Stephen Edgar

Out of the Picture

And so, as in some formal walled scene
By an impressionist,

The lady with the blind person
And gravel-kissing hem saunters between
The poplars, where contented couples lie
Beside a river gliding down,
Then turns wider unframed and unfolded
Out of the picture. Still that patient echo,
There where the willow's leaving
Complete决议 is locked in the stream,
Yielding the same reflection with a steady
And self-absorbed emotion. The couple seem invisible. The path's already
Forgotten here, far promenade and then ending.

The day, reaffirmation to both side and place. Move elsewhere and move on,
As promised to depose on to delay.
In either course is folded the same space. In intrepid next year or here today:
The figure with the unseen face
Stops quietly from the picture and is gone.

Time Out

Only the trees perhaps, the slivers of grass,
Leaving against the light learn to compose
The thousand seconds as they pass in cells of celluloid.

Or sites the creatures in their quest to kill
And to survive, deliver or devour,
Stretch to its limit as they fill
The membrane of the hour.

But you, whom are you in the failing day?
Some drowned god drags your foot off Sounion.

By what soft whispered nothings would assuage
My watching as I leaned by you, held fast,
Nor fear, but passing shock, then wonder filled
Not as the lapse of seconds but an age.

You lay and stayed for time to represent
What sleep persuaded in my eyes. But there
As in the life, till waking should undo
Your body's form unthreatened and content
Pillowed in shadow and your wavy hair,
I watched your dreaming profile, I watched you,

Shaken from sleep and propped on one elbow,
Before the doorway where the shadows lour.

And turned and found you there, my dead belovée,
And so I woke up at the painted hour
For what may pass in or return again.

Bare floor; the hallway and its wall are bare:
Beyond the door the same shadow imbues
Itself in shadow like a seeping stain.

At lower left the first step of a stair
To nowhere. A bare doorframe climbs to lose
At lower left the first step of a stair
To nowhere. A bare doorframe climbs to lose

Some drowned god drags your foot off Sounion.

To nowhere. A bare doorframe climbs to lose

Lost in the Foreground

Queuing for the Mudd Club

Ancient Music

Man on the Moon

Other Summers

Black Pepper

Where the

Corrupted Treasures

Where the

Other Summers

Black Pepper


Stephen Edgar is a prolific poet known for his use of rhythm and blank verse. His work often explores themes of memory, time, and the human condition.