

REBEL

So I am beaten down because my days
have run like water through the sieve of time;
because my heart could never learn to rhyme
with worldly reason. My exultant ways
leapt up the hillsides where the rowans blaze
and topped the summits where the wild goats climb;
I was a spendthrift of the blood's hot prime
and profligate of summer's roundelays.

I was—I was! I still am all these things
that I have loved and fought, the songs I made
in stark of night as pallid laughter thrown
over the dead. Life is a friend that wrings
the outthrust hand and never yet betrayed
the smile that would not cringe before the stone.

—*Gilean Douglas*

YOU LAID YOUR HAND

You laid your hand upon my heart
and there was neither earth nor sky,
nor speech to set the mind apart,
nor time to make this time go by.

But only silence and the light
I saw come down upon your face—
and whether it was day or night
I do not know, or in what place.

—*Gilean Douglas*