

From the Virgin Islands

Two doves  
                  or else white pigeons  
with ringed

Red eyes  
                  Wings spread, ready  
for flight

Supported by  
                  delicate wires  
visible beneath

The purity  
                  of white  
foolscap

Our friends  
                  have sent these  
with a rooster

Of Danish glass  
                  and pewter  
to brighten

The place  
                  where we are  
a cock

And two doves  
                  the goodness  
of our

Long lost  
                  beloved  
friends

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Early Bird

Departing winter  
                  I strip  
to the welcome

Sun though  
                  the canvas cot  
is chill

To my bones  
                  how palely blue  
my flesh

Has become  
                  Is that you  
old blue worm

Rearing up  
                  your mauve-blue  
head

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