

The Departure

Frances King

You will part the tree branches
And step through the clean arc
Into the low boat.
The dawn is the strange, misty
Pink that dawns are said to be,
And the fringe of grass is there,
The way you knew it would be.
Tears in your eyes let you know
That you would feign stay here
With the reluctant birds that rise
Into the pink mists with a strange
Unity of motion and sound.
You don't know where you've been
Or what place you are departing for,
But you only know it's very sad
And you won't come by again.

The Vital Storm

Frances King

Lo, when the storm clouds
spiral on the land's edge,
And the rising tempo is felt
In the heart's corner,
Then is the time
For stealing danger.
Then, when the dark
Starts through the blood,
Then, when the rain
Fills the four chambers,
Then, when the wind
Fans up the fire,
Fanning and blowing
Beating and whipping
Adding more fuel
To the too-hot fire.