



Image from The Spruce

Richard deFuria

Swale Runnel

*Am a hhwhat?
a running pool of photons, quick
ether surrounding cabbages
magically I drag on vines, no
stinky “slough” backed up.*

Years, who knew? What insight then to see
about this mallow, slight, slight, an eddying...

*The breeze, man, some truck shifting
down; I move invisibly. A pearlstring
museum—blood maple leaves, the white pine’s
needle drop—my specimens. A mussel shell;
mantid egg-case on its twig. Trésors.*

Voilà, wormy kale, some rot and weeds,

a barrowful—for filling in.

*A crime. Your underground Mercury here
before asphalt and SUV's, before French hussars
hurdled over to hook up with Washington
I ran here. Unsuppressible. I'll run out time
I'll run through you.*

These regnant elms do... salaam you
courtierly. No hog wallow, eh?

*Another thing: I brook no fish. Unless
crayfish are fish. For which also I'm
a temple of frogs hereabouts. They skedaddle
your summer fields—yes, those egg clouds of spring!
as I cake up black (it's a bluff) with algae.*

A trickster hollow, fine.

*Salamanders, new lodgers as I rise
Houdini-esque
from mudcracks fall afternoons
(a quicksand slurry is their winter throw)
and the red eft leaves my skirts, climbing
for slats of rose through the trees.*

... swale runnel, then?

*Humans; speech.
Kiss me, sycamore swags.*

Preface to a Getaway

Lacrimae rebus sunt —Virgil

Oh, just yet? tickets sent
our carillons one breakfast time
coy and strict, like child rhymes;
magical bookings
to a spot where Februaries
open muffiny warm. Why not
—tears for things? A floppy satchel...
toss in chocolates, trash to read
rum, come on

An antique train
an angler of malls and cinema lots
facades with outdoor stairs, fenced-in

children yards, shopper mobs—
the frantic back of things—takes us
 ha! yes we were theirs
on in a double silence, touching just.
Bends and leans. A day and its night, our hour
in palimpsest glass, glimpsed breaks
to possible towns. “No, no maybe-me’s,”
she’s smiling, “stop-offs at your peril.”

How slow though
to absence, like exotic fruit
on the mouth. *Venite*, latitude of winter
trumpets; tar, damp, salt creature smell,
desiccation, come. Austral closeness,
wrap us. Our way narrowing to peninsula,
wave troughs, hammered brass
either side. Slow and slower...
chests tight, we step down.

Small evening. Calm on an iodine sea.
Steps to our inn: a ceiling fan; sheets
myrrh’d and taut. And this—a pyx?
for compounds of one’s choice,
suppose; for arresting time.
Let’s have chocolates—and a shot.
Odd; no mirrors, too. Who is seeing?
A chocolate and a sip. From our terrace
there by the maritime walk, the iodine sea,
an atelier. We’ll get our portraits done.
Mornings, for a stroll nude to the beach.

Richard deFuria has published in *Caveat Lector*, *Western Humanities Review*, *Scholia Satyrica*, *Modern Language Notes*, and elsewhere. He lives with his wife Jo Anne in Connecticut and Catalunya.