

Two Poems by Lyn Lifshin

Mid November

when the black ducks come,
winter opens, a kick pleat in darkness

Eyelash fringe of ferns on shore.
Late fall thunder after a long
Indian summer.

Branches creak. Muskrat slither into
the pond like a stone the tide covers
in the glow of a stranger's flashlight

Geese At Midnight

as if a feather
quilt exploded,
a white you can't
see in the dark
but breathe, a
wind of white
rose petals,
wave of fog
in the shape of
flying things.
Like radio
voices on
the pillow,
lulling, keeping
what's ragged
and tears at

bay, the geese
pull sky and stars
in through glass,
are like arms
coming back
as sound

Lyn Lifshin has published over 130 books including 3 from Black Sparrow. Recent books: *Barbaro: Beyond Brokenness* and *The Licorice Daughter: My Year with Ruffian*. Recent books: *Ballroom, All the Poets (Mostly) Who Have Touched me, Living and Dead. All True, esp the Lies*. Just out, *Knife Edge & Absinthe: The Tango Poems*. NYQ books will publish *A Girl Goes into The Woods*. Also just out *Hitchcock Hotel*.