

They took along their priests, who'd sometimes won
 A day or two of peace from constant sun.
 They roamed the earth, and left in every plain
 The secret way they'd found for making rain.

IT WAS THEN

Willis Eberman

When I thought that my song was over,
 why then I rose, lit fires, danced,
 moved across the grass of my unknowing,
 without fear, mindless to remember the past,
 but felt a voice move in my breast, my throat,
 and was born to utterance again.

Splendid are the jewels of the fire I stoke;
 splendid, even in ashes, the lost notes of my singing,
 stirred, breathed upon, relit in the motion
 of this lone dance.

A cock crows. Camellias
 open, an offering to the new white that arises
 like a pale woman from the couched hills.

When I thought that my song slept, or was over
 at last, it was then that fires leaped, a cock
 crowed, and camellias brought forth the sun
 of my unknowing: splendors and songs and jewels,
 fires of an endless mind, and a dance forever.