

I heard a lady sing
I wish I had a reticule
or some cunning amulet
or a bloodstone ring

Madam! I said and
offering her my hand
but worse
she sought my wisdom my purse
imperturbable I fled
but was right back again
I fled but came right back again
would not a parasol instead?

And there below the turquoise sky
nearby the cobalt sea
the poppies the lemons the fields of garlic
we danced together our blood leaped and mingled

what fiend came whispering? what hazard set me
free?

where the faint blue of the lady's flank
a dagger made a song for her
it is indeed a red sky.

I grip hard the branches of the world
scan artfully the meaning of each dawn
the faces of men are hateful to me and their hearths
their dogs their cattle and their progeny