

# SUSAN TERRIS

## ANOTHER BLUE HOUSE

...as if I had recently died and saw the house from a new angle  
--Tomas Tranströmer

Place of casual clutter  
    High bed with convolvulus  
Blooming beyond leaded glass

    A personal touch or a soft one  
Here every ghost needs an escort  
    And permission to leave

No silks of mine hang in the closet  
    No magic potions or creams  
Picture me a half-naked child

    Rice paper peels from the door  
The cat is fringing the curtains  
    The locks have all been changed

Released from the bungalow  
    And its dense field of gravity  
My shoes point due north

    Death is only a permission  
Escape works better in a novel  
    Little bare ghost step lively

## IN RAZORED LIGHT

Gray tint of sand  
near a town where the bells sleep,  
near a wood where wind skirls.  
place without wings  
with a blue cast of night,  
the silence of water,  
the noise of fresh flight.  
Passage at the edge of the sea  
where light razors air,  
where all motion bites,  
where hearts gauge and disengage.  
The random quest,  
the moment ahead of the moment,  
the restless request of the sea.