

## ANOTHER WAY

If you were immured in melancholy  
and I gave you a field  
of purple asters in autumn,  
each mauve disc encircling a bright yellow center  
like the light of morning,  
a field of a thousand mornings,  
would you take them with you into winter?

When the press of hours pushed  
like harried crowds at your back  
and I showed you to a wide shore  
where blue waves curled in,  
line after line,  
scrumbling and swirling over boulders,  
pulling back to re-form, fluently,  
and I offered this rhythm  
as my gift of time,  
would you call me impractical?

If you felt as empty as a line sketch

on a crumpled scrap of paper  
and I told you of an old field  
where seed-rank-growth of mazy colors,  
woven with webs and songs, overflowed,  
and I said that you could walk in this fullness  
and swell like a chrysalis  
would you dismiss me  
with incredulous eyes?

I know an old apple tree,  
twisted and gnarled,  
that bears sparse fruit.  
If I made you a seat  
beneath its thick and graceful limbs  
to nourish you with its age,  
would you smile  
but think me foolish?

If you were subdued by grief  
and I asked you to come with me  
where waves rise and break like imagination,  
could you sit silent, remembering,  
until your sadness became

the cry of seabirds?

And if you grew haughty  
and I asked you to leave  
your cities of glittering props  
and stay alone  
in a shadowless forest night,  
could you wait there,  
as the trees,  
for the splintered light of morning?

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