

David Dawson / TWO POEMS

TWO SPRING SONGS

i

each spring
I live out my habit of anticipation.

lentils

sprouting in green plastic eggcartons
near the window;
a warm sun
yellow on the kitchen floor —

I feel moss on the damp north sides of
slippery rocks;
bamboo
rustles in my garden, stalks
knotted in loamy clumps —

this new light, fern-green sun light

plays

on earth gods rousing.

ii

shudders at the end of gestation,
an almost
involuntary release

-the small, sheathed
inner leaves are pale-

eased (so pale, they are
 the white of decay)
out of husks, dried
& dying winter skins.

this spring
is a snake-figure sloughing.

IN A NEW YEAR

I begin again

easing arms & legs to feel
all of my geography,

 melody
of musculature & tendon playing out
into the spaces I inhabit.

song
of my body's
integrity moves forth
into summer air ringing
of sunlight
& a breeze off the Pacific.

I sense below

the steady
north-northwestern surge
of this continent / drift
against the sea's action, where,
rock by sand by cliff-face,
the shoreline falls off, submerges

as earth's moon
by barely perceptible degrees
retreats from us

in which retreat,
one by each, these moon forms, calculated quarters

move in terrestrial celebrations
as the cold stone
mad & love-charged images
coincide

chart
an unknown geography within my body.

surges
(with my fingers in my ears I hear them pound)
& touch.

this
is a song of renewal,
Yom Kippur
nineteen seventy-four.