THE UNDERTOW OF NEED

We moved beneath the moon drift of that grove
As if deep down we trod an ocean floor,
Great oaks were massive weeds that waved on high,
The bracken branched in coral to the swell.
Pale scallop fans of fungus shone with pearl,
Deep husks beneath our feet seemed singing shells
And fallen trees were wrecks we stumbled on
Too many fathoms down to read their names.
No sound but breathless drawing-in of waves,
To fill with liquid moonlight aching hearts,
And bright above we watched a shoal of stars
Swim through translucent green of sea-drowned branch.
Words we had none, but streams of bubbling thoughts
Seemed caught in air and hovered round our heads,
And we could touch with sea-wash moonlit hands
The under-tow of need beneath the flood.

RICHARD A. GEORGE

IN EARTH WHO WALLOWS LIKE ITS BORROWERS?

My tryst with romany: black eyes and white
Teeth of the palest, blackest-haired of daughters.
Henna you prinked by Andalusian waters,
Dawdling — with scorn's grace — south of wrong and right.
O you
Laughed sun back hundredfold like caressed dew.

186