

Mary Holmes:  
Songs and Poems

Collected and Edited by  
Gideon Rappaport

## Contents

### SONGS

My body ain't my buddy anymore (first version)	5
My body ain't my buddy anymore (second version)	6
I never have nothin'	8
Never Say Never to Love	9
The Venus of Willendorf	11
Days Go By	12
Blue Bird of Happiness	13

### POEMS

Sonnet ("Dear God, let not the Spring come yet, not yet")	15
[Sonnet] from the Provencal	17
The Garden of Eden I	19
The Garden of Eden II	20
Spider Woman	21
Life is a feast	22
There goes Orion, climbing up the sky.	23
Spotted with moonbeams in the midnight hours,	24
On such a night,	25
Prayer to the Lady of the Animals	26
Prayer to the Lady of the Animals [earlier version]	27
Daphne	28
Riddle	29
Balaam's Ass	30
You shared Athena's beauty, cool and still, [for Sara Boutelle]	31
Her every movement smooth as Water, (Dedicated to Tandy Beal)	32
December Poem	33
Heart Imaging: Dominican Hospital, 1997	34
A lover not a Poet? Surely not.	35
When Beauty Shapes Her Child	36
For the 10 <sup>th</sup> Anniversary of the Penny University	37
Epithalamium	38
Suffering of Pius Fats	39
There was a young Benny von Krantz [limerick]	40
Five Rabbis in a Water Tower	41
D.O.V.: Daughters of Venus	42
Michael Jackson [unfinished]	44
Names are like leaves and blossoms on the bough:	45
For Sara O'Malley (given with the present of a mirror)	46
News from the Muse	47

We cannot find	48
Christmas colors, red and green,	49
Demi doesn't need to / pray;	50
I would if I could	51
Who will eat these grapes?	52
Still, silent I stood behind the manger	53
Oh that bright impossible beast of the mind—	54
Eros and Agape [earlier version]	55
Eros and Agape [later version]	56
Hold love,	57

## SONGS

My Body Ain't My Buddy Anymore (First Version)  
by  
Mary Holmes

I wake up in the morning,  
I can't get out of bed.  
My feet won't do my bidding  
And neither will my head.

. . .  
I might as well be dead.  
My body ain't my buddy anymore.

My body ain't my buddy anymore.  
My body ain't my buddy anymore.  
We used to be as one  
And we had a lot of fun,  
But my body ain't my buddy anymore.

“My Body Ain’t My Buddy Any More” (Second Version)  
by  
Mary Holmes and Charles Embree

1

My Body ain’t my buddy any more.  
The ship has sailed and left me on the shore  
Without a leg to stand on—  
Wasn’t what I planned on.  
My body ain’t my buddy any more.

2

Yes, my body ain’t my buddy any more.  
It’s all behind, what used to be before.  
Although I’m very nearly blind,  
The weight that others lose, I find.  
My body ain’t my buddy any more.

Bridge

I’ve got lesions and contusions,  
Adhesions and delusions,  
Aches and pains and allergies galore.  
I’m talking imperfection!  
Atrophied affection.  
My body ain’t my buddy any more.

3

Oh, my body ain’t my buddy any more,  
A fact that I no longer can ignore.  
Some members now and then convene,  
But almost all have split the scene.  
My body ain’t my buddy any more.

## Second Bridge

I've got rashes and abrasions,  
Heartburn on occasions,  
Minor bumps and bruises by the score.  
Let's face it, my condition  
Is a case of mal-attrition.  
My body ain't my buddy any more.

4

My body ain't my buddy any more.  
For years I nursed its every little sore.  
Ingratitude like this, in truth,  
Is sharper than a serpent's tooth.  
My body ain't my buddy any more

(Musical Interlude)

5

My body ain't my buddy any more.  
But I don't mind, the way I did before.  
I now am going steady  
With a friend of Mrs. Eddy.  
My buddy ain't my body any more.

## I Never Have Nothin'

I never have nothin'  
I always have somethin'  
I never have nothin'  
I always have somethin'  
I never have nothin'  
The matter with me.

