

HOMAGE TO Y

Laying our eggs like moths
In the cold cracks of your eyes,
Brushing your hands with our dark wings

—Desperate to attempt
An entrance, to touch that light
Which buoys you like a flame,
That it might warm our own lives—,

We cluster about your death
As though it were reachable.

For almost a hundred years
We've gathered outside your legend and been afraid
Of what such brilliance affords;

And knew the while you were risen, your flight
Pneumatic and pure, invisible as a fever;
And knew the flight was forever,
Leaving us what we deserve:

Syllables, flowers, black ice;
The exit, the split cocoon . . .

Charleville