

SARAH BARBER

Landscape with Two Horizons

One is behind the mountain, the other
in what might be a town, a congeries
of rooftops or windows or crooked bricks
like scraps cut freehand from felt, soft-
edged like smushed pastels. Its houses
have dangerous dreams. Husbands snore,
and their wives become ruffles, fluttering
sleeves. Bachelors slit sweet dividing
throats. The barber dreams of soap,
shepherds of honey, beekeepers of sheep.
The baker is a bird, his lover the girl
with an apron of bread. And the mountain
dreams the houses dream the schoolchildren
kill themselves in spring, light falling
as a rope. No one will be paying attention.
The mountain hums. The sun is in the pocket
of the sky. In its dream it does not rise.