



Image from EarthSky

Dennis Ross

Two Poems

Answers

Long ago, a door and a window
stood by this sacred spring
beyond all the rights and wrongs,
where one could look out
and see answers flitting like moths
in the sunshine, and the door
would open and we could catch one,
hide it in our pocket, to fondle secretly
when we were most afraid.

Now the answers have flown
too close to doubt, like flames,

have become singed and tattered
and lie useless and twitching
in little piles on the ground,
slowly vanishing like snow melting
with no one still to believe them.

Now questions rage
like infuriated dogs, and no answers
can bring them any peace again.

Going Fishing

Use no hook when you cast out.
It would just snag weeds,
maybe a luckless passing fish.

You are not after fish.
You are trying to catch the mystery
of the fading vermillion sunset,
of the darkening lake,
of the muskrat vee-ing across the water,
of the geese quietly gossiping,

of yourself drifting drifting
in a homemade boat of pine and fir
floating on infinite space and time
in no particular direction.

Dennis Ross taught and did research in physics at Iowa State University. He has had more than 240 poems published. *Relatives and Other Strangers*, his first chapbook, appeared in Finishing' Line Press.