I may have an ache, I may have a splinter.  
I may have a cold when it ain't even winter.  
I may have an eye or a nose or a throat.  
Whatever I've got, it's got my goat.

I always have somethin'  
I never have nothin'  
I always have somethin'  
I never have nothin'  
I always have somethin'  
The matter with me.

When I get diseases I never get one;  
It's twoses or threeses before I've begun.  
I've got fatals and chronics and all in between.  
I'm so loaded with tonics; I'm a pharmacist's dream.

I never have nothin'  
I always have somethin'  
I never have nothin'  
I always have somethin'  
I never have nothin'  
The matter with me.

## Never Say Never to Love

I know a woman said I never can  
Be turned on by a one-legged man.  
Well a one-legged man he hop on the train,  
Come to bring that lady lotta love and pain.

Never say never,  
Never say never to love.  
Never say never,  
Never say never to love.

Never say never in matters of love;  
Never say never or the gods up above  
Will laugh out loud,  
And up on a cloud  
Cupid with his quiver  
Will make you wish you niver,  
Niver said never,  
Never said niver,  
Niver said never to love.

I couldn't love a thin one,  
I couldn't love a fat,  
I couldn't love thisa one,  
I couldn't love that.  
Well they're crawlin' on a bus  
And they're flaggin' down the train;  
They're saddlin' up the hoss  
And they're lookin' for a plane;  
They're packin' up the car  
And they're bringin' plenty of  
The very very thing you said  
You'd never never love.

Oh, never say never,  
Never say never to love.  
Never say never,  
Never say never to love.

Never say never in matters of love;  
Never say never or the gods up above  
Will laugh out loud,  
And up on a cloud  
Cupid with his quiver  
Will make you wish you niver,  
Niver said never,  
Never said niver,  
Niver said never to love.

## The Venus of Willendorf

I'm the Venus of Willendorf, here I come,  
Ready or not, with a great big tum  
And hanging breasts and a very large bum.  
All young ladies better beware  
Of the Venus of Willendorf standing there.

I need no arms and I need no feet;  
My face is hidden and I need not speak.  
But I have something that all men seek:  
    Tight curled hair!  
    Tight curled hair!  
I'm the Venus of Willendorf standing there,  
And my head is covered with  
    Tight curled hair!

## Days Go By

Days go by—  
Where have they gone?—  
Some with a sigh,  
Some with a song,  
Never to return,  
Never to return to me.

Love goes by—  
Where can it be?  
High in the sky,  
Deep in the sea?  
Will it ever return,  
Will it ever return to me?

## Blue Bird of Happiness

Blue bird of happiness,  
Come to my breast,  
Blue bird of happiness,  
There to build your nest.

In my garden  
Fountains play,  
Golden flowers  
Bloom by day,  
And the moon comes by at night,  
Filling all with silver light.

Blue bird of happiness,  
Come to my breast,  
Blue bird of happiness,  
There to take your rest.

## POEMS

Sonnet

(first published in *Cargoes*, XX.3, March 1930, by the students of Hollins College)

Dear God, let not the Spring come yet, not yet  
With its too heady wine. Send bitter rain  
Once more, I pray you, God, send cold again  
Lest I go mad with passion, with the fret  
Of too much beauty. All last night I heard  
Frogs croaking through the dark, insistent, slow.  
And now a strange bird sings . . . Let cold winds blow!  
That sharpened, purple hill make grey and blurred.  
Let not Spring come. I know I could not bear  
Its lavish beauty when the young Spring fills  
Me with such pain. To feel beneath my feet  
The warm, brown earth, to smell it, smell the air!  
Dear God, across the purple shadowed hills  
To hear a new bird calling, dim and sweet.

—MARY ADAMS HOLMES, '31.

# Cargoes

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VOL. XX

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MARCH, 1930

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No. 3

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—MARY ADAMS HOLMES, '31.

[Sonnet]  
from the Provençal

(first published in *Cargoes* [XX.3, March 1930 ?] by the students of Hollins College)

Oh god, Oh god, the white dawn comes too soon!  
I would lie here forever in your arms  
Knowing your lips are near me, your kiss warms  
My throat and breast if I but move. . . . The moon  
Is robbed of all her silver by a tune  
Some passionate bird is singing in the flowers  
So close to us. Let not these precious hours  
Slip by, oh God—the white dawn comes too soon.

