



Llyn Clague

Janus

"So how's the love life  
this spring?"—  
the grandfatherly type,  
overly casual.

"Not," grumbles the woman,  
young—  
now not quite as young as  
usual.

"And?" Gently he leads her  
on—  
if she is willing to  
continue.

"And . . ." She sketches  
dropping a man—  
"burden, dolt, bum, I'm  
through!"

In a vision he knows he'll  
not experience  
again, her clothes vanish  
like smoke—

she stands nude, open,  
fresh as water.  
Behind his eyes she sees,  
in the distance,

once again, a vision she  
can't let go—  
solid, spreading, generous,  
like an oak.

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Llyn Clague has published work in  
*Mobius, Pegasus, The Aureorean,*  
*Ibbetson Street, The Iconoclast,*  
and many other publications. His  
book *Mali Poems* is available from  
Main Street Publishing.