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Sibelius

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NMQ Poetry Selections



SIBELIUS

fashions orchestrated soundclouds over mountains that grow from spitted blue flutepoints in the far fjords, makes out of woodwind and brasswind a woodland, from pinewood wilderness forests of chords;

vibrates viola tone for river-rotted treeroot and deepest viol voice for tottering cliffs cleft by a glacier but left here by trombone clarinet and piccolo, cracked clean as stone;

heaves without harmony avalanche on dinosaur and draws the dew wet deer down tremulous from timber into muted meadows with melodious stringsong: poised frozen sound branching velvety antler;

can like a sudden peak break jagged and jangled splitting with angled rock a starsinging night, crack wide the darkest northern sky with cello and splinter light everywhere with one violin.

HAROLD V. WITT

EVEN EVENING HEMISPHERES

Even evening hemispheres, Halved of nostalgic, yellowed quince, Retreat from ripeness since I may not purely mourn mortality.

Sky puckers green, then seedy black; I snort the odor out.
Seraphic sadness, I do not doubt, Is myth that's piped by birds.