

M. TRAVIS LANE

NOT EMPTY, OPEN¹

Dark early, rain, books tedious,
music's bray irrelevant—
a barren night.

Nothing arrives. The smell of it
drenches the floor, the shiny streets,
night travellers hastening homeward toward
their small, deserted cubicles.

A street lamp, bush, a gutter full of sleep—
a bucket of stones.
Not one of them is a diamond.

SAILOR

The tides have untethered the marsh hen's nest
from its spartina mooring post.
A coracle, it circles as it drifts,
discarding all domestic use,
its plaits unwinding. A fiddler crab
clings to a stem, a sort of mast.

¹Concluding lines of "Vermeer," by Tomas Tranströmer.