesses make a slow music
as they fall down year after year,
a rhythm my heart knocks out untaught.

Shadows rise up and fall down with a-swing, with a rock
like the sea's that roars on the palms of my hands
when I cup the world to my ears.
I wear the far field like a watch as I swallow
wheel after wheel of orange.
I am the one who is here.