DAYS TILL DEPARTURE

In the days remaining wings, ships, an overhead light and gone In the days remaining edge from a color of sound In the days remaining you walk through rooms fish, ships, and follow them through the sea.

Guitars and shadows will weave more tightly than calico thread and thread Strings of guitars will tangle lightly as golden hair As hair on a golden head while white into gray, the gray sky.

In the days remaining you overhang me grass on the upland pasture brown I watch your feet, that turn and are planted seed from the earth to the sower's hand And thinking that even Love... My hands would rise of themselves to shape you Touch you

only for fear

and the light from eyes.

I can see the color of these days: it is brown through green.

The sounds are voices heard in the morning,

Asking each other if I have wakened.

The walls, these pale green walls, need help: they are shrinking. The windows, that looked out, look back in and are frightened.

And thinking that even Love...

I would fasten you roughly, gauging my need

So closely

fear

and the lights and ships and sky.