For in the passionless morning who shall care  
That night was rife with moonlight and the song  
Of some near bird was silver in the air?  
Or who shall know these words beat like a gong  
Upon my heart; (give me your arms, your hair!)  
“The white dawn came too soon, God,” all day long?

—MARY ADAMS HOLMES, '31.

## From the Provencal

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—MARY ADAMS HOLMES, '31.

## The Garden of Eden

### I

When the Tree of Life was green and bearing,  
Eve, in an aberrant fit of daring,  
Pulled a branch from the tree that stood  
Bearing the fruit of Evil and Good.  
She ate with Adam that forbidden fruit,  
And all her children's children followed suit.  
You know what happened then—the angel came  
And all ran wild that had been tame  
And ate each other, and discovered pain—  
(Was the garden emptied by the angel's sword?  
Or in the cool of evening does the Lord  
Walk there and remember? And at dawn  
Do flowers open, now the Gardener's gone?)  
The tree still stands in the Garden, safely locked  
From Adam's children's greed, who, daily mocked  
By slippery Evil and elusive Good,  
Regret their ancient mother's choice of food,  
Curse and complain until their dying breath:  
Such knowledge is a poor exchange for Death.

## The Garden of Eden

### II

After the apple was eaten, did they toss  
The core to Dog reclining at their feet  
(Unmindful yet of their eternal loss  
Or the Tree's power) as something fresh and sweet,  
Sweet from their breath, a toy to chew or eat?  
When God called Adam, "Adam, where art thou?"  
They had already hidden, burnt with shame,  
Trying to shield themselves with broken bough  
And leafy branches, cowering at the name  
Now steeped in sorrow. Dog, caught by their game,  
Shared terror, having tasted of that fruit,  
Eyes open now as theirs to the abyss  
They trembled at. Eve and Dog were mute.  
Adam alone, pretending still to bliss,  
Blames Eve and God: "The woman that you gave—"  
To no avail. Guilt hounds them to the grave.

## Spider Woman

Spider Woman has woven our world  
And all the other worlds we see,  
Singing and spinning immensity:  
Sharks and quarks and the tiniest flea.  
The shuttles fly, the song is shrill,  
Singing up good, weaving up ill.  
All of the worlds upon worlds to fill.  
Here comes an elephant, there goes a tree;  
Here comes you, there goes me.  
Singing and weaving, the shuttle flies:  
This one lives, that one dies.  
Singing and weaving, deaf to our cries,  
This is her making, her treasure, her toy.  
She sings and she weaves and she shouts with joy.

Life is a feast,  
A feast for the least,  
The least and the small:  
The worm who eats all,  
Dirt, flower, leaf—  
Brief, brief,  
But a feast  
For the least  
And the least of the least,  
Lighter than breath,  
Who feed on death.

There goes Orion, climbing up the sky.  
He doesn't know that I'm going to die.  
He doesn't know and he doesn't care,  
Marching up the midnight air.  
Pharaoh watched him, and Pythagoras.  
He didn't care about them and he doesn't care about us.  
The whole world could vanish and everything in it,  
And he wouldn't care for a piece of a minute.

Spotted with moonbeams in the midnight hours,  
Spinsters holding candles, holding hands,  
Scuffle in circles, garlanded with flowers,  
Stepping out charms to wake the sleeping land—

A dangerous game.  
Dare they invoke her name?  
What if she came?

What if she came in beauty, burning  
Brighter than the sun,  
Grave eyes searching, turning—  
Where would you run?

Better she never hear your piping call.  
Better she never come at all.

Bloody, slimy, filled with rot,  
Pain and terror, shit and snot;  
Blaring music hides the crying  
Of men and beasts, all killing dying.  
Worse her silence. Through her power  
Grass will cover, worm devour,  
Dove and lion in their hour.

Queen of Death and Queen of Birth,  
Queen of Heaven and Queen of Earth,  
Virgin, Harlot, Mother, sing  
Of your coupling with the King  
That King and Queen may, laughing, ride  
Mounted on tigers, side by side,  
Holding Evil, holding Good,  
To cleanse again the sacred wood.

