

far over . . . Looking for the little girl. There is no little girl
 . . . only bleak emptiness.

The wind charges up the moss green cliffs, shouting at me . . .
 before . . . before life . . . before death . . . beforrrre . . .
 beforrrre

"We'll be late for lunch if we don't hurry." My partner's words
 come to me clearly now. How can he think such a thing at a
 time like this. Lunch! But I am not surprised. He would say
 just that. We turn our backs to the ocean, start down the path
 that cuts through the cliffs. Only a light breeze reaches us now
 . . . a cool, freeing breeze.

We leave behind us the ocean wind, rushing up the moss green
 cliffs . . . the velvet green thrones. We start back to town, to
 the lodge, to lunch. Someday I will come back here . . . to the
 cliffs north of the point . . . and there will be a little girl on
 the beach . . . someday . . .



Landscape

(Still Life With an Echo)

Carl Leiden

DAYBREAK. . . . The moon lies watching under my win-
 dow for intruders, in the sticky silence of the dawn that
 steals its fingers beneath my sill and gropes in the darkness for
 my body.

In the far corner it finds me, envelops me in cool quietness
 of ether . . . my mind, throbbing with dissonance, turns again
 to sleep, and the moon flees. The vanguard of morning comes in
 the pensive moments before dawn, and leaves a heavy imprint
 of sleep upon the grass, and nightmares in the corners of my eyes.

The milky laugh of the dawn . . . what tricks he plays on
 lovers, caught in love-sleep that blends so well with night . . .
 the half-whisper of a cricket in the room beyond, the sensual stir
 of the wind in October leaves, and I lie waking, wondering where
 the moon has gone. . . .

Afternoon. . . . When the hazelwood breaks into the flight of the sun and the very air is warm with pollen dust of countless insects . . . a dog runs across the mood, stops and inspects the saucy smiles of still green grass, lifts its nose to the wind . . . a north wind dips each leaf in the molten sun, but not too long . . . shattered remnants of burnt leaves litter the space between trees, and the stalks of corn crackle with the touch.

My shadow has difficulty keeping pace with me as I hurry along the row of hastened thoughts, to the secluded spot of yesterday. Cooling shadows speak to the now leaf-filled fountain, then hurry on to the oak grove beyond . . . a second, then into the haze of the distance as the sun begins to disappear . . . evening . . . I have been warmed by the sun and my skin is hot and dry and her window so near . . . the coolness so desirable . . . the long fingers of tree, purple with misty expectation and silent with deep water . . . wade your hands, then the arms . . . the long flanks and timid breasts into the cool water, deep and fernlike as boulders overgrown with lichen.

I sit by her window and wait . . . moths, so bashful with the sun, become the prey of bats . . . grass that is wet—long, in need of the mower, with sweet odor of honeysuckle and magnolia . . . thirsting for breath . . . leaves struggle with the soil and loose their nettles on the wind.

I encircle the waist of a girl, the window's dark and the moon is full . . . flooding her eyes and kisses . . . and we forget . . . and sleep . . . till the night surrenders its youth to the dawn.

