

On reading her poems

Some are lost in translation,
Some I do not understand.
There are sly sidelong glances
Which pass me by.
But I read each one carefully,
Carry away images.
Like an ant bearing a seed ,
Across a green lawn.

The night watchman
Coming to the crying child,
The fence where she prefers,
Gentleness to diamonds.

But there are other circles of words,
Which snake-like seize on pain,
The father with his face to the wall,
The red eyes of the mother,
The impotence of child
To comfort such distress.

I know her better now.
See why she learns to clown,
To cure their pain and hers,
With laughter.

The poems like tendrils on a vine

Wreath me in her life,

Entwine my care,

Entwine my heart.

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