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Crumbling of the Rock

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Kick up clouds—
Long-buried battle.

Curb only the belted barons
Wearing spider-signs and fasces.
Curb only the firebrands, firehands,
Silting the spirited earth with spark and ashes.

JAMES FRANKLIN LEWIS

CRUMBLING OF THE ROCK

Long torrents the grass waves,
Touched as with life.
Live your years as minutes,
For no wind has the night.
Night holds the knife.

Smiling, a hard-faced man,
Crumbling Of The Rock, hot breathes
Upon live things blooming and unbloomed.
Give your fragrance
To the pulseless roofs if must,
For none can escape the withering.
The greatest ocean will precipitate dust.

* * * *

No man felt me coming,
And God is a sightless man
Who must be told.
I have slipped in
Where there is no space.

Old deathless man, Crumbling Of The Rock,
Sheds sand upon my upturned face,
And this that is feature
Will come to be a mound—
Eye hollows, mouth filled in,
And the specially-mumbled of a once voice
Will be heard as time passing.

DICK ROBERT