

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?