

Beverly Dahlen / from *A READING: "...The Beautiful"*

mushrooms wine

waves of grain
from before

waves of grain

and the tale of the generous boat
entranced by abundance
who would not sink

who would not cover over
oneself layers of warm fat for
winter comes let down your hair

asleep at last

alone at night
the site of a thick dark
wave frozen not other
thou art that indeed

sea in the window
backwards waving

disparate

remote

the burdens
of catastrophe

separate

engulfed

a substance
unlike rock

bitten torn
straggles away

and rising
rises again