

Arion

So stark the sunlight, stark the shade of clouds...
So bright this side of waves, the back so dark,
Those shifting crests like fins just 'bove the sea,
Lifting, then vanishing – all this I stared
Whilst warred the sun and storm, and lyre I clutched
And ivory wand, the bursts of daylight blown
From eyes as soon as sensed. The greed-grim crew
Demanded last of songs.

What might I play
Waiting the violent grip? Somewhat they stared
Enraptured, or confused: Their look in eye
Was first dawn's gleam and glint. No word was spake
When wand and strings went still.

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In gasping light
I fell head first. In that first water-layer
The sun ran strong, when not obscured, as up
Amid thin element. I watched the clouds
Flit 'cross the disk – so many, like a flock
Fleeing the death of me.

No creatures came;
The notes rang through an ocean without ears.
That place was stark. Sea's bright gave on to depth;
The gold waves thrilled. Somewhere beneath me dropped
The weight of heavy strings – and I grew light
In dark'ning water –

light as melting froth
Upon a weak crest, nudged by gentle breath,
Borne to far coasts where never gnash the tides,
Nor windy shapes shut up the vast sun's beams.

