

From the Virgin Islands

Two doves
 or else white pigeons
 with ringed

Red eyes
 Wings spread, ready
 for flight

Supported by
 delicate wires
 visible beneath

The purity
 of white
 foolscap

Our friends
 have sent these
 with a rooster

Of Danish glass
 and pewter
 to brighten

The place
 where we are
 a cock

And two doves
 the goodness
 of our

Long lost
 beloved
 friends

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Early Bird

Departing winter
 I strip
 to the welcome

Sun though
 the canvas cot
 is chill

To my bones
 how palely blue
 my flesh

Has become
 Is that you
 old blue worm

Rearing up
 your mauve-blue
 head

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