On such a night,  
On such a hill,  
Young shepherd made  
The Moon stand still.

In mortal pain,  
In mortal hurt,  
She lay down in  
The alien dirt.

Oh what a wonder!  
Everyone stared at the unmoving stars,  
And the white horses of the sun  
Bit at their stable bars.

Sleep on Endymion,  
Never wake to know  
The goddess gone,  
The moonlight cold as snow.

Prayer to the Lady of the Animals

for all the dead animals

Lady, keep your pastures green;  
Let the living waters stream;  
Let the shadows and the sun  
Dapple fields where they run,  
Run in joy, not in fear,  
Love's iron law inviolate here.

Fox and rabbit,  
Wolf and sheep,  
Safely play  
And safely sleep.

Heavenly manna all they eat,  
Bread of Heaven, fresh and sweet.  
You who marked the sparrow's fall,  
Lady, now protect them all.

[earlier version]

We pray you Lady, keep in mind  
All your creatures, let them find  
Eternal pastures, running waters,  
Room for all your sons and daughters,  
Room for elephant and snail,  
Room for lady-bug and whale,  
Dog and rabbit, cat and quail,  
Among your creatures great and small,  
Lady, mind the sparrow's fall.

## Daphne

Run, girl, run,  
Run before the sun  
Catches you with terrible desire.  
Watch.  
See, where the horses burn,  
The chariot aflame.  
Watch. Did the young god turn  
And call your name?—  
“Daphne.”  
Run  
    Farther, farther,  
    Faster, faster.  
    “Father, Father,  
    Save your daughter.  
Where is the shadowed pool  
Where the reeds whisper, cool,  
Dark?  
I would be a tree,  
Growing in quiet water.”

## Riddle

What shall you be, little lambkin, lambkin,  
When your life is done?

I shall be a golden lion, lion,  
Brighter than the sun.

How shall that be, little lambkin, lambkin,  
How shall such things be?

I shall be changed to a golden lion  
When he  
Eats me.

Right now  
The lion lies down with the lamb  
To lap its blood while it is dying,  
Hushed at the bloodied throat its crying.

Such crying heralds feasts  
To worms, birds, beasts.

He eats alone  
Skin, entrails, bone.

It is finished.  
No one grieves.  
Lion leaves,  
Bearing the hidden lamb.

## Balaam's Ass

Yes, I have lived before, and before that.  
I never tire.  
Life upon life.  
All silent speechless years.  
Even when carrying the scented wood  
For Abraham's secret, sacrificial fire,  
I never said a word.  
My eyes were filled with tears.

G-d let me speak but once:  
An Angel stood  
Barring our path, that Balaam saw as clear,  
I saw the Brightness and the Flaming Sword.  
And never felt the stick across my back,  
But fell down on my knees.  
G-d gave me Words  
That opened Balaam's eyes to see the track  
We could not follow.

Now speechless as before  
Amidst the shouts, the palms that  
Celebrate this day  
Silent, my colt beside, we walk the  
Narrowing Way,  
To bring the Word up to the  
Golden Door.

[For Sara Boutelle]

You shared Athena's beauty, cool and still,  
Sufficient to quiet with a measured glance  
The Mind's bewilderment, the Heart's rude dance,  
And bring to bit and bridle stubborn Will.  
That beauty shattered now by clumsy Age,  
Squandered among your sons, their sons and daughters,  
Still stamps your image on the blotted page,  
Powerful still, although it shifts and alters  
To hold at bay the rough engulfing Night  
With Beauty's fire, that light reflecting Light.

Dedicated to Tandy Beal

Her every movement smooth as Water,  
Shot with Fire as passions flare,  
Leaping, she commands the Air,  
Who is Earth's devoted daughter—

Water, Fire, Air and Earth,  
The elements are danced to birth,  
And in dancing carve a space  
For beauty's bright, belovéd face.  
Queen of motion and emotion,  
Lady—take our thanks and our devotion.

