

## *Lady With Stars For Hair*

The lady with stars for hair  
 Is awaited by an imaginary horse  
 And a soldier half asleep  
 They have chosen the surface of a wall  
 As this one  
 A brick wall covered with wall paper  
 Their meeting place

There will be royalty  
 Arriving from unknown destinations  
 They will bring a gift  
 The gift of a purple bird

But first the imaginary horse  
 Imagines its shadow  
 Then its gorgeous mane  
 Mane so gorgeous the wind enters the wall  
 And carves the rest of its body  
 Paper flowers bloom as eyes  
 Roots curl to nostrils  
 With unimaginable patience

Who knows on some other wall  
 The meeting has already taken place  
 The lady has landed  
 The royal entourage greets her with dainty whispers  
 The purple bird flutters on her shoulder  
 The soldier awakes to guide her  
 Through the bricks

Here in this room  
 Stars have flung dark hair  
 On the wall paper  
 Erasing the private legend  
 Or the memory of which is which

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