

As Real As Rainbows

Current 93

So when and where
Were the revolutions?
The deserts now
Are full of the comas of stars
Bone and memory of fallen faces
Killing stars and wine
So when and what
Were the revolutions?
The Saints offered
Heads for haloes
Kissing silver rains
Pulled jaguars
To the edge of constellations
Called all beyond the Call
Breathed lateral blood
Not beast at Winter
With grasshoppers' eyes like almonds
The sound of cicadas just clouds
As real as rainbows
Beauty hovering and hiding
In the scrubby earth
Lies Murder sour
Meanwhile seamless
The flowered face smiles
At last shots of Mass
From erased emperors
At the turn of her tidal face
Beloved by the seas
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