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Good Friday - 1939

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THE TRESPASSER

Dark garden where the sweet wind dies,
 Whose hand disturbs your roses,
 Small for the want of sun? Whose hidden eyes
 Mark where each fallen fruit deep-wounded lies
 And search the pond
 For any live thing where those bubbles broke?

Your wall is stricken in its cloak
 Of torn black ivy, treason
 Waits for the willows and even for the oak,
 Whose heart the wiry mistletoe will choke
 Before strong autumn
 Bloodies the leaves and brings them to the ground.

Faint, near the far gate, a sound . . .
 The one who came here lingers,
 Hand on the latch, once more to look around
 Upon the untold dying he has found.
 He has not heard
 The sharpened wind of desolation rise.

GOOD FRIDAY — 1939

The old polluted water and the Judas trees . . .
 Men on the Adriatic chat with Death,
 Rattle his toys and spend their shallow breath.
 Men in the Illyrian sky
 Grin as the naked crocus faces die,
 And fall among the mountains with a narrow cry.

Earth must bear the blind, the underling invader,
 Creeping amid the Spring with trepid bowel.
 Earth must hide the shaken bones, the foul
 Chemistry of men. The rain
 Shall flush into the sea the septic brain
 Before the Judas fire is quiet again.

ROSAMUND DARGAN THOMSON