Two Poems

"I Take It You Already Know"

I take it you already know
Of tough and bough and cough and dough.
Others may stumble but not you,
On hiccough, through, lough and through.
Well done! And now you wish, perhaps,
To learn of less familiar traps.

Beware of heard, a dreadful word

That looks like beard and sounds like bird,

And dead--it's said like bed, not bead.

For goodness's sake, don't call it deed!

Watch out for meat and great and threat:

They rhyme with suite and straight and debt.

A moth is not a moth in mother,

Nor both in bother, broth in brother,

And here is not a match for there,

Nor dear and fear for bear and pear,

And then there's dose and rose and lose-
Just look them up--and goose and choose,

And cork and work and card and ward,

And font and front and word and sword,

And do and go and thwart and cart.

Come, come, I've hardly made a start.

A dreadful language? Man alive, I'd mastered it when I was five.

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Dusk
                       Above the
                   water hang the
                              loud
                             flies
                            Неге
                           Oso
                         gray
                         then
                       What
                                              A pale signal will appear
                      When
                                         Soon before its shadow fades
                                     Here in this pool of opened eye
                    Where
                                No Upon us As at the very edges
                    In us
                     of where we take shape in the dark air
                       this object bares its image awakening
                          ripples of recognition that will
                              brush darkness up into light
even after this bird this hour both drift by atop the perfect sad instant now
                              already passing out of sight
                          toward yet-untroubled reflection
                        this image bears its object darkening
                      into memorial shades Scattered bits of
                                No of water Or something across
                     light
                                    Breaking up No Being regathered
                     water
                                        Yet by then a swan will have
                      soon
                                               Yet out of mind into what
                       .gone
                         vast
                           pale
                             hush
                              of a
                               place
                                past
                    sudden dark as
                          if a swan
                              sang
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