

Deor

What a wild whisper in the reeds

A whipping, dancing wind which

Evades failing fingers

But delightfully bends the back

And holds thrush through outstretched

Alms and arms

My bright and brilliant breeze

Wound willfully through wanting sprigs

A glorious gale, once entrapped

In some lusty dale

Silently softens and shivers

And is no more

Dust

Why does the wolf want

That blue elusive moon

Which rolls wild in the valley

And laps laughing upon the lake?

She tosses her light like terrible roses

For poets and paupers to pluck

And the wolf howls and holds

Out his quivering claws

For the silver glitter he has

Learned to love

But the moonbeams that dance

Into his possession

Disintegrate

Into soggy, dismal

Dust

Do I dare?

How to eat the ominous echo

Of ten thousand giants

How to sup with shining splendor

From the cup of ten thousand years

A cracked dropped jaw

A riddled, roughened parchment

The ink runs on

A piteous contribution

Ghost

She is the wraith

That rises from the inked edge

Of a hot and distant history

The fortitude of flappers

Clear-eyed as the pulled harpoon

What piercing ache

Will go whispering into the wicked distance

An endless echo

For pained poets past

And *Forevermore*

Pathetic!

What a muddy, mangled mess

Is sex

To be both rock and reason

And a rose of war

The surgical precision of parts

A clinical connection

To musk and melody

And memory

To be between

Is to ascend the warring factions