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In the still circles of falling fans,
In the waterless quiet of windowless cellars,
Under the eaves of colorless cedars,
In the quiet of Kentucky's cold clay,
Yearn a mouth by which to speak
Mercy within hidden mercy.

In this empty, shadowless winter of speaking,
In this faceless snow-pit land of hollows,
In this kingdom of broken valleys,
This whitened country of worn-out knobs,
Yearn a mouth by which to speak
Within the house of a word,
In the homeless unlettering of the word.

You who had written a song of words
Suddenly let go -- and came up everything
Out of two names you were not.

Now everything is unwritten:
Spring rains gather slowly out of the Pyrenees,
Long alleyways of corn rise up in Harlem,
And even in Kyoto the azaleas bloom.

James King