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Phoenix

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Phoenix

By SAGE HOLTER

You cannot compel love
Once it has gone,
You cannot persuade love
To linger on.

White heat is love's color
Encircled in flame—
When the white heat is gone
Invoke no name.

That new love may quicken
On phoenix wings—
Burn brightly to ashes
The dead things.

This Day

By SAGE HOLTER

This day is like a feather brushing me—
Inaudible the whir
Of down that covers me,
While silent sheen of blue and green
Hovers over me.
This day, rimmed with gold, veined in light,
Pillows me more softly than the night.