

a warmth,
insistent, this earth, this rind poor
of nerve pierces, almost.

3.
She was born on the street; her mother,
gleaner of dust,
has put away for always her ash-

baby: but her father comes
some evenings, walks with her in the courtyard
under a lazuli,

a cornflower sky. — There are small dust-
filmy sons,
rustheads: — but for his girl, still, God-

filled, say the nuns,
he has bought tiny silvers, fits them
to the fragile bones.

DEMETER'S LAMENT FOR HER CORÉ

THE SEARCH

Still a young bulge-brow, a bundle of bone,
with hare-velvets of eyes; sealed, a paleness: —
and how it piped, field-singing, your thin voice! —
blue tremoring thread blue-rending, infantine.

Moaner, a madwoman, grey thing straw-grown
I am wandering: that pearl, your milk of face,
where I light-touched, doted, seek, startle-eyes, —
hope joyless, with each wind-riff; shadow-glean,

dream of pale sightings in these muttered nights.
—The flowers are crisping through the long fields
where my dry hateful winds crumble and roar:

—you empty ears on your spillikin colds,
rattle,—snap, sapless boughs, for all I care:
all wail! —for her, for me, you hollows, blights.

THE FINDING

Little ivory, you have sucked a dark fruit,
have chewed a fierce juice, a shackle of seed.
I see shapes, subtle, of him—the jet brood,
his gloomy stones, have printed your blue white.

You have trod old cold, gabbly with ghost-prate,
by garden fleshs nourished of sunless food:
the incarnadine love-pips, that deathly bread,
you ate! —what of him, witheredness, unlight?

The field where he embraced you, coal-blackly,
is softening once again to greenness;
these flowers, as I promised, burgeon, fat.

You have new other voices, you, seized fineness,—
far searchless murmurings, a stranger eye,
knowing of torch-gleam, tender of darkweight.