

Invocation

Sing in me muse and tell of the girl  
with simple ways whose homely gray world  
twist into schemes of tints and bright hues  
but who never lost sight of her home

Her path tangled but never her way  
for she wore fate with dignified grace  
and what she gave she gave without strings  
with no reward expected or taken

Lord grant me strength to recollect youth  
and dare to speak this memory's truth  
that through her I may glorify you  
in meter, yarn, image, tune

Violation

Swinging trees bruise wind telephone swirl  
wood severs sway howl lonely gray wool  
shifts hinter scenes love taints men fight lose  
rut no shelter ghost bite love your own

The pangs tattered guts severed red clay  
forcing storm gale whip dirges apace  
on Wichita we gained witches' rings  
hid knoll free ford expulsion forsaken.

Lungs grasp tree trunks cruel derelict stoop  
then blare the screen crisp melody ruth  
dead ooze ears eyes say horrify broom  
hymn leader, yearn, finished, soon.