

The Tiger Sun

I am the poet
with the broken tongue,
whose poems run
with the Tiger sun,
fiery-eyed,
and a wounded heart
will bring me back
to the place
 of start
where the wild nymphs run
and never tire.
stitch my broken
 tongue
with a golden wire.
Furry of leg
and cloven of hoof
 I'll prance
in a bacchanal dance.
I'll give you
 a necklace
 of lightning,
thread with the melting stars.
I'll slur my poems
over my mended
 tongue,
forgetting the scars
after the night is done.

— Frank Ankenbrand, Jr.

Greenwich, New Jersey

The publications of The Wild Hawthorn Press are highly recommended (24 Fettes Row, Edinburgh, Scotland): Sixteen Once Published (Louis Zukofsky) \$1, A Very Particular Hill (Gael Turnbull) \$1, Rapel (Ian Hamilton Finlay) \$3, Fish Sheet One (a broadsheet of 'concrete' poems) 25¢, and Poor Old Tired Horse (an important monthly broadsheet of poetry) 25¢ a copy or \$2 per year.