

She and He: Alternatives

Lewis Horne

1

—Or on summer evenings as the sky
Draws down its light, prodding the question why

They sit in cast-off wicker furniture,
The kids cross-legged as though the lawn made a shore

Toward which they'd moved since morning: a country close,
Stars leaning in to catch the prose

Of family chat, mosquito bite, and slap.
She and he. Something of the shape

Of house and tree and gathering might recall
To us where we were and the world we'd made of it all.

2

—Or when Johnny Hirohata raised a screen
On his truck garden farm to show old movies on

Out-of-doors each Friday, we'd put our dime
In the muffin tin. Actors of a fame

We had forgot, once the sun was gone,
Went at it. Behind the planks we sat upon,

His field was at it, too, a fragrant stand,
Not part of the black-and-white, toeing its line

Of order. Within such act of smell and sight
Lay the puzzle and wear of human appetite.

—Or when he and she in the evening (in his words)
Would “take a little stroll” up the good-night road,

The water in the irrigation ditch
A noisy gallop. As night fixed the latch

On day, we’d snap the houselights on, as though
To show the way back to us, although we’d know

Such modest migrations never took them far.
We never felt the vacancy, so sure

Were we of the gift they gave, nor worried there
For their coming back to their common day’s Somewhere.