

Dom Moraes

The Images

My images have broken: desert
Places hold them, sand
Enfolds the faces of the hurt
Fauns, the friends who sinned

Too little and were lost,
Whose gapped faces were beautiful
For a while at least,
Whose arms lift in farewell

Or to protect their eyes from me.
My ruminations, too alive,
Dazzle them suddenly
With the violence of my love.

Now they are stone: honed
By the wind, will turn to dust, to
Clay, will flesh out trees tined
Like great stags who

In season are chopped down.
They are fed to mills, stripped,
Pulped, shipped into town,
Clipped into squares and shaped

To bear my murderous kiss of ink.
They have no alternative.
Now they cannot shrink
From the violence of my love.