Old Fear

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Abstract

The three of you sat there— And the two boys talked, Just to each other. How could you sit near him? Don’t you fear nearness WThen it holds you and pushes you?...
OLD FEAR

The three of you sat there—
And the two boys talked,
Just to each other.
How could you sit near him?
Don’t you fear nearness
When it holds you and pushes you?

Girl: I was reading my book.
    It’s just that his look
    Fell warm on my face—
    And I . . . lost my place.

Cold books are safe, so safe.
Why do you keep the distance they give you?
Were you always afraid?

Girl: Always, always
    The warm, gold ray—
    With lumens of gold,
    Fluid in sun,
    Lovely to hold—
    Stops where I touch it.

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