

## John Muro – Two Poems

### Flotsam

The truth is I heard little of what  
You said that night beyond *lost*  
And *forgotten* since I was transfixed  
By my own particular grief and  
By the slush of tides settling into  
Refrains of ruffled erosion, noting  
How each wave silently advanced  
And loosely cradled slivers of light  
Just before breaking apart, or by  
The night sky, worn smooth as  
River stone, with its far-flung  
Collection of stars adrift in cold  
Isolation and a coral-colored moon  
That looked like a road-side flare  
I thought to borrow, thinking it might  
Lead me away from those questions  
I dared not answer, knowing each word  
Between us could be a misstep and  
Our final moments would be spent  
Parsing words or reconstructing  
Phrases, yet never realizing how  
It might also illuminate the way  
The waves constantly consumed  
Themselves or the cloudy wreckage  
That had been set adrift and  
Was slowly floating away.

### Mid-November

A bedraggled day in mid-November  
And a wave of fog fades and flares  
In nickel-blue light, lifting past  
Branches of later-in-life leaves,  
Low stone walls and the muffled  
Pablum of an ice-glazed brook.  
It comes to a kind of unmaking  
Over snow-dusted fields and  
Hollows, then appears to eerily  
Tilt and turn in a slow stratus curl,  
As if coaxed into coupling most  
Everywhere with the contours of  
Earth, embracing, like a lamb, the  
Come-hithering clutch of late autumn.

A life-long resident of Connecticut, **John Muro** is a graduate of Trinity College, Wesleyan University and the University of Connecticut. His professional career has been dedicated to environmental stewardship and conservation. His first volume of poems, *In the Lilac Hour*, was published last fall by Antrim House and it is available on Amazon. John's poems have been published or are forthcoming in *Moria*, *Euphony*, *Third Wednesday*, *Clementine Unbound*, *River Heron*, *Freshwater* and several other literary journals.