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Poems

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Poems

Abstract

Before Spring, Lamplight and Widow

Diane Fahey

BEFORE SPRING

The leafbuds are seeds inching through air
quick with the sun's new warmth, ready
to unfold their story;

they are innocent green eyes — rain-cradled,
magnified — trembling twigs into beehair,
softly curled.

Wind-dazzled trees... The day expands in swaying,
shimmering rings, each drop a gourd
bouncing and bellying

down the long dark branch, then whirled through
clay reef, fibrous root-frond, to shine again
in the leaf — now

a silver wind-tongue playing — and — oval and thin
as a child's fingernail — the sudden
pink blossom.

LAMPLIGHT

Glasshouses flash crystal, platinum-white, against green hills,
one warmly intruded upon by setting sun, as though it held
some radiant bloom which, opening into dusk, glowed with all
the day's spent energy...

Nearby, brown horses in a field, dense bodies
you would think impervious to light, haloed by an old gold
haze their eyes seem to offer, share, the mystery of... Hooves still,
or slow as shadows moving in lengthening grass.

I watched in late winter, watched the flickering through glass,
through brown transparent eye, of a thinning radiance, a deepening
sea-darkness. And my breath was a mist I looked through, and the
horses'
breath a further mist through which the sun, upyielding,
sank its bright ghost.

Later, the driving home, darkness a settled thing
but for the streetlights — cold, distinct; counterpart of night —
with them no yielding, softening, as in the breath of lamplight
with its hazy edge: a buzzing corridor between brightness, void.

WIDOW

Mouth flapping like a shutter in the wind.
Irritating, but remember, hers is an empty house.

She can wash or sweep till the cows come home
but he'll never ruffle sheet or tablecloth again.

Dailiness, with its silly habits of perfection...

Sometimes, she just gives up and sits there quietly,
feeling the dust fall, watching the leaves blow in.