

HE WAS LOOKING AT THE BOOTOM OF THE GLASS

He was looking at the bottom of the glass
Searching for the sweet gaze
Of a single word;
Something that no one could give:
He was different.

It is not the stanza that wounds
Nor the dagger that kills,
The terrible indifference perhaps
Of the greyish sunsets
That take the colour out of the pavements.

A white dove sang without ceasing,
A white dove denied its pain,
Lifting up life,
Among the branches, a hammer of gall.

"Signs of Light and Silences" (1972-79)