### December Poem

Your love for me is caged within my heart,  
Pearl beyond price, the ransom for a king.  
No clever thief, no power the world can bring,  
No secret word, no subtle magic art,  
Not Death, nor angel's fiery sword could part  
Those prison bars and give you back your heart.

My love for you is like some jungle vine  
Burst from the earth and hourly growing higher,  
A green wall—not wall, but world entire,  
With nests for bird and beast, for bee and flower,  
A living tree, a sweetly scented bower.  
We eat its fruits and drink its golden wine.

## Heart Imaging

Dominican Hospital, 1997

Obscene, obscene,  
My heart on the lighted screen  
Sounds like a washing machine.  
They sucked it from its hidden lair,  
Laid it bare to the light and air,  
They probe and stare.  
Is this the heart that burns with holy fire  
To start the feverish boiling of the blood?  
Can this heart pump the cauldrons of desire,  
Fueled with passions, passion its only food?  
Such hearts will not be tamed to fit your sight  
Nor trade their darkness for your little light.

A lover not a Poet? Surely not.  
The two are tied together in a knot  
No sword can sever and no wit untie.  
No sour grammarian with a gimlet eye  
Disrupts that union. No.

All Persons bitten  
By love bleed Poems  
Written or unwritten.  
A Poet? Yes. And now a small P.S.  
I'm glad to know you like my funny dress.

### When Beauty Shapes Her Child

When Beauty shapes her child she never gives  
To Time or Sorrow power to erase  
Her stamp, authentic. Though her creature lives,  
Laughs, suffers, loves, she still shows Beauty's face.  
Those fires that burned her, told or never told,  
Like goldsmith's fires burned dross and left the gold.

For the 10<sup>th</sup> Anniversary of the Penny University

Café Pergolesi  
Santa Cruz, California

Hail Penny, University of the Mind,  
Where Truth and Madness subtly are entwined,  
Where Cocoa sweetens thought amid the sound  
Of Coffee Beans interminably ground.  
Hail Mother Penny, Hail your numerous tribe,  
Scattered in thought and flesh, both far and wide.  
Hail Dominique and Betty, Page and Paul.  
Hail Stalwart Veteran, Sir Robert Hall,  
Departed Grady, James and Billy Quaily,  
The absent Bruce, and lovely, brilliant Gail-y.  
Hail to the Faces, which in any year  
Stand at the Door and Smile and Disappear!  
Hail now to Norman, Marek and to Vince,  
And special Hail to Craig of Russia since  
He leaves too soon and leaves us in the Dark,  
More Russo-mystified than Gorky Park—  
Thank Hank for zany wit lest Terry sink  
Beneath the heavy thought the thinkers think.  
Hail all thy silent ones; let nothing block  
The thought of Eugen Huessy-Rosenstock.  
Hail Tony the Alchemical, and very  
Deep obeisance to Dean Bierman,

Love, from Mary

## Epithalamium

People with Welkins  
Let them Ring  
And those without them  
Loudly Sing

Toot a Whistle                      or        Beat a Drum  
Send up Balloons                      or        Fire a Gun  
(At least a Musket)                  for        Days and Days  
Drink with Extravagant Songs of Praise  
Toasts to Eloise and Page—

50 years?? 50 years!!!?

And what do they have to show for it?  
Children and Houses, Paintings and Books,  
Chickens and Goats and Astounding Good Looks,  
Peacocks and Turkeys and Grandchildren, too,  
All bubbling around in a Marvelous Stew.  
With Friends and Admirers and Disciples Galore,  
With Horses and Theories and much, much more.  
With Guineas and Geese and  
A Model Old Age  
It's the ONE made from TWO—  
It's

Eloise/Page.

!!!                      LOVE                      !!!

1 + 1 = 1

Suffering of Pius Fats  
Tortured by  
dead white  
lady

Lieber Herr doctor Rabbi  
Benny Kranz, Wie ist es  
dass alle Zeiten wenn das ich ins  
Redwood untergegangen bin,  
Wierde Sachlichen auf mein  
Wooly wig untergefallen haben,  
Dingen, kleine Steine und so weiter  
Was heist das? Warum? Warum?

