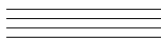


T H E C A R R I E R S



B R U C E B O N D

I have this name that is not mine alone
and will not be, when I in time have nothing,
and it is neither question nor description
but a father's voice when he was young.

And as his shadow falls into mine,
the darkening field shivers with crickets,

loudest in my stillness, when I am no one,
when each name turns to the air inside it.

Soon the darkness dissolves the outline
of the trees, their choir of one, our gods

consumed by one god who will go nameless.

And I long to give that one my word

for me, as those who worship idols would pass
their burden to another to carry, to bless,

to father, to figure in the chapel glass
a shadow inside the shadow of our smallness.