



## LEAVING THE MOTEL

by *W. D. Snodgrass*

Outside, the last kids holler  
Near the pool: they'll stay the night.  
Pick up the towels; fold your collar  
Out of sight.

Check: is the second bed  
Unrumped, as agreed?  
Landlords have to think ahead  
In case of need,

Too. Keep things straight: don't take  
The matches, the wrong key rings—  
We've nowhere we could keep a keepsake—  
Ashtrays, combs, things

That sooner or later others  
Would accidentally find.  
Check: take nothing of one another's  
And leave behind

Your license number, only,  
Which they won't care to trace;  
We've paid. Still, should such things get lonely,  
Leave in their vase

An aspirin to preserve  
Our lilacs, the wayside flowers  
We've gathered and must leave to serve  
A few more hours;

That's all. We can't tell when  
We'll come back, can't press claims;  
No doubt we would have other rooms, then,  
Or other names.

## NEW LOVE

by *Richard Eberhart*

I'll tell my delight  
All through the night,  
Dream of green willow  
On your white pillow.

I'll be eternal  
While being nocturnal,  
Delight in your sight  
All through the night.

And as night glows  
And world goes  
My delight will overthrow  
Pain and woe.

Green tree, green willow,  
White dream, white will; O  
I'll tell my delight  
All through the night.

I will so sensate feel  
The realm of the real  
That my delight, begun,  
Will through ages run

And stand upon the sky  
Unable to die,  
So pure, so brute  
As to be absolute,

Transformed by night  
To metaphysical height,  
Dream of green willow  
On your white pillow.



## INDOLENCE

by *Louis Simpson*

I woke to the children's voices  
And rush of wheels on the street.  
I saw the children off to school;  
Each of them had a yellow lunch box  
Painted with pictures of animals.

Then I went trout-fishing,  
Letting the line drift with the current,  
Skirting the shadows of rocks  
And the tall pines leaning over,  
Till it swept to a ledge where the stream

Poured over and a branch  
Jerked up and down in the furious stream.  
But the line did not swim back.  
No fish came splashing and kicking  
To suffocate in my basket.

All I caught was shadow-leaves  
And the sound of the stream  
Falling through the Sierras in August.  
Indolence! It was pure indolence,  
An ocean of darkness.

Tonight we watched the astronauts  
Turning in heaven; and pictures  
Of men who walked spewing flame.  
But when there was nothing but violence  
I turned off the set

And went out on the patio  
And watched the Bayshore lights.  
From time to time a plane went over.  
There were voices from the house next door  
And the music of Beethoven.

And there rose from leaves and flowers  
And earth, a delirious  
Fragrance of sensual life,  
Of the universe gathering like dew  
The indolence of the soul.





## HOW DO YOU WALK?

*by Karl Shapiro*

How do you walk? You walk into my arms,  
Into my kiss, into the eye of my life's storm.  
You walk (all similes are silly in my love for you)  
You walk as if you were carrying the Taj Mahal.  
Your neck is like a Watusi woman towering above  
the grasses of your tigerish clothes,  
Your tribal shoulders where my fingers close and  
feed and my lips graze like sheep-crazed shepherds.  
You walk in anger and in glorious pride as if you had  
lost a brilliant naval battle,  
Your cut smile belies your perspicuous eyes,  
Your earrings tremble and your breasts rise like waves  
of liquid in your coming toward me.  
Your hips powerful and civilized make idiots of willow  
trees plying the prairie winds,  
You carry your hard-soft hands as if they were not yours  
but mine.  
Is it your long proud legs that carry you into my vision  
like rhyme?  
You walk as if you were carrying a love-child,  
You walk as if you were marrying me,  
And your sensitive head turns slightly side to side  
As not to see the lovely commotion of your passing,  
Where you have come from but only where you are going.  
Where are you going? You are going into your beauty  
And it is I who am opening all the doors as you pass  
From room to room of your life till you walk to my grave.