

At Nightfall / Jon Silkin

Night-fall unfastens the door, and the font
baptises the raw body; womb
and its flesh pule to each other.

The mother's milk: clear and sweet
dropping from the soft pointed opening.

It's the stars count, and they flee us
inundating their absences
with our terse lives. When we die
we are dead for ever.

It comes clear finally. The Milky Way
vents its glowing hugenesses over
what's not there. The galaxies
pour their milk away.

Nothing's going to last

the clear baptismal water, twice welcome,
like two good hands

like the olive with
its stone of oil.

Shadowing / Jon Silkin

Upon one straight leg each steps up-hill and burgeons
through a year's ring;
their leafs breathe.

'Clothes.' No, not clothes.

Arboreal men, shadowed
by leaves, so