

*MANES / SCADA**Mary Keane*

The sable coated 'shepherd' at my side
paces the moonlight power line.

The trees against the apple sky provide
points of return, branches whereon to ride
traverse the vernal rolling carpet of my life,
call up the bitter-joyful forms of memory's experience:
the calm blue sky sung by the prisoned poet,
painted cows in castle meadow, sunlight upon their backs,
rich velvet cloak, and cellist's sweeping arm,
the white swan dying, beautiful in song,
all the pure images that touched the growing heart.

Sad ghosts, have you returned?
You absinthe drinker, white, so ghastly pale.
Look at all the ballet dancers, barmaids all aglow,
mad waving field, rippled lily pond.
And there the lordly ones of childhood rhyme,
Fair phantoms of the magic woodland tale,
sprite and mountain troll, and elfin lullaby
whispered so long ago; stories of journeying
in countrees far and strange:
Aeneas and the shades, who . . .
like the drifting leaves of autumn, flocks of birds,
haunt the sad slopes of the forgetful river;
the Jew, tormented, wandering, blotched like Cain,
the restless mariner; spirit ships;
deathfires and tumuli; cairn and cross;
beleagured castle, chapel on the heath,
and the lost legion swallowed up in years . . .

ALL haunt the power line here,
 from other lands and time
 fantastically transported.

And the golden dog beneath the apple sky
 wonders why I should weep.
 He cannot see these shadows,
 or store their starlit language in his heart—
 only bark at the crackling twig,
 or looming shape, tricked by the moonlight gleam—
 he cannot see old ghosts.

SEVEN POEMS BY LEONA GOM

THE FOOD OF LOVE

The last record
 has been seduced into song
 by the delicate incision of the needle,
 which, when it has finished,
 detaches itself,
 and moves away.
 The machine,
 finding no new rhythms
 plunging for fulfillment
 on its silver spindle,
 turns
 itself
 off.

Simpler models, of course,
 can play only one record at a time,
 must be shut off externally,
 and do not even have
 a button called "reject."