

Gambit

Liebling, said Bluebeard, trust me
but stay the hell out of my closet

and whoever it was who gave Pandora
that box full of beautiful itchings

Trust me, look at the etchings, but
don't turn that key, well, honestly

anytime anybody's said to me Don't
I've thought I will before I won't

A Beginning

Over the yawning of
I have looked for you then
over other people's memories
I have searched, rims and
over innumerable lost ice cubes
I have never slept
over elastic Time, stretched
I, with taut eyes, have
over conversational chasms
I have looked and looked
over all openings and closings
over, and over again.

-- Ruth Moon Kemphier

St. Augustine, Florida

Caterpilling Time

The moon swings out of the sea
Stretching cobweb dreams from a common here-now
To another space-sigh,
Where there is no caterpilling time for bug-eyed boys
To search a tree
For God
Knows what he'll find,
Among the crevices and cross-arm branches,
Perhaps a caterpillar
Making time?

-- Nina DeVoe

Storrs, Connecticut