

Happy collage

Birds darting from limb to tree

From tree to limb

From flower to fruit

From fruit to flower

Singing, courting, mating.

El Greco's blue passion and

Michaelangelo's power to waxen granite.

The freedom of pine trees spiralling

The snow-shot Alaskan sky of my mind

Or the feathered palm, windmilled

In the tropic hurricane.

Water rushing down cliffs,

Polishing sharp edges, filling a grottoed promise

Venting the sea's gaping mouth, where

Bottles corked tight with messages, float

Patient remnants of wrecked ships,

Vomit of lives lived.

The smell of parched earth

Whose cracked lips drink the storms

That mutiny and casted down like the archangel

Reek rare hate, melting the celia

With its strangeness.

The ocean bathing the earth's feet
Singing like a maiden whose home is burnt,
Whose life is annulated like singed posts.
Her tear-filled eyes level flush, roll
Down olive cheeks
Vanish in the neap of a warm smile.

The demon night, its black distance
Unreachable and still,
Bosomed birth and death,
Deafening the land with loneliness.

The sky intent of that glance,
Translating a thousand passages to
The soul's inspiration at a touch.

Still then is all this,
Or much the least,
Or much more, inept?

LeRoy Clarke

1965