

# Poetry Porch: Poetry

---

## **From This Angle or That**

By William Doeski

How can we escape perspective?  
The way houses cling to landscapes

they've soiled, the overlap of ponds,  
the hills marching toward horizons

that warp and toss with arctic thought.  
Winter may settle the view

with strokes of appropriate snow.  
Or it may ice our vision to scold

our feints of tubular politics.  
You know something underground,

like Eurydice. I've never been  
more than an inch below the surface.

You listen to moss and lichen chat  
about their ambitious sex lives

while I expect the silence  
of boulders to approve my plans.

We perceive different distances—  
yours rusty with iron dusk,

mine limpid with yellow dawn.  
We sip the same wine and regard

its version of natural history  
with different but parallel tastes.

Will we ever place ourselves  
in the path of the same onset?

You see a train in the tunnel  
while I see the crushing dark

foraging all weepy toward us.  
Let's agree on the contours mapped

on the slope above Norway Pond  
and trust gravity to muscle us

safely back to a warm place  
where we can talk ourselves to sleep.