SUNFLOWER, AN AZTEC MEMORY

Charles Eaton

Devour me, brown and yellow eye,
Eat the crust and throw the rest away.
A fierce fanatic, I have watched the days go by,
Searching the hours for some lost seed of grace.
I have fringed the morning round my face,
Brown at heart, offered my dismay
As most desirous at the heart of gold.
Where forever was, I gave it place
Within the wound of growing old.

O fierce-hearted, now longing to be taken,
What saint discovered first the peace of being broken?
I thought, once long ago, how powerful to die
When heart had had its fill.
But who among us stores his passion to the hull?
I seldom meet a man who gorged upon the beautiful.
So born to live beneath the natural eye,
I watch the golden look, the love, the hate fill up the till
And hope my hunger has been seen as token.

RELATIVE

Geoffrey Johnson

Through incense-clouds the mite of insect goes
Down the rich aisles of the cathedral rose.
Organ and choir for him are orchestrations
That colour through the filtered light bestows.

By this ephemeral's gauge the petal walls
And the far altar-flame beyond the stalls
Of jewelled gloom are aeons-old and lasting,
But in one day of ours the fabric falls.