Two Poems

I

He
expecting
a miracle
as if he were watching for a migration of birds
forgot himself; he and the worlds (like so many birds)
were migrating,
the suns seeing him
had been appointed by God.

God
not expecting a miracle saw one and many
when He made Adam and Eve;
Adam and Eve
fly every night in the book of the Reader.

II

At this time the world is whirling at 18.6 miles a second and the
solar system amidst other enlightened dancers is whirling
at 12 miles a second; but now it is an hour after
dawn

walking
walking ahead
enjoying it walking ahead
enjoying myself enjoying it walking ahead
enjoying myself and the world and air of the walk walking ahead
for the first time on this path by shadows and dew and light
walking
ahead the cosmos spinning this road this walk as a silk worm
spins silk
the milky way reflecting the silk the dream, one tree fall
already with much orange,
walking ahead I spinning the suns
in the moment’s song
still in the future’s presence
presenting the motion to future and present poems,
walking ahead, since it is cool, walking ahead since it
is cool I saw, I see, I will see God’s Head.

JOHN TAGLIABUE

60 Winter 1962-63