

THE GLASSY HARBOR

O faint sad noises
and milky dullness,

rose-colored blindness
in evening gowns

how moist and rhythmic
those who walk near

the glassy harbor.
Silent drift of deserters

from the theater,
and everywhere the stars

receding, receding . . .
nothing to hold onto

but their own silver hearts.

In this poem, everything seems to be vanishing or slightly altered. There's something eerie about it. I love the way whatever gets across does so through gestures and hints. It's like seeing someone you love leave. It's like a painting that's floating away.

- Seth Landman