

### The Moon and The Wind

The clouds of my desire drive through  
The night like hounds. They do not bay  
The wolf at you,  
But go in silence far from day  
Beneath your moon. The cypress bends  
Its top along my way, and sends  
Some leaves to race along in my soul's dance.  
The pine that stands alone spears forth its lance.  
All move towards the west, and hunt the sun,  
Who leads all on and never will be won.

You do not move, your spirit stands,  
And leashes back this racing on  
For love. Your hands,  
As cold as your two horns, have done  
With servants of the fire. You shape  
The bowl, and let your dreams escape,  
To come to earth like dew. And when the rage  
Of flesh has blown its force, you bring your age  
Of purity to me, and calm the gale,  
So that its lustful progress starts to fail.

I would know fragments of your peace,  
Some quietness in my heart. The lake  
In its release  
From finger-tearing wind will make  
Your image in my depth more still,  
More like yourself, than present ill  
From all my driving waves. The male in me  
Thrusts on and on through your eternity:  
This power that apes the sun is far too strong,  
And must be stopped before it does you wrong.

— Ian MacLennan