

*TWO BY TWO*  
*(to Sharon)*

*Can you see the quiet nesting  
of the trumpeter swan somewhere in Yellowstone—  
those startling white messengers*

*frozen a moment above the jagged edge  
of a great, bright collage—a clear lake  
and a clean sky—those two timid birds—*

*those two halves of love? Suspended they bisect  
the blue eye of god—a day almost gone—  
the darkness held at the edge and kept there.*

*Do you see that they are more than that:  
They are the kinetic proof that things may move—  
two by two—the broken progeny of earth*

*may recover in a flight of full purpose—  
the arms and cracked ribs of love  
can open and breathe, full again*

*like the open wings and fragile bones  
of those two swans—captured again—  
two by two—in the warm arc and embrace of the  
sky.*

*Do you see how they quicken like breath,  
folding from memory into now,  
the insistence of breath—  
the breath that should always quicken between us—*

*hot and impatient.*

*—Brad L. Roghaar*

*SOMEWHERE IN THE DESERT*

*Somewhere in the desert  
a lizard tests the air.*

*It stretches high  
from a sudden push  
of its forelegs,  
motionless for a moment,  
poised in the  
peculiar sideways curve  
that only lizards do.*

*A thin translucent film  
slides like the skin  
of a grape  
from its dark, wet eye,  
the oversized orb  
that just now,  
in its sudden dryness,  
feels the cooling air  
of the desert night.*

*Far away and at this moment  
the liquid eye of the lizard  
misses you  
as you go about  
your small and petty business.*

*—Brad L. Roghaar*