SINGERS

In my head, in my heart
the haunting songs travel on
with me through the long hours
that now we must spend apart.

All those singing throats
the same responses seek
with each listener in the crowd
faithful to the given notes.

In my head, in my heart
the haunting songs travel on
bringing the blood of the budding rose
the fire and death of art.

Yet still at the moment when
my eyes flutter at the first
call of sleep’s flood-tide
your music in me stirs again.

In my head, in my heart
the haunting songs travel on
and like winged seeds of wild plants
thrust in my flesh for a fresh start. 1985