



1986

## Like a Susan

Eugene Woodbury

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Philip White

THAT LIGHT

One more hot August night.  
I sit  
on the barred balcony  
in a wicker lawn chair

listening to what little life  
is left moving  
in the heavy air. Evening's  
final color bleeds

through the birch's  
flickering cut-leaf lace. My back  
to the empty  
house, my face to the agonized

west, to what  
you once so unpoetically  
termed *your side of town*,  
I'm aware

of the stain of light  
trickling across my face  
and arms, across the white clapboards  
behind me.

When that light is dead,  
and these birch fronds dangle  
absolutely motionless  
in the tepid air, I

will cradle my guitar in my arms,  
sit back, and begin  
to stroke old songs, softly,  
to myself.

Eugene Woodbury

LIKE A SUSAN

She looked like a Susan.  
Like slender grass in an August field,  
and she wore this thin white dress  
and the hay was drying in the loft.  
Yesterday I knew her name.