

*Two for E. P.*

†11.1.72

RICHARD SIEBURTH

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*Alto Adige*

swoops back  
                  to earth  
in the span of a bird  
                  alighting  
no heavier  
                  than a whispered word  
  
the voice not carried  
                  on tablets of brass  
                  but as a trace  
through thin air  
                  or prism'd by glass:  
  
no Law is but Love  
                  (though we break it faster  
                  than the dark  
                  in the eye of a dove)  
  
to the East  
                  the lightning stumbles  
and plunges down  
                  broken rungs:



*Santa Maria dei Miracoli*

acqua alta, wave-taps  
     on marble, pooled light,  
 seepage, eddies, chaff  
     chopped in the wake,  
 windows into water,  
                     stagnant glass

sirens breaching  
     the mirror,  
 come up for love,  
     come up for breath,  
 dolphins risen  
     from the dead,  
 breasts cupped  
     in their palms,  
 light gathered  
     at the nipples  
 through splayed fingers  
     scissored in stone,  
 flanks smoothed by the swim,  
     marble veined  
                     like the back  
 of a breaking wave,  
                     eyes laguna grey,  
 mouths at a loss for song

a ship gliding through the stillness,  
     lit at bow and stern  
 yet the bulk of it  
                     pitchdark,  
 shadows in its hold,  
     cargo of ghosts,  
                     singing into oblivion,  
 night with a fringe of foam