

MARGO SWISS

Maternal Eros
For Jonathan

Before you entered the world
God knew you perfectly;
you were to Him
as though his only one.

Yet loving
(in His way) unjealously,
He gave you to me
to harbour wholly
unseen.

Bathed in dark,
you grew, in time to pursue
your gallant path to light:
infant, boy, adolescent and
before me now—

a man
standing fast
in God's footsteps.

I faint for
love of
you!

Margo Swiss's poetry appears earlier in this volume.

JOANNA M. WESTON

Looking Forward

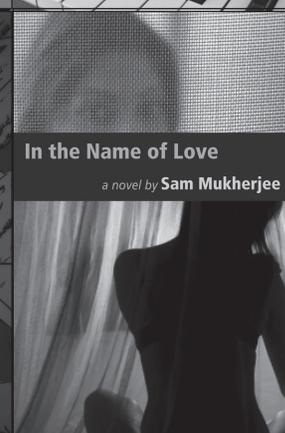
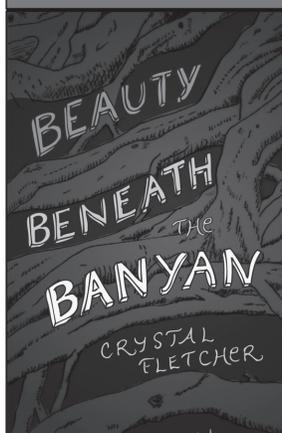
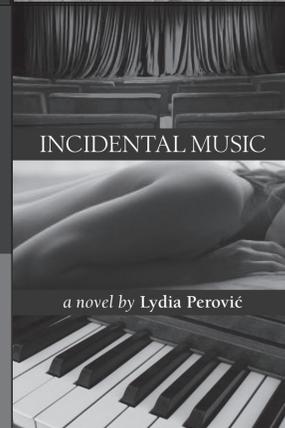
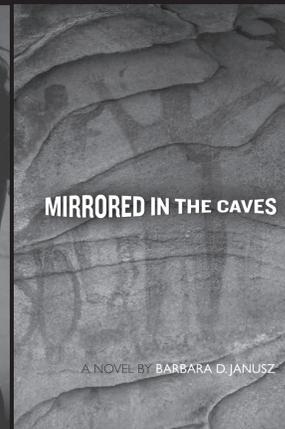
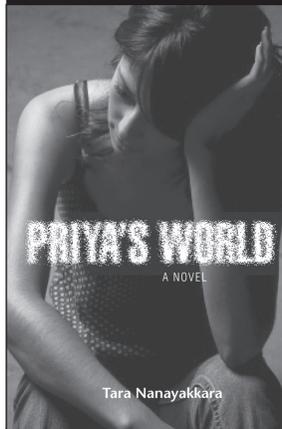
this new language
foreign to childhood
teen years twenties
The language of aging

I have been young
been at play at work
raised children farmed

no need to struggle
with the angst of youth
as I accommodate myself
to the vocabulary
of memory

Joanna Weston's poetry appears earlier in this volume.

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