

Prospect

On the half-finished deck, from his director's chair
 Douglas views the first rushes of the valley—
 Spruce, tamarack and maple. Somewhere a stream
 tests its sole woodwind against the green orchestra
 and in the invisible distance beyond woods
 a truck growls uphill. The haze is riddled with birdsong.
 This summer another two months of work perhaps
 some day a pool, a garden. For now at least
 the doors and windows are set, the roof shingled,
 walls and floors fragrant with cedar. From sheer imagining
 on a Quebec hillside the patient artificer
 has erected a new space. He sees that it is good.

— *Christopher Levenson*

January

The sky aluminum;
 radar screens feed on the tenuous air.
 we are nowhere at home
 in the monochrome emptiness
 of this winter horizon, the sun
 a metal disc, a name tag
 above the stainless machinery of landscape
 structures for scanning, surveying
 only a few
 displaced verticals survive in black—
 masts, the wiry exposure
 of a few trees. Under it all
 our hibernating minds
 drift with forgetfulness.

— *Christopher Levenson*