

LORCA

(Federico Garcia Lorca, Spanish poet killed by Franco)

When veins congeal
And gesture is confounded
When pucker frowns no more
And voice's door
Is shut forever

On such a night
My bed will shrink
To single size
Sheets go cold
The heart hammer
 With life-loud clamor
While someone covers up the eyes.

Ears are given
To hear the silence driven in
Nailed down.
And we descend now down from heaven
Into earth's mould down.

But you--

You hold the light

Unbroken.

When you lived
Day shone from ~~my~~ your face
Now the sun's rays search
And find no answering torch.