

Second Thoughts

In the sun, in the lee of the wind, there's warmth enough
for cyclamen and roses even outside the glass,
but here the wind is raging, biting, savage
as the dead who died in sin or violently
or haven't been remembered properly,
come out of their tombs to make the living pay
simply for believing their candles lit yesterday
in hopes of spring weren't premature, forgetting
this month begun in honor to the virgin season
is also sacred to the queen mother of Mars
in whose name young men run like wolves
through the streets of the holy city howling
door to door like wind for the sun to enter
upon her lips under the Sign of the Fish.

3 February 2005