

I remember once
you watched me watch you
while you knitted a sweater
for him, and
asked, "What are you
trying to do,
memorize me?"

And
always, always
you are asking,
"What are you
thinking
now?"

Thinking of Mo Tzu

By the river edge
boys are waiting
holding in their hands
the looped ends of coiled rope.
We pass
thinking of the sea
six hundred miles away
as they poke and wave among the rushes.
Further on
more children
sail straw boats
sealed with beeswax and pine tar
in the murk and churn of the river.
We pass
to watch the hills
fold away beneath a sky
patched with clouds and strung with sunset.
Still
many miles
from the sea the boat slows
culing what it can from the sails.
The river
ever widening
is lined with old men moving South.
The banks are steep and muddy.
Before the purple night geese alight
flying high over the pale moon.

But
what the hell
is love
a thought
a question
or an answer?

— G. R. Morgan

— Ben Pleasants

Westwood, California