

Robert Gibb

SITTING ON THE PORCH

Now, this morning, after five days of rain
Trees stand in the sunlight
Drying their wings, the filaments of horseweed burning,
Star-thistles shining in thin, yellow spines.

After long rain even the names of the earth seem new!

Across from me in the near fields
Barley-beards are flecked already and heavy with seed.
The mountains burn softly through the haze.

I do not believe that one place is as good as another.

THE FLY

What a paradise the world must be in eyes
Where love is hunger
For everything burning toward the light!
That shining gram of darkness —
How well it performs
The age-old rituals of preparation
For communion with the flesh,
Raising its vestments to its lips, the altar
It sets before itself
In the cup of your knee. And you
Who are the rainbow to all its iridescence,
How much of this are you willing to allow?

