

On The Horizon

BILL SWEENEY

Girls measure their shadows across a tiny courtyard;
above, telephone lines, aërials, antenna
and the bright autumn sky:

Do you need to see the twists of smoke to know
something is about to depart forever?
The wind feels it, and the trees feel it also,
and the traffic on the avenue turns aside.
Televisions snap on like slapped faces.

Only the morning star, ghostly on the rim of day,
peaks into the future without scowling.