The head of man is a bag of jewels
the ways of memory are
crusted with carbuncles, the eyes
an amazement of amethysts
and the stiff beliefs
crystal stalagmites in caves of cornelian

The head of man is a pomegranate
where secret thoughts in tiers
lie packed in a pink ichor

The head of man
is a jangle of garish dreams
with two blue holes in the middle
to let the sky shine in

The head of an old man
is a seed-pod of memories
that rattle in time’s wind

THE HEAD OF MAN

Stanley Mason