

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.