

# Poets

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## Ravines

Summers the ragweed empty lots  
and the schoolfields in green fever  
HAVE YOU SEEN THIS CHILD?

I've seen her,

a daughter,  
hair soft as the silk of milkweed

who was absent years until the eye  
tired, bleared with finding then losing her  
over and over in the face of a stranger's child  
A woman felt this  
in a bus-shelter winter rain veined, postered  
with dated grade-school snaps, each caption  
a love poem of stats, inconsolable  
particulars  
HAVE YOU SEEN THIS CHILD?

I have,

I still remember—

Remember a dream where you watch the bereft ones  
filing down into a basement flat, in cinder-  
block projects along the Humber,  
to petition the shrugging collector, mayor  
of the underground, while in the docklands  
or ravines slashed green by the Don, others  
are calling out *Kore*  
*Kore*

*there is no loss unless you are gone  
there is no love until this one*

Only *Kore's* face  
through summer, when the fields in green fever  
flourish and burn, a daughter, born and found,  
with her eyes twinned tarns,  
hair soft as the silk of milkweed—

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Note: *Kore* is Greek for “daughter” and is pronounced *KOree* in modern Greek. In some versions of the myth, Demeter, in search of Persephone, wanders the world calling out this name.

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