

## **Poems**

### *Dallas Crow*

#### **Banquo on Horseback**

*Ride you this afternoon?* he asks.  
When have I not ridden? Boyhood  
friend, comrade in battle, he knows

I grew up on a dapple-gray, wooed  
my wife aboard this noble beast.  
Something is rotten in our once-

great state. The king has become  
strange, politic in every phrase—  
hostage to his dreams, I fear.

Lady Macdeath paints a fair smile  
upon her face each foul dawn.  
I should turn, flee this bloody,

sunless country now; no one sleeps  
well at Inverness . . . What's that?  
Give us a light there, ho!

### On a Photograph of Anne Sexton

*In addition to the strong feelings Anne's work aroused, there was the undeniable fact of her beauty.*

—Maxine Kumin

What's sexier than Anne Sexton  
at her typewriter? Knee cocked  
above her desk, the one eyebrow  
not in shadow a comet burning  
toward her wrist. Cigarette lit,  
coffee nearby: the perfect hostess  
(at least circa 1966).

How many fits did it take to compose  
such a calm demeanor? How many  
tantrums to forge such cool heat?  
Our own Cleopatra of the Charles,  
Mrs. Robinson *avant le film*: scary scars  
just beneath the flawless surface,  
on every page the threat of danger.