

## Lois Redman / THREE POEMS

### Fine bones the face revealing

#### I

I am built of rock walls  
my legs crumble  
as one vein bulges  
    my face, earth-cave  
my hands  
tree roots, up-  
turned from the last wind-storm  
they fly to my hair  
shade  
my face.

#### II

I have sketched her  
on her sides of hills  
plunged into her fragrant  
of late berries,  
the moss I know  
    as skin, the sound  
    her voice, the tall forest  
singing.

### III

I am tired of all this beauty.  
She is strong  
as the line of snow  
and I am tired  
                    of all this beauty.

I walk in bones.

### IV

I look for you before her sunrise  
along the walls  
of her fine house.  
I look for you in her stream.  
I have sketched far  
                within her forest

### V

The rain knows my changes.  
I have pushed into her  
high up  
                (in the fossil-beds,  
                the fresh streams, heather,)  
it falls upon my paper, stains  
the leaves dark  
                                and the small berries  
I was about to say  
were hidden.

## I WANTED A POEM WITH THE VIOLENCE

I wanted a poem with the violence

that fall has crept around  
shaking dark from no season

and everywhere

the torn birds

they flew once  
above the pond

now the face is empty

tracks

of once-winged sky  
wings  
and blown skies  
remaining

## GLASS HOUSES

Something scratches  
at my window,  
yet I do not know the hand  
    would wish for  
a knotted fist  
    of oak,  
fan of sere maple, or spines  
of the iris, dying.

I would rather  
the rub and weave  
of the silk cat  
within the spider's web  
    than this print now,  
of a stranger's foot,  
beneath the hydrangea,  
fading.