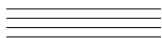


H E R C A P R I C O R N

Q U O N D A M C O M P A Ñ E R O



J I M P O W E L L

What let us think this Lioness
and Goat could wear without distress
the same yoke at a single pace
together through the narrow space
wherein our journeys are confined
by the loads we have assigned
ourselves to shoulder — and not weep
to learn what's real and what's for keeps?

Or must we leave our loads outside
to cross this threshold and abide
with what we grasp between us after
rapture lapses into capture
and let mutual accord
dictate conditions to afford
timely grace to plant and reap
and see what's real and what's for keeps?

Wherever now you lay your head
compañera, be comforted:
your love answered, and good dreams, after,
wake to perennial springs of laughter,
room to stretch and work in peace,
refuge, sustenance, release
and balance, like a top that sleeps,
to sense what's real and what's for keeps.