

So Stevenson be glad —  
Whatever your life was, your dreams were,  
I do not know and you cannot care,  
Fallen like a stone on that hot street.  
But I shall never think  
Of Silenus rising from the wheat  
Save coupled with your death.

## *FOR CATHERINE*

Seeing her, with those first rude playthings,  
The world growing large in the veins of a leaf,  
I shudder. I grow old in her budding years.  
She cadences my life with moth-like breaths,  
This frail glory that measures ceaselessly my doom,  
This child. But, humbly, we do as we must:  
Send new shoots into a forest we shall never see.