

2/11/2005

Two Poems by Thomas Hopkins
For workshop in Engl. 209

Purpose

a warehouse
storing nothing
looks out across a vacant street
into a lonely window
fed by no passers by
in a ghost town
atop a dry lake

Sight and Seeing

I'm watching the wind like history,
the way it moves things, moves me.
Swooping and changing and changing things,
it changes me.