



Image from Burning Junk

Christopher Bernard

Two Poems

After Longley After Amergin

Who is that old child, brash
As a useless avatar?
Who is that headlong sombrero
And the noise of a cracked guitar?
Who is that gray armadillo
That soaks in the rain of the run?
Who is that Tasmanian devil
Wreaking revenge on Washington?
Who is that bucket of cherries
Upon the jonquil stone?
Who is that tilbury bridge
In the dreams of Chatterton?
Who are those ashes of lace
That scatter through Lille over the snow?

Who is that train of the ant
That knows no up or below?
Who is that silence of sleeping
In the darkness of teacups and bread?
Who is that dash on the window
And the whispering sheet on the bed?
Who is not this and not that
And wanders the world like the wind?
Who is a withering thread?
And who is it no one will know?

I am that old child, brash
As a useless avatar
I am that headlong sombrero
And the noise of a cracked guitar
I am that gray armadillo
That soaks in the rain of the run
I am that Tasmanian devil
Wreaking revenge on Washington
I am that bucket of cherries
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I am that train of the ant
That knows no up or below
I am that silence of sleeping
In the darkness of teacups and bread
I am that dash on the window
And the whispering sheet on the bed
I am not this and not that
I wander the world like the wind
I am a withering thread
And who I am no one will know

A Sonnet for November

Trailing tissues of cloud as it climbs,
tomorrow night, at eight, the moon will rise
the rocky night hill, carrying memories of roses
through a wreckage of shadows, clocking like a rhyme
(no voice will be heard to the end of time),
the buried hands and the dead faces

following you as over the world it paces;
prepare for the winter coming, in your little room.
There'll be time then to be quiet. A small bell
tinkles in the garden. A ship groans
under a foggy cloud. A hummingbird
holds above the rose tree. Will
it dart to the vines, the roses or the dark zone
of the willow? An idle question: it vanishes, and is unheard.

Christopher Bernard is co-editor of *Caveat Lector*. He has published two collections of poetry—*The Rose Shipwreck: Poems and Photographs* and *Chien Lunatique*—as well as two novels and two short-fiction collections. His third novel will appear in 2019. He is also a playwright, essayist, and critic.