

## David Phillips / TWO POEMS

### TH PHOTOGRAPH

*(for Pat)*

a hot summer day  
th chair i made on th porch

pear blossoms at 6:30  
a.m.

& th tall grass  
we left  
long with sunlight

on th post 115  
th door half open

i think yu're inside  
tho no one is  
where they were

th birds i hear  
could never fly as far

i've tried  
staying up all night to see

they're still there  
th purple irises

## TH BEAM

i walk out on th beam  
25 feet down is measured  
as fear, weak feeling  
in th cores of my hands

& knees, standing there  
hopeless & whining  
i can't do it

& do anyway, walk out  
held up only  
by th fact i'm one  
step away  
from no place to stand

& then it doesn't matter

th fear remains  
part of th structure  
countered by th release

falling might bring,  
th longing

to let go  
true to th forces holding me  
up

& so taking a deep breath  
continue

one step at a time