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Vista

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Vista · Janet Piper

I lie on the patio
 In my long chair,
Gazing into the deep gulf of space
 Through intricate tracteries of leaves,
Branches of forest trees,
 Dark in pale skies.

I think of Hopkins' Oxford
 " Towering city and branchy between towers"—
But this is Heaven itself—
 Here is no vaulted ceiling;
No bounds measure
 The depth of these skies.

There are no walls
 To this universe;
Beyond these branches
 No graceless growth of cities,
No base or sour noise. No arches
 Uphold these skies.

One Small Head

I am not afraid
 That my head
Will not hold
 The little I know.

But sometimes I fear
 My heart will burst
Viewing the actual,
 Fearing the worst.