

Poems

JOAN FULLER

I

From the entrails of the machine you came
To sing the songs of vein-flow in the leaf
And star-life of a beauty
Reached for with the weeping
Of children in the snow.
You sang of the blood of the rose-root
And the cosmic glow of music on the wind,
And the line of things in light
Evolving with the moon and no moon's
Goldness growing to the moon through dark
Too cool again and born again to cool,
And the soul-smell of the rose.

You came from the machine and singing,
soared.
It laughed with metal and you sank.

II

The ape in the moon
Cries tonight
And the new reeds cut.
And the earth-lava
Flows in the turf-shell
And the lidded gold boils.
Man from his fetus is formed
To build in his borning
The separate glass of his soul
And the diamond.