

ANNE PARRATT

IN SWADDLING

Cat's fur teases Persephone, summer stifled
until, although she shouldn't,
she longs for winter
where, under the surface,
guardians, imitating tigers,
let her in.

Grudging the matrixed manacle
all through summer and spring,
Persephone regrets the pomegranate cycle
and would like more often
to slip across the unacceptable Styx
to HIM.

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ON THE DEATH OF A PRIEST

Our Brother died tonight
hallowed receptacle for baubles of gratitude,
smoothing to the end
the marbled home-sorrow
of lost-love and generation schism,
singing the blessed mass to taper
families, into the eternal sepulchre.

Our Brother died tonight
we mourn him.

Midnight at last had quenched
the vain discipline,
the frozen generative begging
not sex
but the manuscript of self
in the cold incense,