

l i t t l e l o r d d e a t h

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

E S V I V E*

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 Ibiza 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.