[cartoon Kranz balloon:] “Oy vey.”  
[two cartoon boys’ balloons:] “Wa Room?”  
[two cartoon girls’ balloons:] “Warum?”

There was a young Benny von Krantz  
Who kept Balls and All in his Pantz.  
When his friends asked him “Why?”  
He heaved a Deep Sigh  
And said he was Through with Romantz.

## Five Rabbis in a Water Tower

Once Upon a Time there were 5 Rabbis who didn't know each other because they lived far apart and never traveled.

One lived in Israel.

One lived in Texas.

One lived in New York.

One lived in Hawaii.

And one lived in North Dakota.

But they had much in common—

The loved their wives. They taught their children. They studied Holy Scripture. They praised G-d all day long and thanked Him for the Beauty and Mystery of the world.

One day, to their astonishment, they found themselves in

The U.S.A.  
in California  
in a Redwood Grove  
in a  
WATER TOWER.

“How did we get here?” they exclaimed.

A little bird told me.  
I heard a song.  
I got a letter.  
I found a Map.  
I had a dream of a place more marvelous than it seemed, even in the dream.

What must we do now that we are here?

Sing and Pray  
Sing and Pray  
Just what we do  
Every day.

Praise G-d for the Presence among us of Trees,  
Praise G-d for the Beasts and the Birds and the Bees  
And Bread and Cheese.  
Praise G-d for the Beauty of Bears and of Cats,  
Of Dogs and Frogs and Dog-faced Bats,  
Of the Beauty of Earth and the stars in their courses  
And of Horses.  
Thank G-d for the world with its wonderful sea  
And for me.

So they sang and sang  
And pounded on the table.  
Pounding and singing as loud as they were able.

The Water Tower was filled with Joy.  
And it began to change.

The atoms and molecules and charms and quarks in the table began to spin.  
The atoms and molecules and charms and quarks in the walls began to spin.  
The walls breathed out and the walls breathed in,  
And Everything began to spin.  
Louder and louder the Rabbis sang,  
Till the Water Tower shivered and quivered and sprang  
With a Bang! From the ground and rose to the sky,  
Higher and higher, a speck in the blue,  
And it was gone!

NO. Not True!!

The Rabbis had sung it up into the air;  
Singing and pounding, they still were there.

So they turned it around and sang it back down:  
Down, down, down, down,  
To California,  
to the Redwood Grove,  
to the Water Tower's very own ground.  
Once there, they shook hands all around,  
Praised G-d for their marvelous Day,  
And went back to their wives and children and Holy Scriptures  
in Israel, Texas, Hawaii, New York, and North Dakota.

D.O.V.

Daughters of Venus

Aphrodite  
Parvati  
Helen of Troy  
Rachel

White Tara  
Cerimon [?]  
Cleopatra  
Isolde

What is life, what is pleasant

Without Golden Aphrodite?

Secret Society

1. For beautiful and loving women with devoted consorts;
2. And of these, only those capable of turning everything into beauty and loving order;
3. And of these, only those having such power that they shame ugliness into the abyss.

Ministers: S.O.L.A.B. (Servants of Love and Beauty) self-selected

1. All women whose gift is to recognize beauty and love;
2. All women sworn to honor, protect, guard fiercely, forgive, delight in the D.O.V.'s;
3. All women who keep, sweep, deck the temples of the D.O.V.'s;
4. All women who attend the D.O.V.'s

Michael Jackson [unfinished]

Shape shifter, bold beyond your peers you dare  
To pull your magic from the empty air  
Before our very eyes  
Not a thin disguise but the very thing  
Here panther, here hawk, here little silky bat  
Danced into life  
And now a little child.

We too change shape but never with such daring  
Our paltry dances too thin for the wild  
Too tied with doubt, we lack the daring  
We sit before our looking glasses staring  
Pondering the vision, . . . . .  
Will bear a new name, a new nose, a new hairdo.

Names are like leaves and blossoms on the bough:  
They bud and flourish, fade  
And fall to earth,  
Where the bright spade digs their rebirth.

The bough is never nameless, never named,  
To let slip even the least syllable  
Would split the sky, shatter the earth.  
All living things would die.

