

1

On the greensward, there are too many paths, crossing and verging in unknowable ways. Strangers kneel at intervals beneath the trees. You love them, you detest and fear them, but you believe their stories utterly because you belong to them. You pause at the gates to make up your mind. You may join in the passion, bow with the others before the blurring radio at each station, empty your pockets at each park bench along the way of sadness. Or, disgusted, you may refuse to stop at all, striding, defiantly autonomous, wrapped in your own health. Someone nearly always asks and, penitent, or else angry and affronted, you throw down your coat.

2

In an oblivious transition, you drift daily from the penumbra that sits over elsewhere into the radiance of your own country. Streets here are better lit, familiarity makes them straight; the vanishing points in all directions are sharp, as though seen from a mountaintop. You lower your shoulders. The mailboxes nod to you in your own language. You drop your letters.

3

You carry keys to each other. You lock up behind you and before you, turning each in a line of deadbolts as if you were setting a timer—a twist, a threshing sound, and a snap. Nothing here can be haphazard. Neither of you come or go without the restless negotiation of the locks, the jiggle and click, the key pulled upward as you put one shoulder to the door and push your way through. An urgent tranquility makes your hands cold. The door shuts behind you but won't latch until you lean on it. You drop your keys, kick off your shoes.

(Lights down.)

4

Here is your wavering double in the water, all your reflections tremble above the ones who stay below, the ones you cannot bear to see. The lines of tension converge and go slack there. Your arms are wet to the elbow. The water rises. A membrane bulges. A flutter, a blink, the pupil expands to become the darkness, the morning star steps out of its clothing.

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