

## **Bailiwick**

Juleigh Howard Hobson

*For Yeats*

I catch you, in the corner of my eye,  
A blurry shape in the driveway, motion  
In the falling twilight. You think people  
Can't notice you, but we can. If we try.  
Not that I do, particularly. In  
Fact, I try to stay out of your way. Still

Be that as it may, I always sense you.  
The sway in the grass, a certain dance to

Rippled shadows where there is no wind, or  
Earthly reason at all. I know how close  
Our realms can touch, while remaining distinct.  
I relish the distinction. Keep to your  
Otherworld, whatever you are. Old ghosts.  
Aliens. The Fae. Whoever. I think

We work just fine like this. Not quite aligned.  
Aware. Friendly, but aloof. Your world. Mine.