

the light of the world
underneath a tree
shadow over the heavens

a stream-bed
filled with rain
rush over me
refreshing many

have I leprosy
am I dumb
open me tonight for song

boughs are dizzy
teeth against the moon
cannot speak for laughing

in the morning light
a second tree
on the ground and gate
limn-leaves and
dapple-shadow

these past two years
led by the promise
in a yellow butterfly

loveliest of all women
some apples upon her breast
some in hand

(From Charles Kennedy's translation of the Old English
"Genesis")

the rotten nimbus of my life
the bonfire
of the deserted

exhausted bonfire
my eager eye
forgotten island

past six million crosses
I walk the road

bruised and broken
for his black skin
little boy my own age
they tell me shoulder
his old pain

his mouth
gashed with expletives
erupts into a blessing

it is a hurtful work
and crimson
I wish I could beg the end

with ordinary bread
she served her son

if a bitter rain falls
console it

you hover
in the counsel
of the mannish boy
sustain him
like Peter on the wave

bee path
to the heavens
in the hills I am His virgin

earth man
I am in His arms

suddenly I fall
into her botanical eye

I am raised to glory
bring my children to me

step by step
none knew
He sought the cross

reading the rigid verse
the fire took

on the Cross
wrapped in His noble
washing cloth

tied to altar horns
to sickness as by cords
we became His holy Temple

a crossroads of great pain
and great decision
has yet the sweetest well

blood on my hands
seeps into me
when I confess

boy tears free
runs to the light
of the altar

face of the heretic
on gallows
draws a crowd