

The Engraver

The Woman, in lace-cap appears in morning light.

*Engrave upon my heart the truth
of the death of the engraver.*

(An old, walking wedding reception
comes thru the woods:
slow-motion.)

Dark capabilities of the human heart
advance, an army
throwing shadows thicker than frieze.

Still, they haven't ground love to ashes.
The fury of a harp's head
is in me.

I desire to see her
sunk on the couch with the dogs after dinner:
her arm about them, on the brown pillow:

Irradiating darkness.
Then, a sort of drowsy awakening.
(Get thicker drapes that we can draw in evening.)

All the drain slips off me
like petrol from a bird's wings
in peril, clearly, of drowning

ringed by water's
black
widening gowns.

I see things in a shaft, said the woman,
so write fast:
The throng engraves the spirit, like water stone.