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V. BARRETT PRICE

christmas is spring fever
winter an ermine swan

The pale widow Snowdust
puffed through an orchard of hail,
licking her lips
as if they were her lover's,
inhaled by the peach brittle air.
Minnow eyed, poppy skirt,
sleet shrilled hair,
she scurried among her invisible shadows
a hummingbird
cocooned
in the silk of its flight,
slowly succumbing to limbo,
submerged in the smudge
of a delicate, bric-a-brac dream.

Merry circus,

merry circus,
my hair dressed up like wind.
And we skipped on the whipped, peaked air
through cherries and nutmeg and mint
as giraffes, still hungry from dinner,
stretched to gulp down dessert.

He stripped

a peacock angel.

I sailed

the furious clouds of his eyes
and gypsies were sucking lemons
uprooting the stars from the sky.

I spun

to the touch of his voice
and mermaids were washing with midnight
as sunflowers sowed the sea.
But the almond thighed girl was bitter
lost in the weight of his

quicksilver lace.

Thunder bristled with envy
and sleet cavorted in rage
while under a mushroom the pale widow sat
drunk on her Mexican chocolate and gin.
Still swathed in the mane of an ache, rapture dream
her atoms hushed through their shadows
mild and mellow and warm;
carved from the pulse
of a sheer marble storm
she died
like the touch of frost,
like a drift of moonlight melting
in the feverish wake
of beginning.

V. BARRETT PRICE

SOLUTION

grace
is a lily and a bear
pungent labyrinth and rain
fruit and fact
fierce lumbering fantasy delicate as frost and gravity
day's a honey crystal waterfall
geyser of sun, titanic light
and love
a roaring purity

the jungle as a fountain built by leopards and their angels
in its water grows the humid emerald of the wind
and one huge bird
blinding clear outrageous ritual of splendor
eagle of the succulent abyss
sings in my caverns
my soul's suit of lights