

THOMAS SHAPCOTT

STORM OVER PORT PHILLIP

after the painting by Rick Amor

Wait. Sometimes the waiting seems interminable
 But that is the trick with water. The dark
 Gathers up your apprehension and you seek
 Some other way of confronting if you are able
 The idea of storm. It is not possible
 To think of wind and rain without every black
 Possibility of destruction. The bleak
 Sea ensures that. This always was fate's timetable.

Sometimes the storm passes out to sea,
 The real ocean, and you are left with ragged clouds
 And perhaps scuffed sand. There are no words
 For either relief or regret. You have to be
 Content with failure. The posts of the old pier
 Have withstood storms and hot dry winds before.

TOM SHAPCOTT (b. 1935) has published continuously since 1956. His most recent book of poems is *The City of Empty Rooms* (Salt, 2006). His next book of poems is *Parts of Us* (UQP, March 2010).

KARINA BOROWICZ

PERSEIDS

Stars are falling through the galaxy's thin arms
 outstretched across the sky.
 Loose fur from a comet's wagging tail
 prickling with static.

How still the earth is amidst all this motion.
 Yet it's flying and spinning
 because it too was flung once.

I watch the stars fall, and my blood
 ignites as it feels its way through my body.
 As if the hum of everything out there suddenly
here, called my name.

KARINA BOROWICZ holds an MFA from the University of New Hampshire, where she received the Richard J. Shea Award for Poetry. Her work has recently appeared in *American Commentary & Letters*, *Cream City Review*, and *The Southern Review*. She is a former intern poetry editor at *The Paris Review*.