

## AFTER THE PERFORMANCE

After a mad and impassioned dance the evil magician is dead  
and we stroll home over the untroubled bridge  
festooned with lovers and curing carcasses.  
It is June, the month renowned for love.  
Shallow boats will tie up under the bridge to catch the carcasses  
when they are cut down and fall into the river.

Barbaric, you say. On the other hand I had forgotten the shock  
of the first night I saw them: I thought they were hanged men,  
I thought they were jeweled  
because of the fireflies clinging to them like coats.  
Now you understand my use of the word "festooned."  
I was drunk and it did not seem strange to me  
that they would hang men off the bridge in their finery.

So you see a side of beef with luminous flies is a relief  
to the drunken.  
You say you are concerned that I drink too much without you  
and I say I raise my glass to the lovers on the bridge.  
I raise my glass to the shallow boats and their open arms.  
I raise my glass to the beautiful and distracting performances they put on  
for us in June.

## HYMN TO BE SUNG ON GOOD FRIDAY

At noon I am drawn to a café by the crackle  
of an old record.  
Actors argue about their play:  
it is a play about actors.

The sun has been out so long it is unwelcome  
and the people on the streets hurry to avoid it.

Flattened flowers whisper under their shoes.