

VARIATIONS

Kreymborg, Alfred, 1883-1966

WIZARDRY

Your hands,
so strong,
so cool,
wizards
improvising sleep

. . . .

VARIATION

Till you came—
I was I.

CARESS

It was as though one of those trees—
the very tallest of them,
that compassionate one—
had bent over me for a moment.

MARCH

The air is drenched with the noise of wind.
I with the noise of you.

WILLOWS

This amphitheater of willows
praying that tarn,
are my mes
in constant attendance
on you.

CONTRA MUNDUM

There is one sanctuary
that is never shut—
to you.

PER CONTRA

Don't weep.
There is sanctuary
from me,
as well.
Come.

PRIEST

I burn candles,
candles—
and no two alike—
at an altar.