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## Mary Keane

the the tile was a second The sable coated 'shepherd' at my side with the coated to the sable coated 'shepherd' at my side 70 mm 1 226, 20. 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 paces the moonlight power line. CONTRACTOR OF THE STATE OF The trees against the apple sky provide or be out to the act or points of return, branches whereon to ride Street in the second traverse the vernal rolling carpet of my life, call up the bitter-joyful forms of memory's experience: the calm blue sky sung by the prisoned poet, painted cows in castle meadow, sunlight upon their backs, rich velvet cloak, and cellist's sweeping arm, the white swan dying, beautiful in song, all the pure images that touched the growing heart.

Sad ghosts, have you returned? You absinthe drinker, white, so ghastly pale. Look at all the ballet dancers, barmaids all aglow, mad waving field, rippled lily pond. And there the lordly ones of childhood rhyme, Fair phantoms of the magic woodland tale, sprite and mountain troll, and elfin lullaby whispered so long ago; stories of journeying in countrees far and strange: Aeneas and the shades, who . . . like the drifting leaves of autumn, flocks of birds, haunt the sad slopes of the forgetful river; the Jew, tormented, wandering, blotched like Cain, the restless mariner; spirit ships; deathfires and tumuli; cairn and cross; beleagured castle, chapel on the heath, and the lost legion swallowed up in years . . .

ALL haunt the power line here, from other lands and time fantastickly transported.

And the golden dog beneath the apple sky wonders why I should weep.

He cannot see these shadows,
or store their starlit language in his heart—
only bark at the crackling twig,
or looming shape, tricked by the moonlight gleam—
he cannot see old ghosts.

## SEVEN POEMS BY LEONA COM

भागी गांग हो। जन्म अस्ति स्थान

## THE FOOD OF LOVE

The last record
has been seduced into song
by the delicate incision of the needle,
which, when it has finished,
detaches itself,
and moves away.
The machine,
finding no new rhythms
plunging for fulfillment
on its silver spindle,
turns

itself

off.

Simpler models, of course, can play only one record at a time, must be shut off externally, and do not even have a button called "reject."