

## Disjoint Reveries

In lamp-light the dusky brocades  
climb deschampsia,  
old-photo wings against the green. ~  
Time flickers like the shadows of stalks

|||

My future temple-floors are bismuth; coil; gleam...  
the windows: amethystine ovals.  
No wood, no other stone comprise the rest  
Walls of adobe, hay protruding.

|||

I've dreamed a river that blinds the eye,  
burns it even  
and sucks the man out  
like yoke.  
Or it was a tongue beseeching,  
a fen, spawning pests,  
slick like the surface of a mire.

|||

I see the signs in your complexion, sweet Levina,  
hear the ring of the guillotine in your voice.  
You weep like Ceres over Proserpina,  
Even as we must rejoice!

The braziers are lit no-doubt, dear. The corridors are filling.  
Don whatever mask, my sweet;  
let us join them! Though unwilling,  
Get thee to your feet!

Without this door seem free of grief;  
let shed no tear.  
paint your face with relief,  
at once we'll be clear!

|||

By what labor, conceive the lake,  
glutting itself on swelling clouds  
with silver'd selvages replete,  
wide-rippling tongue in colours  
echoing the pageant of the sky,

in colours wide and sweet— and singing  
with wind's vanish'd chords, and for wind's sake  
an ill-composed aubade, and to that puffy throng  
pandering, whistling sweet anodyne,  
lest they depart—in short straining to please all the morning; to shine.