

*EDITH SITWELL*

## A SONG AT MORNING

The weeping rose in her dark night of leaves  
Sighed 'Dark is my heart, and dark my secret love—  
Show not the fire within your heart, its light—  
For to behold a rainbow in the night  
Shall be the presage of your overthrow.'

But morning came, and the great dews; then her philosophies  
Of the hearts' darkness died. And from the chrysalis of her thin  
sleep  
That lay like light or dew upon my form  
I rose and wrapped my wings about me, went  
From that porphyrian darkness. Like the rose

I too was careless in the morning dews  
Seeing the dead and the dead hour return  
To forgive the stain on our hands. I too at morning  
Am like the rose who shouts of the red joys and redder sorrows  
Fallen from young veins and heartsprings that once held  
The world's incendiarism and the redness of summer,  
The hope of the rose. For soon will come the morrow  
When ancient Prudence and her wintry dream  
Will be no more than the rose's idleness . . .  
The light of tears shall only seem the rose's light  
—Nor sorrow darker than her night of leaves.

## JOSE GARCIA VILLA

## TWO POEMS

## I

My most. My most. O my lost!  
O my bright, my ineradicable ghost,  
At whose bright coast God seeks  
Shelter and is lost is lost. O  
Coast of Brightness. O cause of  
Grief. O rose of purest grief.  
O thou in my breast so stark and  
Holy-bright. O thou melancholy  
Light. Me. Me. My own perfidy.  
O my most my most. O the bright  
The beautiful the terrible Accost.

## II

I will break God's seamless skull,  
And I will break His kissless mouth,  
O I'll break out of His faultless shell  
And fall me upon Eve's gold mouth.

I will pound against His skull,  
I will crack it by my force of love:  
I'll be a cyclone gale and spill  
Me out of His bounding groove.

I'll be upon Eve, upon Eve,  
Upon Eve and her coasts of love!  
I'll be upon Eve, upon Eve,

Cataract of Adamhood. There would I be  
My Lord! There would I rebuild me Thee  
There alone find my Finality.

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