

PURLIEU

The sign says "Gap in Verge"
and instead of worrying
I might cross the central
divider, as I once did
in soupy fog near Buffalo,
I leave the road and wander
the grass on the other side.
It's the edge of a forest,
my reserve, where nothing
is fully formed, and all
loves extant. Here and there
are pine needle paths, easy
to commit oneself to, knowing
none will loop. I hear
an older man with an accent
patiently teaching his grandson
to pronounce his name. They're
in a gazebo overgrown with
rose hip bushes, and when
I find the entrance only
the child is there, crying
softly. We stroll together,
coming to a miniature town
powered by falling water.
Parts of it are modern —
in one house one can see
the carved wooden figure
of an old chemist reaching
repeatedly to turn a stop-
cock on a vacuum line.
The child has slipped away.
Someone plays the guitar
in the flat yellow light
of the end of a day. Figures
enter the path, wave
and walk with me a while.
They don't hesitate to slip
an arm under mine, singing
 gently after long silence.
I find that I can carry
their tune, remember them all;
I rise in the air and regard

limitless.

the land at the border,