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Two Poems

Ruth Danon

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Two Poems

RUTH DANON

poem

I take the back roads now.
They are familiar.
Soon they will spread
To my face, crinkle
Around my eyes.
My hair's getting grey
And I don't mind.

I've moved into my life
Slowly, the way my body
Moves into aging jeans.

I'm trying to shape the whole of it
As if it were clay in my hands,
Though I'm not a potter
Who hoards her wares
To sell in stores.

What I'd like:

To give you a clay pot
That holds water.

Dropping Out

You stop buying plastic bags, health food, *The New York Times*.
You start saving things: string, coffee cans, egg cartons, egg
shells, peanut butter jars, last year's calendar.
You lay in supplies: scrap wood stolen from the mill, wax from candles,
hairballs, a spade.
You begin to make lists.
You give up agonizing about old lovers.
You burn all
Their letters.

Chairs, tables, rugs, brass candlesticks
All begin to embarrass you.
They clutter up the rooms
Like faculty members at a tea
Waiting for you to say something.

You decide to give up talking.

One night
You hear that the last house
You lived in burned down.
You hear sirens all night,
Learn how the wind carries sound.