

**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.