

REMEMBRANCE

S. E. Sprott

Now those old mates we name, who clawed the skies
In flames and sank to earth's quick beds,
Have made their peace where memory of their cries,
Sizzling like rain, runs down our heads.

Here we who smoke the stone with words of deeds,
Ourselves slow charcoal frames of heat
Bared in that land, now open to last needs,
Receive the char-less love bone-sweet.

And our young sparks, before they need have met
The whistling dead on plains as facts,
Breathe clearer through themselves while our throats sweat,
Seeing the hiss gulp in our acts.

ABSENT SPACE

Miriam Waddington

And then I dreamed a painting of your face:
Such joy it gave me and so satisfied
The hunger of my seeing, absent space
Was filled with shadowed mildness, eyed
With depths of being and the deepening caves
Led background down as if El Greco's hand
Had resurrected meadows from the graves
Of pale immortals and scattered ashy sand
Frugal on your cheekbones; all the planes
Dissolved your features' harshness and the strains
Of roughened world laid stresses bare to sleep;
From circling glances Rouault's outline drew
Your soaring eye of love, but still I knew
Myself cut cliff, gulled, wingless on the steep.