

LATE POEMS

I

They have hung the sky with arrows,
Targes of jubilant flame, and helms of splendor,
Knives and daggers of hissing light, and furious swords.

They have hung the lake with moth-wings,
Blurs of purple, and shaggy warmths of gold,
Lazy curious wines, and curving curds of silver.

They have hung my heart with a sunset,
Lilting flowers, and feathered cageless flames,
Death and love: ashes of roses, ashes of angels.