

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.