

Soledad

In which the sun
as bright as an orb
(which it was)

as sparks flew
or spurs
from disappointment's—

that was all
as she drove listening
lone survivor

not a song
but a lyric
ran through it

*

When the dead are lost
in the sun—who are you

praying for? once
they blazed a path

once they burned
and the sparks blink

behind in effort
what survives the lyric

some small night
holds wilder nouns

in alien calm
one winter psalm

*

an alien calmness
engulfs an edge
wraps round

the wilder brush

beyond effort's saving
sparks blind
crush

while stones
like thieves
find the rush

insatiable
and tell lies as lyric's lost
accomplices

*

accomplices blind
by alien calm

a rap unrushed
a guest that lies
a thief in trust

in hindsight
crushed

if all we strike
breaks to light

*

if all we bend's
already bent
invisibly

as a node's nudge
dives down
only to be

caught
in dust
gust

*

bent to tend
low of dusk
sun belies
lyrics rushed

*

this winter song
her lone accomplice
as stars once wished upon

now stare down
on woodland thrush

*

once along sabbath
sun
 startling orb
thrust upon
woodland wished
accomplishment

Elizabeth Savage & Ethel Rackin