

LEWIS ELLINGHAM / "The dawn wind pats their hair"

"The dawn wind pats their hair"<sup>1</sup>

a translation

"glances of life, forever lost"<sup>2</sup>

a translation

"and all you're left  
are your choirs of embarrassed angels,"<sup>3</sup>

a translation from an essence sometimes under-

stood

*glossy*

*glossolalia,*

*speaking in*

tongues

lips

ululating

besawled

mourner always

there

head turned

slightly

up-looking

eyes fixed the

foci so in-

tense, straining

there even

in sunlight when

the death is behind us, we'll

never know, the

hair, the angel hair

- 1 Logue, Christopher. "An Account... of Homer's Iliad." *War Music* (Farrar Straus Giroux, 1997: 64).
- 2 Rilke, R.M. *Sonnets to Orpheus*. Trans. M. D. Herter-Norton (London: Norton, 1942: 72. Part II, Sonnet 2, Line 11: *Blicke des Lebens, für immer verlorne*).
- 3 Tagett, Richard. *Demodulating Angel: Selected Poems 1960–2010* (San Francisco: Ithuriel's Spear, 2011: 21, Lines 20–21).