

LORCA

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  
My heart hammer  
With life-loud clamor  
While someone covers up the eyes.

A prophecy is given.

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

If you were living now  
This cliffside tree  
With its embracing bough  
Would speak to me.

If you were speaking now  
The waves below  
Would be the organ stops  
For breath to blow.

And if your rigid head  
Flung back its hair  
Gulls in a sickle flight  
Would circle there...

A prophecy is given.

You are alive!  
O grass flash emerald sight  
Dash of dog for ball  
And skipping rope's bright blink  
Lashing the light.

High in cloud  
The sunset fruits are basketed  
And fountains curl their plumes  
On Statue stone.

In secret thicket mould  
Lovers defend their hold  
Old couples hearing whisperings  
Touch in a handclasp, quivering.  
For you sang out aloud  
Arching the silent wood  
To stretch itself, tiptoe  
Above the crowd...

*Dec -  
I have kept  
a copy for me  
Leo*

*Shipped it to  
"Katherine's" shop.*