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, braceletned
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?