

PATRICK FRIESEN / Two Poems for Sharon

window

you smell wet dirt
in the morning shade
along the foundation

and the window won't open
enough for the horizon
to slide in across the sill

an old woman's drunk
lurching through a funeral
of a sly river in july

grasshoppers and gophers
in the wheat and dust
a dead car in the slough

and she doesn't belong
no one's seen her before
nor her sky-blue shawl

lorca

heard water in the aqueduct
before dawn in la colonia

and if there had been light
could have seen childhood

water flowing is the shortest time
eternity is a poor word for this

what can be done about a dream
of black veils and a crucifix

what can be done when you've
forgotten your mother's prayer

and only death listens to fear
only his body hangs on to him

smelling the road's dust
hearing the rifle's bolt