

The Climate of Singing

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In the deep dark of every man
A poet lies,
A sport of singing in the memory,
(As ancient seed waits in forgotten tombs,
To wake to sun and rain and earth,
As if the centuries had never been
Conceived.)
A poet lies there waiting
For the elements,
The essences,
The synthesis of time and place,
The alchemy that bursts the shield
Of slumbering,
And pushes up into a blaze of words.

And though a slave can feel the words
Surge in his breast,
Most drown in tears,
And those that reach the light,
Bloom pale and brittle through the links of chains.
Where freedom is the poet leaps
With a glad quickening into full life,
The tongues he speaks uncountable
As feathers of a flock of birds,
Or sequinned scales of fish;

And if his words must weep they lave
His brother's wounds;
His laughter is a moon that shimmers fear,
Compassion from his pen is bread and salt.

Where freedom is
A peon rises to eternity
Celebrating love.