

1944

## Daedalus

John Nerber

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## DAEDALUS

O when the hands spill their continent  
 Of dust, the harsh dry streams from your fingers  
     pouring,  
 Trailing in the falling wind,  
 Remember him who was your only friend:

You who gave numbly in the evening air,  
 From your affection's cushion rent,  
     Saw the hawk torn from the high, difficult  
     nest  
 Of your nerves, and winged, sent

Daedalus to skim the overcast  
 Of heaven, skipping as a stone the flat  
     shimmering sea-decks  
 To this end, where the cupped hands beat  
 The foaming impact of their crash—

O remember, who was truly friend,  
 The girders of wax, the wire of his wings  
     Holding aloft like a flower in  
     darkness  
 The lost face, in the hollow concealed,  
     of your hand.

JOHN NERBER

## "HIS MIND WAS NOT ON ME"

Who in the encircled night, with the hurt closing near,  
 The light shut against the tremendous freight,  
 Will impose his image here?

The cry stopped in Greece is his,  
 The blood on the hair in Poland, the broken hand.  
 Shall we add flesh to this?