little lord death
no it wasn't  tom lipps
it was little
lord death
himself
hiding behind the
door

i was careful to
take a bright light
in hand and
a sharp
knife

before
i opened
to
his
incessant
knocking

ESVIVE*

dawn
aries looking at the sea
  his sea because it is bitter
he holds it in his hands and
eats both ends of it

gold clock with a red face
beside the bed to remind me
that hours are approaching

looking through glass
at the flaming cribs
in the maternity ward

there's a high wind
on my totem pole
blowing across morning
toward
darkness

spiders work the night
in cold black depths of space
weaving a luminous poison

* The Ibizenco name of an old water trap in the
sea where netted fish were imprisoned alive, and
on the same site, bearing the same name, a present
day outlying district of Ibiza City where this
poem was written in 1963.