MARKUS POETZSCH
PLANS FOR A GARDEN WALK

The midday sky,
a rough quilt
of black and blue,
torn (so it seems)
hither and thither
by unkind hands,
expressly uninvites.

The garden too,
perplexed and disarrayed
by remnant gales
of spring,
appears for all the promise
of this morning,
uninclined now to receive us.

We watch in silence
at the window,
your little hand in mine,
as foxtail and feather reed
bow before the wind
and then recoil—
a futile archery.

Long-stemmed weigela,
beebalm and coneflower
fare no better,
their elegant crowns
dashed drunkenly
gainst fence and shed—
and all of this before the rain.
When it arrives
in leaden streaks, not drops,
that bear within them
the dark malevolence
of sky,
my breath, not yours,
draws sharply in.

In my surprise I hold you here
by the window,
my eyes now blinded by the rain
that runs directly
to all emptiness
and falls at last
from bleeding hearts.

**NOSTALGIA**

b/w photographs
ruins or ruination of memory
like this one of a boy
barefoot in the dirt by a basin
water pooling at his heels his hair
falling in streaks of stone or slate or ash
lighter than the basin which must be
aluminum but gray all the same
in a garden a sideyard really
bereft of bulbs or fruit or colour
any colour but this and all of it
rundown raveled ramshackle shabby
a home I cannot will not remember
nor the boy blinking grinning grayly
into the light as though as if it were
a colour