

*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