

1963

Albert Schweitzer 1962

Cecil Robert Lloyd

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CECIL ROBERT LLOYD

ALBERT SCHWEITZER, 1962

Your hammer swings our age and strikes home
nailing scaffolds to facades of deeds patiently raised
from stone-hearted heavy needs worn altars
by arches of our tears.

We walk the base
of action, stroking sometimes the pores and polish,
or trace the joints and bonds settled by gravity.
Sometimes we enter silence stepping past
shrines and bright leaping saints into hot beams
tunneled from where we hear you still at work
to close your contours over man and build your sky;
then we stare upward from our flowered focus
and await release—your limp hand and the echoes
of the last blow at impact of what falls from you,
and what swung you:

then we know how we too
must step outside and clatter up to wield and try
hammers to leaves of gold, our guild your sky.

V. BARRETT PRICE

MOONSTONE BEACH

I walk singing
deep inside the moon;
(now)
the stroked
and sighing
sea
runs coolly
up into
the sky.

Curved,
balanced,
smooth,
and mirrored
vision;
the night
is bathed
and floating
deep inside
itself.