## Poem 1: ceturning to where the sun must set

to c. s.

cesil 6. mojaces

blue as mountains cold upon the bay, green the sabbath waters clear as days, wash over me, dream me downwards where what blue shapes of light charm the lovely strangers of our nights.

pale as what dreams on what silent faces bear the soundless depths of eveningchurches, move as what shadows slowly move the seas to break then sleep in strange new shores.

still would the lonely swimmer of the weeping waters bear the sweep of somber cliffs, but in silence upon silence: our language and our speech

pure as days and crystal wings swift as love and deep

deeply as the touch

would say the golden secret of our day.

## Poem 2: an apology

to j. e.

cesil 6. mojaces

only this a face floating incandescently in the fog: this white permanence monumented in the voices and the swirl but only this even with each departure into the mysteries of night even in the somnambulistic rotation of day-bound feet i revolve around the fluid axis of memory: (the rituals of silent cathedrals) consecrated and ordained in this priesthood of feeling. this is the strange attraction of notsostrange planets within this heavenly sphere within this universe

defined by towers of prayer and spires of fire. this is all you have to know: (only this but only this) memory purifies

and love.



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