

Daniel Wolff

VISITORS

Visitors starting to come down now.
Come to see what a stranger does.
Come to see who he is.

A small breasted blonde and a grand brunette--
two tick-covered boys and a man with glasses.
I try to find the language that
preserves both speech and stillness.

*

The bugs wrap up in busy-ness.
Flies thrashing on rusted screens;
mosquitoes running in the heat;
ants as high as the roof tops; and bees
down in the berry patch.
They all hum at an airy tune,
as they rise from and fade to
this sunlit, waxy day.

*

Mrs. Widrig brought me Whitman. Mrs. Widrig;
how do I thank you for a boon companion,
full to the brim and cool as shade,
who frees these fixed and death-hot noons?
I can see him walking in the high weeds.
I watch him rest by the pines.