

Nap, Snow Patches in Rain AND Just the Bay



Young Man Sleeping, William Dobell, 1935

Nap

The moment when I fall asleep,
a fleeting second's mystery
of nothing's pale trajectory—

it will come ... will come ... and yet
in retrospect, it is as lost to time
as any second we forget.

And then the inner waking, eyes
still closed ... the presence of a working brain...
and now to know ... to realize ...
all the commitments for the day remain.

Snow Patches in Rain

Stragglers of a late snowfall

cast their last
fog that, all but swept away by mist
in exhalations of despair,
dismisses in the winter air
what next year's winter will recall.

Just the Bay

The bay before me now is just the bay;
the wind is up, the sails are taut with it;
the bathers, having had enough of sun,
tote baggage up the path near where I sit.
A ferry in the distance works its way
from city wharves, hidden behind the trees,
to a landing by a village on a hill.
A horn announcing fog I long to see
repeats its sorry monotone, yet still,
how many playful ghosts of summer fun
invade this sultry afternoon. But I
no longer want to sail—were I to try,
the smallest wave would heave me in the drink!
Much easier now to look, to dream and think.