

**In Which a Weakness for Nostalgia is Admitted**

They were days when clocks forgot to run.  
Each made it through to afternoon, and then—  
as though all ticking parts had yawned and thought,  
“I’m drawn on canvas, carved from wood, my being’s  
stillness only, the center of a circle . . .”—  
curled upon itself, overlapping  
all the summer light with summer warmth.

The sun assigned each shadow to its place  
and gave to each in place of growth or motion  
a dark brilliance like a new engraving.  
And now I stammer through this homey movie:  
we look so motionless in motion of  
old games beside the ditch, within the adobe house,  
under the paloverde in the churchyard!

No afternoon was so fenced-off and pure,  
of course. Musing beguiles—and memory.  
The long ramp of summer spilled us off  
soon enough. I seldom think of winter.  
Who would?—when time and silence pay the barker  
and you can be both spangled actor and  
the watcher of distractions almost holy?

—*Lewis Horne*