

“Verde Que Te Quiero Verde”

after Lorca

green how much I want you green
green wind green branches
green rain sings in the leaves
out of green shadows trillium sails
the last bright flags of snow
willows bend bronze over hills humped fresh west of town
where fishermen lie on their bellies near springs
waiting for the rising gold-
green dawns of trout

under the moon a balloon of ice
in the black bed
twisting green mysteries of seeds

Fantasia for Rain and Guitar

there is not enough
time
the reasons for flamenco

someone's drums in your blood
her heels pound halls down your bones
she hauls the sinew of your spine
tighter into the darkness of her breasts
winds your hair vines round her wrist

she wants you to run with her
through the wet
night of leaves

Winter Blues #33

winds roar whirl-rattle
ice against glass and walls
smoke drowned
space
Chopin's
ringing
mad bells of the ballades

Easter Sunday

nothing
no thing could be brighter
than this April's
daffodils all of the sun's
trumpets ringing loud round the woods