

## EMBLEMS

Winds cross, stars unhood, the clouds  
Are rivers beneath the sky:  
Chaos, the inked-in valley.  
—It is an apple, a disc, a target with rings

( Whose hand relinquishes it  
—His robes like puddles about his feet—  
Is braceleted, long of nail.  
It is a circle. Take it ).

Fig. 1—Creation

These small mouths blow black air, these hands  
In supplication extend  
Beyond the curtain of light. If this horn  
Can make the hooves

Of these four horses dance, can make  
Their riders balance long-sword and scythe,  
The bodies beneath them start to rise,  
Then music it is, sweet music.

Fig. 2—Apocalypse