

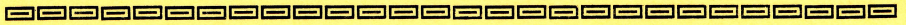
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POETRY BY THE **PAGE**

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i met her
foraging
for poetry
at
PTA
bookstalls

she was
(like me) a
lone star
gesturing in
her
imagination

we swept
away each
other
indifferent
to our
dreams
and now we
speak in
sequences of
silence
still

occupied
and searching
lost in
tenderness
embracing
in emptiness

our
real lives
lie
in motion-
less images
(we see
them only
through each
other's
glance) of
contentment

pain-
less calm

we seldom
read to each
other