

John Keene
FOR DONIA ALLEN



Sycorax: Requiem

Years have disappeared between his hands
Echoes glide along the lime-pale walls
Her tattoo in his inner ear that is the music

He listens for each morning tuning carefully
To salvage memory grief quarries the days the hours
The dark rises into oh but once there was such music

Twilight dreams shed their smoky skin against
The palm-green mountain side still years like the ghosts
Of forgotten wrecks drift in the master's voice leaves music

In its wake the sea tolling grants him no reprieve
Calling from her sandy grave where is my son calling can you hear me

Calling where are those days those years that music?

