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WILLIAM BURFORD

THE EAGLE HAS BLACK BONES

Suddenly over the page,
Like a stone the words scratched,
The eagle was there, met.

I saw them under the breast
And the feathers of those wings
The shoulders that folded them

And when they were outstretched
And golden to see—still beneath,
Even to the head, the eagle

Was black-boned, inherently.
Even if the wings and breast
Were splattered with black blood

Of sheep and rabbits killed,
They would shake that off.
No, it is his very heart—

Toward which I point the rifle,
Black-barreled, bead of ivory,
That draws him close so his eye

That watches for that heart,
Now looks into mine
In an unbroken line

While the life behind
Beats darkly but steadily
Toward that moment of lightning

When he and I are one
In that murderous flash
When I have struck the heart—

But stopped by the human knowledge,
Or sky I now saw watching.
And the eagle flew like a shadow.

It is enough to sight.

FRANCES HALL

LULLABY FROM KATHMANDU

Into your darkness let me come lightly
Gathering your cares like fruit in a garden
Globed like these pomegranates seeded to bursting,
Fragrant as tangerines bending the branches,
Hidden like loquats in leaves of concealment.
These I will pick on your troubled pathway,
Gather them softly piled in a basket,
Lift them and make them a high-borne burden
Balanced serenely by neck and forehead.
You shall hear the bells of my bracelets singing
As I take away the fruits of your sorrow.
The sound of my anklets shall move past your fountain
And out of your gateway, far from your windows,
Into the byways, into the meadows,
While over your threshold comes tenderly dropping
Then rain of sleep, the rain of peace.