Venus   Artemis   Diana   Athena   Astarte   Isis   Ishtar   Parvati  
Lakshmi   Arachne   Bridget   Holy Virgin   Kwan Yin

For Sara O'Malley  
(given with the present of a mirror)

Beauty Reflecting Beauty—Yours—  
[Irish to Irish Glancing] is self-contained:  
Danger Deflected. Beauty so Restrained  
Speaks To Herself. Although the glass Endures  
Grief, Joy, Indifference,

Yet the Eyes May feast  
—Safe—Watched by The Sacred  
Apostolic Beasts—

## News from the Muse

She needs no adoration, but instead  
Fulfillment. Men who patiently adore  
And sing her praises never find her bed.  
At best they seem both foolish and a bore;  
At worst she steals their balls and leaves them dead.

Fulfilled.—Thus, finally filled full  
Of child, poem, music, wit, delight,  
The mystery of maleness, tidal pull  
Of difference, the elemental Right  
To all her Left, his day, to her own night.

And women? Her true daughters know her smile  
Sweet and complicitous, the songs she sings,  
Going about her work, her animals, her style,  
Abundance, joy, love, life in everything,  
And best, the dark protection of her wings.

We cannot find  
The red heifer without spot,  
Whose ashes would redeem us,  
Too darkly stained our lot;  
We lack the strength to bind  
The red, red rose of love  
Whose thorns could clean us.

Christmas colors, red and green,  
Brightened the autumnal scene,  
Poison Ivy, Poison Oak,  
Poisoned you. The lightest stroke  
Set you scratching till you bled,  
Turned your arm a matching red.

[alternate line]  
Homeopathic matching red.

Demi doesn't need to  
pray;  
He lies in God's bosom  
every day;  
And if at night the  
demon wail,  
He knows God's love will  
yet prevail.

Hannah, not so lucky  
born  
Fills the dark with her  
alarms.  
Not comforted by morning  
light,  
She troubles Heaven  
day and night.

I would if I could  
Turn flesh into stone  
Turn bone into bronze  
Turn breath to a pane  
Of shatterproof glass  
Or to poisonous gas  
And bone into guns.  
If flesh can atone  
With death, bring death.  
But spare him pain.  
But spare him breath.

Who will eat these grapes?  
Who will drink this wine?  
Far, far from the harvest  
Is the planter of the vine.

Still, silent I stood behind the manger  
The night the travelers came—  
Ox slept and never saw the strangers,  
Tall kings, shepherds with their sheep.  
And the whole stable filled with light,  
Brighter than day—I shivered and my mane  
Stood up. How could Ox sleep?  
All night I watched. The Lady and the Baby lay  
Dreaming on the sweet-smelling hay.

Oh that bright impossible beast of the mind—  
He was as wild as the wind, and his own pride  
Had turned him savage,  
And solitary in his solitary forest,  
But my eyes were mirrors and my lap spices  
And he bowed his gold head down, gentle as cornstalks  
Under the wind, under the reaping sickle,  
And when they wrenched the horn from his splintering skull  
He was full of tears and trust as a child.

Eros and Agape  
[earlier version]

I will give you a White Stone with a new name on it that no one knoweth save he that receiveth it.

[KJV: “To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna, and will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it.”  
—Revelation 2:17]

I will give you the Morning Star

I want the Evening Star

Without Black Goat and  
White Unicorn  
You well may wish you'd  
Never been born—

Without bright ring of  
Circling Dove  
Who shall find Beauty,  
Who shall find Love?

God stretched his hand and  
Set a stone  
Where stood her Gold and Ivory throne.  
There no bird sings or builds her nest  
The White Stone lies across her breast.

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How shall Eros and Agape be reconciled—Should they be?

Eros and Agape  
[later version]

Who lack black goat  
And white unicorn  
May very well wish  
They'd never been born.

Without bright wing  
Of circling dove,  
Who shall find beauty,  
Who shall find love?

Hold love,  
Bind love,  
Bring it to its knees.  
Never mind its pleas  
Set the steel trap.  
SNAP! Flip-Flop  
Drop the LATCH!  
Oh, what a catch!