

It's plain that every soul however base  
Has something in him of God's golden glory.  
This should be the burden of your story.  
It was on pilgrimage we rode like snails  
So call your book "The Canterbury Tales."

ANNE LLOYD

"IL MIO BEL FOCO"

- I Sometimes, on holiday, your throat rises warm  
from the locked music room, expanding  
practising arias, and plaintive in its zeal.

Adolescent caress, who but you would woo  
with notes the humble friar-bird, silence his  
lifetime's exercise of interval, atonal largesse?

- II Ha ha ha ha haaaa, ha ha ha ha haaaa.  
From the diaphragm, insistent, your walnut of a  
vaunting of self puffs up, scales irreproachable steps.

All summer long we shut out percussion, kerosene-drum  
cane-toads bloated after heavier rain, and yearn  
the a-rhythmic cadenza of coupling crickets: