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Outlook III

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Outlook III

by Joan Kincaid

Suddenly, sleep seems the only solution
The howling dog waits to be let in
The lavender banner with Earth on it floats
We are on a late moonlight walk
Sometimes, it's best not to look at anything
All these poems and words hiding in books
Even the best poets are trapped there
So are ordinary things
I, for one, prefer them to remain secret.

We decide too fast to cure something
When you're in the dark,
There is no way in or out sometimes
No one seems to get it.
You make little repartee,
Unaware of who you are

The soiled tablecloth from last night's porch dinner
Has been run through the machine
Tonight it will be fresh and clean on the round table
Where the birch tree sways gently in candle light,
And the lone owl calls to something down the block.
Crickets and Katydid's fade in the late summer night
Passers-by beyond the hedge observe us in shadows.

