

## The Moon Children

We carefully avoid each other's memories.  
Now words are spoken casually  
With intended rhyme and form  
And grave cadences.

Is it any wonder that you and I,  
Having once chanced so calmly  
The direction of a coin:  
Tails-left, heads-right ...  
We who sat on the rocks  
Watching the tides of the fog,  
Silent as figures in a Chinese silk screen;  
Is it any wonder that you and I,  
Who called to the houses and the hills,  
To the elephant procession of trees,  
And marvelled in the genius of photosynthesis,  
Can not wholly or fully speak?

I look at you and back off,  
Indrawn, tight, constricted ...  
We, who sat in an idyllic forest:  
Listening to two recorders,  
One autoharp, and a 'cello  
In the strobe light of the moon through clouds:  
Do not return so easily to the absurd.

-- Barbara Bassett

Hampton, Conn.

## The Underground

the place was crowded.  
the editor told me,  
"Charley get some chairs from upstairs,  
there are more chairs upstairs."  
I brought them down and we opened the beer and  
the editor said,  
"we're not getting enough advertising,  
the boat might go down,"  
so they started talking about how to get  
advertising.  
I kept drinking the beer  
and had to piss  
and when I got back  
the girl next to me said,