

## THIS TWILIGHT, THIS QUIET

*Douglas Lochhead*

This twilight, this quiet from the city noise,  
this night of warm spring moon,  
the hollow shaping promise in the air,  
the trees show signs, we have seen  
the same before, and it all adds  
to new perfumes, new shimmers of recall.

I am ready to welcome it again,  
this weeping parade of green, this  
teasing tulip time which tells me  
the world is a quiet rage of wonder  
so much, my love, as you.

## AT CHRISTMAS

*Douglas Lochhead*

One wonderful, prolonged, enduring  
flash of pink dream, the children  
see it full-faced in their wide eyes  
and take to them a horde of gifts,  
a cave of sentimentality grows  
and what they become is us,  
beginning to fall and forty, uneasy  
on uneven sidewalks, strips of leather  
pulled hard against the temples,  
and what is puritan, what is told  
about horrible and beautiful things  
happening to that Man remains,  
but what is real, and what  
we try to tell them remains drifting  
somewhere off-shore.