

Public Displays of Grief

Till wail you have scrambled
askew on broken shells
your dead lovers threw
from a railway bridge
and caught beneath the soil

From sob the aches compound
on ice and whittling your ribs
apart you let others' fingers
poke at the organs they wrenched
when the winds howl
their messages of tenderness down

In weep you don a black robe
thriving as Jesuits are tormented
and on the hillsides
you trust to hold you up
there runs a strip of springs
piecdd together with fire

Out cry it's only as late
as you wish and prudence
of confession hangs
on the cracks that your sprawled trembling
can truly save

And as a matter of importance
will release or hold
the wells you have dug
and as your tears
are made of iron
they will rust and litter
the ground.

Christopher Pollard