

GRIEF

Oh, crimson touch upon my lips,
so tender, soft and warm . . .
strange yet familiar . . .
rose petal, or the faces of
these, my beloved ones?

Dark fires of passion in the depths,
still unextinguished
by the long years . . .
this pain is love and longing for
these, my beloved ones.

Oh, winds of suffering and grief,
how can we bear your touch?
Stretch forth your hand:
we will be silent awhile together,
Oh, my beloved ones.

BARBARA HEPWORTH SCULPTURE FILM

A sea-smooth pebble in the hand,
the restless flowing sea,
and wings that carve in air
the living curves of love
that twine and mingle,
ever-flowing,
weaving in my heart
weighted with
the mystery of birth . . .
silken-smooth and velvet-soft,
or rough like ocean rocks,

a pattern of longing,
a springing to meet
the joy and the pain and the
beauty of life.

My finger tips caress
the gravid roundness,
or sandy ripples on the shore
of endless space and time;
while swirled cavities conceal
a liquid play of light.

Frail strength of soaring seabird's flight,
blown spray from seawave's crest,
white-blossom'd bough that bends to me . . .
spirit's delight, sea-music wild
fills Heaven and Earth and praises God.

BEA SCHUCHARD.