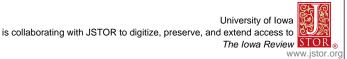
## DAN BEACHY-QUICK

## Chimera in Virga and Voice

mercury will merge this startle ravening in clouds a poem not Nature cannot be half-murmuring the elements I think the mountains for love sleep and hover above the lawns in havoc those poppies you small doors you roses unlocked by wind if worthyif worthy, let me inblossoms unpetaled but thunder blooms my child awake she's thirsty always she is not for crying she asks How I am not, not born, not yet, and why her empty bed my eye become the cloud in darkening volumes a promise above the blank parch of prairie where no peace save rainburst sings lullaby unstable in deep layers storm swallowing itself as no drop falls the whole symphony narrowing deluge into one cello note less heat than melody not heard in dust my ear the half deaf earth



the dutch town half dead spoke major in his ear, my grandfather, the sabbath candles in the chimneys rose holy the longhaired beauty in cloud he could not see sky through strands nor see in shapeless cloud a face in stratus form comfort from months in storm such ash rains dark on streets we plod on braids of whom we love loved might have loved loved wind when wind thins cloud that light-limned crease is his daughter's eye so soon to wake such years in war the sea whispers "major, a parcel from your wife, a record"phonograph-"yes, major"-and leave out the needle her voice his child he does not know speakingmother showed me your photo your face its cloudy here you should come home in the air I'm practicing memory he mouths bright words she sings her hebrew night in prayer