

## SPRING DAWN

...open your heart,  
Let love sex it to the full.  
Gather an awakening in the womb  
More magical than a million silent symphonies  
Effervescent in the Dawn:

I chased the spring dawn  
To catch her on the neap of day  
And there in the gloom we loved,  
Till we lay blistered in sweet juices  
Of fermenting fruit.  
Soft blossoms whispering casually  
Among a lithe persuasion of children voices  
Descended on our bodies,  
Gathering about us the fragrance of new things,  
In particular of newborn creatures  
Timidly reaching out into the alcoholism  
Of first breath, their veils unfolding  
With the calculating pace of snail-thought;  
Or freshly cut stems,  
The life-blood choking in the bud of surprise  
Like a promise that glows in young girls' breasts.  
How she embraces herself at a startling!  
These things, yes, and a few more  
took us into a quintessential waif,

Still knifed in our wetness.

- We, a shimmering apocalypse on the mountain-top.

Choruses ringing out darts from bird-throats

Catching us everywhere, naked as birth itself,

Slipping through the leaf covers,

Un-sheeting the rose, the night-watching frogs.

In that moment-precision,

The flip-flap ejaculation of a cock's crow,

While waves of sweetness gagged us in the surf,

The universe was reborn in us. Anew!

Wet as a chicken dreaming out of the egg-night.

So it was:

In the gradual lengthening of shadows

We sank into the bosom of light serene,

Lost from the most careful gaze

As if a heaven of oceans had shut

The rest of the world off.

No more, not words can relate it!

LeRoy Clarke

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