

There's a leaf
stuck in that squirrel's hair,
and it's snowing on him.

VIOLET

hairnet deli Violet

-- 800 yrs. old --

push-cart walk
an Ingles

potamis

paled out of song

The Birch of Twilight

Eyes' lilac
. Moon down

(mes songes mes songes

: smell of time / blade
of heather

(Je connais gens de toutes sortes
Ils n'égalent pas leurs destins)

Her hands,
when young,
manoeuvring
the riverstones

A bluejay's beak
in finch rib
pulling out
the marrow

*ADMIREZ LE POUVOIR INSIGNE
ADMIREZ LE POUVOIR INSIGNE*

Fourteenth Hymn

tambourines & rattles
shout of flutes
wolf-hiss & lions'
flash-eyes

the echo hills
the shady combes

All of these

things

please her

The Laborer

: seedbag
plow
yoke
plowshares
harrow
goad
scythe
pitchfork--

these to Rhea,
 germ-hatcher in sacred earth.
A man of 80. Work finished.

He has worked a very long time.
He has pushed the coulter over waste
 a very long time.
Joyless, & ages unvexed. Moneyless.

His dreams consist
of shade-field plowing
in Erebus.

[Heredia]

L'Oubli

Le temple est en ruine au haut du promontoire.
Death's in earth's mixed Goddesses & Heroes.
The lone grass entombs their news.

Rare a herdsman, buffalos to drink,
sighs a conch an antique tune,
his dark form oaken cast on moveless blue.

Earth, mother & soft to ancient Gods,
makes spring--a vain eloquence--
sea dock green on broken capital.

But Man, squalid among ancestral dreams,
hears without shake, entranced night,
the Sea sob with her Sirens.

[Heredia]

The Birth of Aphrodite

First Chaos
veiled all. Space
and Time without measure.

Earth
gave udder
to those
who strain;

they fell--
Styx
covered up
in the waters.

And beneath thunder
never

did spring feel sunshine,
nor summer ripen to gold crops.

The Savage gods,
knowing nothing of laughter,
knowing nothing of play.

Olympus. Frozen.

Mais le ciel fit pleuvoir la virile rosée.

And Ocean opened. And naked, radiant, rising-up
from the glowing foam,
in Ouranos' blood
bloomed

Aphrodite.

[Heredia]

'Va-t'en à la malheure, excrement de la terre'

Away with you ill-star, earth's excrement. Monster
 who in peace-time
brings war. Whose orgul's alegal.
Your days
are ending. Your fall
prepares itself.
 Look at me for the last time.

Enough! Three years'
 witless audacity!
Icarus, your wings
 are melting.
Princes & Kings
 you've dared
 defy.

Fortune calls you to the ranks of its victims.

The Heavens, accused
of collaboration,

require justice.

[Malherbe]

Orion d'Orleans

Crevez moy les yeulx.
Bless them. The crows
have taken them.
Rare bulbs, kept
out of sight.
Plant them no sprout.
Beauté,
gardez vous de mes yeulx.
Vulcan's man's hands
on my head.
Pointing the way.

< *Athalie* II.v

Ath.:

Baal's Pontiff, excuse my feebleness.
I went in; the people fled, the rites ceased;
the grand-priest in a furor advanced upon me:
he spoke. Terror!
the child I saw the menace prime
of all my thoughts a dream's sight
now stood before me:
his air, clothes, walk, eyes, every trait
the same. He walked at the side
of the grand-priest, but soon by will a vanish.
That is what troubles me.
Et sur quoi j'ai voulu tous deux vous consulter.
Mathan: what is this prophecy, this Fright?

Math:

Bad news. All-round.

BUT BY THREE / A CHILD
IS BORN

dark honey song
lids craft firefly-

mutiny but greeting
the sod crag

cradle hurdle mangle

Say it slowly:

the come't
is Here

25/July'xvii