

## WHAT STRANGE SONGS

What strange songs we made  
following our alternate lords.

Morning, lips and limbs grape-stained,  
we lept for the chariot wheels,  
clung, and spun flaming through the sky,  
writing our names again and again  
with quills of fire.

Turning almost without the wheels,  
we rolled to our bed of vines,  
dipped our smouldering quills in wine  
and wrote again and again  
our names, our strange songs.

## PENNIES

Pennies, pennies for our eyes!  
Copper covers for the sockets  
Metal lids for emptied bones  
Plug that unplumbed sea of seeing  
With some mortar we may own.

No not yet the toll for Charon  
No not yet we do not die  
Begging blindness we are living  
Begging pennies for our eyes.