

The Millpond Years

And Also The Trees

As a voice beneath the millpond sings
>From her past the lost June days are woken
And wind across the gorse slopes call
Through years, where the darkness roars
Until with wirl-pool panic heart she looks
Out of the looking-glass
And sees her standing by her side
Closes her soft grey eyes
Blurred hurried bliss
And the smell of space
Vanish through fires
Oh save me from the softness of your skin
I can see you in the millpond years
Quietly singing
And her voice across the millpond sings
Slow falling days and afternoons
Watching each other in the quiet looking-glass
While the geese ripple above the moors
The leaves turned and vanished with the storms
Falling through each others eyes
This tortured paradise
Her emerald dress
And the ivory sheets
Like delicate muscles
Sleep-walking through shapes that razor blind
But I can still see you in the millpond years
Quietly singing
I can see you there