

PROJECT PAPERS

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REBECCA WRIGHT

TWO POEMS

Form

she wears a bubble coat
a nylon pelt
she folds her arms
 over the horizon with a spray of light
 shot through the evening clouds
as if drawn

morning and vesper the evening star
 passing almost overhead
a hazy galaxy
a single storm

if I die on the mountain
 I wish to stay

the sun begins to vanish
everything will become perfectly still
it is too far north
 in the east
the hundred mile wide path of darkness
 where she was lost

Cheatgrass
cheat
those prickly awns that cover autumn hills
with a yellow blanket as inflammable as cotton wool
 I lay me down
to spin out the dreams of the afternoon
 thinking like a rock

SUBURBAN SATURDAYS

Given choices, standing in the street
and shouting
Even for a worthy cause
The way we used to do
When we were young
Even for nothing
Is not choice

The world has changed.

Homely estrangements
In the presence of one's children
Is more fun
Less public and, embarrassing to say, less private
Even.

 You're weeping through
The Way We Were on cable
They are saying, "Huh?"
I don't like Barbra Streisand anyway
Her nose is funny"

 They have no time for you
No words and infinitely less concern
They vanish after dark
Just like you taught them to at 3
But now it hurts.
All parents reach this point, a cliff.
Maturity is what we like to call it

The world has changed
Manners your elders strapped you into
Somehow have come unravelled in your hands
You watch the loose ends
Flap away like thoughtless tongues
Dances, movies, parties
Impudent and bold, and beautiful
And realize, that given choices,
Had you known,
It really wouldn't have turned out this way

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