

looking at you
through t. s. eliot

1.

among the snow-white clouds
and the barren and weather-beaten streets
was the illusion and the dream
and you were there melted in the glass
breaking the dance of shadows to life;
my bones ache for old dependencies
as i grow accustomed to your footsteps,
virginal, slow, a recital to an old folly;
whence the cold of December rain descends
and i am told you have the eyes of spring!

2.

no more shall i look at you painfully,
once in the summer of our meeting
dull roots of rain fall blissfully
and the grapes bloom in our hands
and the heavens stand quietly
reflecting her light upon our faces
and your arms full and your cheeks
wet with tears when you read my letters.
no more cold shoulders must assail
the howling shout of indifference
and i could not speak in thunder,
i was neither happy nor sad looking
into the heart of silence without delight,
but i will make you understand:
when you walk alone in the evening,
your melted shadow rises to meet you!

3.

here we are, old men broken to the bone of ages
being ushered into a world of songs, in a sad month,
waiting for the crabs from the rivers rising,
here where no pain must survive the ancient run
of white feathers dissolving in a wilderness
of mirrors, i would meet you to excite
the sad whispers of the heart and the laughter
of the memory that has grown flowers of judas.
think now, time has many children in the hours
and minutes of my passion lost in fractured atoms.
and it is not by any love of sorrow
that my life is measured in chilled delirium,
i would meet you half-way in a garden of roses
and i shall become young again
but old in my rage and wiser in this page
i have written to meet the demands of grace.

by MANUEL S. SATORRE JR.

orchids and dimples

(to A. H.)

at the heart of your dimpled cheeks
i catch the flight of december sun
and i assumed that nothing passes time
and not all men celebrate your charms.
but here i am, rising from the ruins
of a memory long forgotten by god's hands,
resurrecting the silent shout of sea-gulls
and the anger of the soft-spoken wind!

listen!

the sounds breaking
from the blooming rose quietly
hail this poetry of the moving earth
seeking the magnolia of your voice,
and i am glad
the strong pulse throbbing
the beat of life revolts,
leaping from dark cages
and beyond the rooms of the world
stands the shadow of god's grandmother
knitting a song of love
out of life's unending crochet....

by MANUEL S. SATORRE JR.

hearse

The phonographed bell tolls sadly
for a man remotely attached,
for death of distance faced this day.

For all the silent clashes, gripped and grieved,
and the single bouquet at his foot — I forget
the gambler's name to which it belonged —
like a problem being wrong,
halting the rushes of equalling passion.

The foreshadowed lonely hearse:
and troubled sweat and sound of cutting saw near:
'tis a matter of seconds
the musical occasion that moves a tear
to fill all need for the man
with a sigh endeared.

by C. Y. ENGE