

A.W.

By Tim Cleal

she wore her face bravely cow bone & pale  
beneath an underplayed thatch fall of ravens.  
Paint one small gourd, hear lips' blood grapefruit's tale,  
too slow two sloe moons' wandering eyes sought havens.  
She walked on glass yet failed to disengage  
She talked like juggling with burst oranges.  
As clever as a panther in a cage  
she sang as if through mouthful's of dead roses.  
She loved as though God waved a scarlet wand  
sleep was but stirring of the Dead Sea Scrolls.  
Tears told the song of duduks on the wind.  
While demons jeered she heard the blue bell's tolls.  
She faded still a cub from Bacchant's wound  
sighed one last verse & passed on homeward-bound