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A Bird of Night

Charles Edward Eaton

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✓ I shall go far into the world but I will not forget these things
The red and the white drawn with the sharp knife shadows
Of the air upon my heart.

It is difficult to think of age, dispassionate and overripe.

LOIS DONER

A BIRD OF NIGHT

All that she wants of him is peace,
All that he wants of her is war.
So, if her breast must be to him a resting place,
She would have his hand upon her like a dove,
Calm fingers under shadow of her face
That never strike her heart for just release
Of joy deep hidden in dead love,
That leave her truces as they are.

But he must rush upon her,
In violence of darkness come
To world of flesh that does not stir
And loose his anger and her doom
As though he would see death disheveled,
As though he would not think her dead.

He strikes her—first, the terror and the pain,
Then the dove in him comes settling down again
And lies at rest in shadow made
By fingers in the darkness pressed
On the torpor of her breast,
And she must wait for night to fade,
Nor knows if whiteness of her great abuse
Should let the dove of darkness loose.

CHARLES EDWARD EATON