## Lear At The Beach

On a windy day in summer at the shore, seaweed and waves of ice crumbling like midways of ivy and cellophane mix mint juleps of the mind.

A Roller-Coaster evokes emotion like any directional change. To be thrown up and down wind in hair-belly turning is carnival grand. Ride on a Whip with knuckle-white hands; laugh high and wild;

the white jacket of afraid is the wind around the turning car.

## Melancholy No. II Resolved

In the library the ship, ship of raped pages whispers

your name, and I purposely slip From Shakespeare to the night before.

After love, pillow-propped and nude
we lay under quilts staring
at dark, quietly despairing
of middle age (in a mood
Of yellow seasons), or perhaps of raw

Rain beating on the roof like a monotone drummer. But make it melancholy.

Times will change like ivy in the Spring sun, when left alone
To vine and thaw through cemetary stone.

-- William Heyen