

EZRA COHEN

*The Flight*

For fear they break  
                                   for the hills  
           like echoes water-  
 drawn

          an on-going un-  
 broken movement of  
           light

a sail of  
           color  
 leaf-  
 thickness

                          they press on  
 as one

          one curve of  
                           hill  
 drawing into valley

pastures of light and dark

moving as  
           a hurried stream  
           over the spine  
                           of the earth

they gallop towards  
                           trammels

too light  
           to hold

## *Travelers in Patagonia*

The mountains are spread with a blue haze,  
Which, in the air, is a presence like any other  
Scrub oak and pine loom in angry settlements, the loose  
And slanting earth, the red, grey and pink earth  
Buckling and turning down paths  
Too narrow to climb and up-- further up--  
A small garden with even smaller leaves,  
Crowded colors which seem  
To change in the wind, first blue, the blue  
Of Spanish mission doors (which creak on their hinges  
On blazing afternoons), pale yellow, reds  
And yellows, gold-- or is it green-gold--  
Lettering of painted manuscripts, the stiff, luminous pages  
With no echoes, the stories that reach  
Into metaphor and end in fact, as if to say  
There is no imagination but  
The human imagination,  
There is nothing found that was  
Not created,  
Which we feel, in the bright arrival,  
Lies somewhere in  
The province of truth.

The house is guarded by a white fence.  
He must have climbed here early one morning,  
Many years ago, traveling light,  
And sat thirsty on one of these rocks.

*Morning, Fo Guang Shan Monastery*

There is a woman in the road  
sweeping blossoms. They are red  
of another continent, like  
fallen tongues of dragons.  
The morning gong sounds in the hollows  
where my heart  
is kept clenched, like a fist.

*In the Throes of Fever, An Imagined Trip to Mykonos*

From the sailing ship's highest point  
the Cyclades wrap around us  
like the arms of a woman, braceleted  
and vast. Each island seems cut  
from the ocean's stone, so vivid  
and brightly they glitter.

The captain adjusts his course; the clinking  
of glasses, rosewater and lemonade,  
is heard just above the breeze.  
Look-- the cerulean waters,  
the gossamer currents flying  
faster than thought-- all meet  
the immaculate shore.

The marble streets patter on  
past cypress groves and houses,  
white-washed, huddled like teeth.  
For us, lowly travelers, there can be  
no forgiveness like the olive tree,  
whose shade is deep and still--

Who will find us  
but the sun's hard blade,  
piercing the canopy  
where I lie sweat-turned  
in wind-tousled sheets?