

Brahmin White . . .

Brahmin white the fog came sacred
Through the foothill valleys rich
With a eucharist of moss from seven
Chalices of seas; out of the whitetide
Falling wind black temples grew, from
The prophecies of gentle finch
The morning came, from a month of morning
Birds the walking came, from the windwrenched
Pine of the crests to the blackberry vine
And the laurel wood the annunciation sang
The child of eyes;
The lotus sun fell the falling hills
Of morning from his hand and the wounded
Finch healed heaven with its cries.

M A R Y S H U M W A Y