GIVE ME YOUR DREAMS

John R. Foutty

Give me your broken dreams and I will fuse
The jagged edges to a crystal ball. You laugh;
But I can catch your laughter, see it shine
In the sunlight of this rounded dream:
Complete, brilliantly curled in forever's curve.

Each tear you drop falls gently on this sphere,
Coating smoothly the impregnable surface.
“Glass. Only glass” you whisper. “Yes,”
I answer, “for your skeptic eyes can only seek
The moment's lure of brittle glass.”

CELLINI

John R. Foutty

Even a mute and battered golden chalice
Keeps within its tarnished bowl the fame
Of youth; recalls the ring of steel, the names
To match forgotten lips. Laughing, the same
Undaunted soul leaps from the luted edge
Of incomparable cups: those lyric hands
Still fashion phantoms on a circling wall
Constraining scents of Spring and smouldering Fall.

Tuning my inborn fibers, I shall draw
These restless hands inspired across the right
Of all mankind; and with remembrance strange
Within me, trace forgotten lines to sight
Where tender finger-tips have touched but once
Late-blossomed asters by the wall,
A shaft of sunlight on primeval stone—
Brought beauty surging through the bone.

Even the hands that bound the man Cellini
Fumble at the moment’s edge of gain
And pull their hulking flesh about for death.
Cellini mounts above the silent slain;
Unbound by time, carves heaven for the gods.

I would disdain Christ’s thorn, the laurel wreath,
And leave inscribed on some unbroken wall,
Immortal letters by the leaves of Fall.