

DR. BODY

All this solid flesh within my hands -
Why did I ever accept that I was nothing?
When the trees shiver their leaves at a great rate
It is like water in shallow French rivers
underneath the poplars, shimmering -

Shine on, you beauty,
Let not that light be diminished
by paltry considerations.
I have set no values on this brilliant glow.

Be careful that you do not defy the gods
When you bring yourself so low.
What arrogance teaches you to denigrate
your own fine spirit?

The negative mourners will lie alone
Theirs is the lonely pathway.

I *will* find trust and contact on the stormy seas,
Hail to the glimmering beacon among the heaving waves,
Your boat lurches - it is hard to reach you -
But one day we shall find anchorage together.

Antonia Boll

K N I F E

Is it the knife in the heart
This time for real
Or the little young bud emerging
received a kick
and shrivelled back into the ground.

The flow of juices abruptly ceased
Leaving me stranded
Silence again
After the long roar
of water among the boulders

Shall the spirit droop again
stagger and fall.

Every dawn brings questions
often despair
looking out at the sunrise

I see the contentment of the birds
They get on with things
They do not pause to wonder why
And so avoid the anguish of considering.

Is it pain or beauty
The looking out with open eyes?
Both, my dear, answered the realist.
Every tree sparks with the same sap
And we do too.

Where is my lover now
when the earth call for a celebration
Did I pick wrong and choose a dud.
This man is full of grieving
For the lost rhythm that is his own.
Will he find it before the black portals inexorably close.

Hurry, my dear, my friend,
Seize that joy which is yours by right
As a living creature.
We do wrong who try to stifle our own being
And go into hiding and forget to breathe.

The punishment are severe.
We may be sure that a lingering death
caged up in some panicky cancer
will finish that cringing one
who refused to nourish himself.

All the lost mourners weep on the windy strand
They know the desolation of wasted years
Too late
The gannets scream in another country
Come back, before it is too late

Antonia Boll