

II

A painted wind has sprung
Clean of the rotten dark,
Lancing the gluttoned wolves of rain.

The sky is carried by a blue assault.
Strident with sun the heights swarm,
The vasts bulge with banners.

Working angels
Shovel light in heaven.

To carnival, to carnival,
In ribbons of red fire,
With spokes of golden laughter,
God drives the jingling world.