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Green Fire

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R E C O M P E N S E

How rich the beggar at your gate,
 Whose bony frame is hung with shreds!
 For his are certain, mild misgivings,
 As he stoops for your left-over breads.

He has his private wisdom and his joys,
 Surpassing yours—who him berate.
 He takes a sure and pompous pity
 On you in your exalted state.

You, the rich man! I, the beggar,
 Merely endure your handout small
 And smug appeal for worship; apart,
 I see you starving in your banquet hall.

E U N I C E G L E N N

G R E E N F I R E

Unblamed the moon's flame
 Burned green fire's peak
 The end, not we that sinned:
 Road blocked the wind.

Ice has fled the glacier,
 Fireweed gutted and died
 In the dark march of rain
 And blood's deep violence.

From the pellet fought
 Would cut the guilt's gut
 That felt love at its ebb
 In lake's wounded quilt,

For whose vague sake
 His earth unraveled:
 The child's green flood
 In his father's silence.

N O R M A N M A C L E O D