

Dry Chorus for Michael

*Jasper and jasmine, stop in the rain,
The flight of the whistle, the moan of the dove.
Trees by the empty paths are thinking of magic,
While purpled, the stars swim in pools of their magic,
And the twilight earth-fragrance is fallen in the rain.
The blindness of night-eyes, the lashes of love,
The flight of the whistle, the moan of the dove.*

The Depth of Privilege

*(Three vats whose depth no man knows: the vat of a king,
the vat of a church, the vat of a poet's privilege.)*

*Tread lightly on the
pace-marked stones,
lest they have been made a poem.
Watch for faces in the foam-rioted waters,
as though no words have yet been written of sight.
Listen without betrayal, for the music
of the heart dies with false breath,
as dry winds of creation wither
the unsheltered petal.*

Devil's Daughter

*Child of the daemon-night,
All-breathing with the wand'ring air
of windy places, your heart,
Lifefull, must climb the storm-encircled
Mountain heights,
To drink from the parent spirit's awful hand.*

*Flushed from the womb of bloodless man
Into the endless chill
of glassy day, a child afraid
of its eternal darkness cannot turn
Its youth-hardened lips
To catch the rain-called name of its own destiny.*

*Bedevilled infant child of humanity
One eye upon the star-haunted moon,
the other, lost among your sleeping brothers,
Half-uncaring of its sight, you must
Run from those who forge the god-tried chains,
Return into your life-inspired search of night.*