

John Newlove/
SYLLABLES V/A SANSKRIT

A stranger sings in the village at night:
listening to the heavy sound of clouds:
black in a sullen sky: tears in his eyes:
he sings a song of his loneliness: his longing.

The listeners to those nearby sounds know
how like death distance from a lover is:
how like death: even pride is forgotten:
they too even refuse to say goodbye to it.

Black smoke from a dirty fire:
these clouds: covering the whole
sky: and the fresh thick grass is
a dark mat on the earth: it
is the time for love: when those
who are alone must sing their
songs softly: only to death.

Alone in her husband's house she hears
from far away the slow warm spring
vibrating sound of black bees
moving among the birds—
tremulous music
of love. She hears
shyly, so
shyly
longs
:

Through tears she saw the lovely
masses of clouds
grouping in a dark sky: "Love,
if you leave me
now . . ." she said: holding me: her
legs moving: words
turn away helplessly from
what she did then.

Like a shy woman showing:
for the first time: in love: her thighs:
the sandy beds of autumn rivers.