

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 uninvents.

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  
against 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