

Fourteen long years she lies oh she lies oh  
And love as she lies she dreams in white stone  
Colonnade marbled and balcony empty  
A broken band brokenly marks broken time  
Fourteen years she dreams oh she dreams oh  
As dreamer she dreams on, as lover entwines  
Her limbs grow round his limbs, she drinks from a bottle  
She walks through the city she's lost and then found  
Fourteen long years, further back scattered  
She sits on some beach and reasons with him  
In the secret red moist heart, the most loved and most  
dark  
The flame shaft and fierce dart, the rose-leaf and moss-  
part  
Spreadeagled like starfish, most pain and most fear  
Like flower of sea-grass, most fragile and harmless  
Most fiery and bloody, most childlike and wrinkled  
This starfish, this spider, most wretched and great  
'Do not cry for me; let me show you the path  
on which we neither come nor go'  
She smiles at me lake-wide, wet-brown-eyed and dark-  
skinned  
Some dark moon unmoved stalks through our loss  
'Do not spend this night with me;  
I shall make the fallen blind see'  
This too another broken toy, from broken girl gift to  
broken boy  
I ask my sea-blue rushing mother:  
'Shall she hear the lions roar?'