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Richard deFuria

Early Winter Takes

It dropped last night
like hard white glue,
a low pale elder sun taking
our maples north
along sere grasses
the last we knew.
It had smelled of the other side
of days, warm from somewhere else.

Root tops done for, glassy
through. We rake off frost. Then
expertly (my sister's out from the city)
I break the crust by hoe, turning up
rows with the angle. *Eccolo . . .* a spill
of carrot, beet; baby ones
virgin of insect track. A magic
to late summer germ. We take nine pounds.

In that corner where shade is
all summer, I keep jack-in-the-pulpits

I took from alongside our bog;
that very red berry cluster is theirs. But
anything I find, wanting to get to know
I'll rear: Christmas pine, or this rock
mossing up. Salamanders, see, under it.

Turnips, I braise
giving them lime, lots of this Sicilian white
plus honey. Rice from grape leaves, canned.
I'll take your baked eggplant, yes. Sit.
A long way to come – vermouth
and olives; tea? I'll put Grieg on.

Cyclings

The fundament on which all knowledge and learning
rests is the inexplicable. – Schopenhauer

Then we said: LSD, let's not, not worry over
Heidegger, let's be as can, postpone
reckonings, blow kisses to the comely
go down *per stirpes*, lawyers say.
Old brains! insisting
past their primes

To the shore? Auntie's got this hut
to talk, eat fried, fried stuffies & coleslaw
in paper couplets you leave soggy;
pie; a beer

Cycling the marsh trail: hints of
recognition – a faery blinker in pines
ahead. Birdburst half seen behind
sprung letters, a hallowed word just
underheard? Again the tease; since
our first time confessed. You'd wondered
too – as if an ancient valve were hissing; a sluice
brimmed. Engines of another side

Let's do, willers be, joy- and hurt-spattered
till. Careerize. Cards, pageants, tests.
Face it up: fired, hospitalized, elves
for ourselves, no big answers to

White clapboard salt weekend
drive-back: the thing from inside
unshareable – goodbye

“Binge on prestige TV?”
“People’ll talk to us.”

No jolt of the unknown, ruins without
the guide. Schopenhauer to RETURNS,
check Elene Ferrandte out.
In this a certain nobility.
How many? – count ’em. On past
the turn in the way, to one of them
to theirs the slog to a new East
stern or shy.

Richard deFuria has published work in *Humanities Review*, *Scholia Satyrica*, *Modern Language Notes*, *Last Green Valley*, and elsewhere. He lives in Connecticut.