

## Wild Ducks

By Adrienne Wolfert

What does it mean, the wild ducks  
checking into our pool  
each April  
first he  
a bolt of green  
sailing around the murky waters  
scouting out whether  
the raccoon's around  
or the neighbor's cat,  
then uttering this godawful croak  
as she lands  
drab as last autumn's soaked leaves  
and they paddle together  
scratching under their wings,  
shaking out their feathers,  
nibbling floating berries.

Round and round they go  
a couple breaking up  
their trip in some motel,  
then she sleeps and he watches,  
she wakes and he sleeps,  
and they pass  
the afternoon.

In this decade of divorce,  
when human lovers find they're human haters  
when all kinds of vows turn into punishments  
I was beginning to wonder if marriage  
wasn't defined by the revisionists  
to end the human race.

These wild lovers circle my pool  
life mates even without the excuse  
of staying together for the kids.

## Grand Central Cathedral

By Adrienne Wolfert

They are dancing  
at the Whitney Museum  
across the street  
from Grand Central Station  
while I am heading  
home on  
the one o'clock  
train.

It is the day of Jackie's funeral.

Inside the Lexington Avenue entrance  
people are waiting four abreast  
to sign the memorial ledgers  
under a soaring bouquet  
of lilacs.

A sustained chord of music  
mixes with the scent  
fills the marble hall  
of Grand Central Cathedral.