

A Corkscrew Sun

That was madness, we knew;
flowers chanted, the trees would not
stop singing. The birds
harried us; on with it, on with it.
A corkscrew sun, revolving,
boring, burning,
would not relent. Derangement
dropped like a cloud suddenly
and the sun plunged,
blotted like night out of sequence.
In the darkness we heard
voices of victims lamenting
in wailing lines conspiracies of earth
and time against them.

This is madness, we know.
We have shaped our
confessions; halting syllables
drift through our darkness.

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