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Two Poems

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VIOL

When horses are nosing the cold on grass
say pearls cluster on their damp backs
and toadstools mildew under a sleeve of moon,
a velvet ear. But it is morning and green
and horses are nosing the cold on grass.

The maker of viols turns his other ear
to rosewood, to rhythms that move there,
dreams of spruce, where the violin sleeps.
But it is morning and green curds glisten
on mushrooms and ponies are nosing the cold grass.

Say the viol is a bell of water, an hourglass,
the body of a woman, the pear inside,
and it hangs there, in the motion of things.

Say the viol shapes a blue sound
of words freezing, surrounds fog
riding low on lips of horses, that it is summer
and spotted ponies are nosing ground from grass.
Their pink tongues curl like scrolls.

The violin lacquers velvet in the moon
but it is morning and spotted horses turn.

**CAESAR, YOU KNEW ALL ABOUT THE IDES
BUT MORNING CAME CEREBRAL**

A woman taps at the window,
her knuckles white with import.
Snow falls loose in her hair.

Wind raw and rattling,
your eyelids fat with sleep.

Only your woman talks through full
eyes of cataract—Tonight
a lioness drops her boychild
in the sprawling street and armies march
without fire in their eyes,
the air sharp as new wine.

Tonight she sends nancy boys
running to the senate and you waltz
like a mad prophet
to indifferent chorus, the private
language of friends, its false abrazo.

In the black moss of pine
last voices turn. You taste
red wine sharp in your throat, far back.
Snow falls on the woman,
glitters in her hair.
Malingering knives grin past
the patio and the pines say Now.
You wake. Sequins beat and blur.