

PAVANE

To tell the whole truth of the dream
of the sword, homemade and no need

of a shield, cut from cardboard and laid
across the spell of long hair. Help me, mother,

to defend what is me
carved in the sound of large birds dying.

We move slowly into the music, toes lifted
while the babble of the end flows beneath.

Now is the time for us to dip our tresses
in the sea and take away the oil.

Now to dance the dance of the real horse
and the fake horse, of the farmer

and the field, of the sticks and handkerchiefs,
of burying our general

and marching over his body,
when all will be as it once was before human hands.