

POEMS*Donna J. Gelagotis Lee***This Unseeming Hour Is Strange**

Must you repeat yourself, voice
unchanged, though the mouth is thinner
and the face more sculpted? Fascinating.
The statues standing for millennia.

The dead rolling by in seconds, casting
a scarred background. Could they come
alive? Could time be contained
and released? The dog by the gate prowls

the garden at night. The cats ferret out mice.
Love finds one another among the death-
hedges and by dawn no one will quite
remember the absence of time.