

DEVIL'S DAUGHTER

- poems of
sheelagh russell

Black Mass

*Hear us o great eternal if
if watchfobs were turnips and va
help us to
help us*

*and up above my head I hear music in the air
or is it the scream of the pheonix scalded
Son of the Blob
like Old Black Joe we're coming*

*pray for us sinners
now and at the hour of our birth
at last I see the light
the light gleaming on the shields of Old Cast-of-Thousands*

*no souls have the foaming steeds of the holy army
for they were not birthed by immaculate conception
inside a prison the body must be
all through the night*

*swing low and hear us from thy dwelling place
teach us to
we know the power, we have heard some words
world without
amen*

Dry Chorus for Michael

*Jasper and jasmine, stop in the rain,
The flight of the whistle, the moan of the dove.*

Moy

*Beloved to me was no king's son,
Though I dressed my white skin in bracelets of thorn.
We tasted love's fruit from stranger lips.
More to him were green weeds in the forest.*

*I have seen the blood strawberries sere on the leaf
And far from me is the golden day.*

Beside My Door

*I will buy a chain for freedom,
a piny box for buried dust,
and seven rivers on a mountain.*

*A night-hawk shrilling through the birch-wind
Knows forever in its prey.
Clouded waves against the beaches
Carry pain away in shallow rushes.*

*I can hear a coloured drumbeat,
bursting cries destroy the tomb
and tune the air where I will buy
seven rivers on a mountain.*

