Second Movement

Deborah Fitzgerald*

*Iowa State University

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Abstract

once she knew of them, her death was sealed in a small copper box pinned to the edge of twilight where the skulls clunked forever reminding, it was hemmed in the seam of a golden robe — the cloak of some nameless child moving always moving closer to them...
SECOND MOVEMENT

by

Deborah Fitzgerald

English 3

I.

once she knew of them,
her death was sealed
in a small copper box
pinned to the edge of twilight
where the skulls clunked
forever reminding.

it was hemmed in the seam
of a golden robe—
the cloak of some nameless child
moving always
moving
closer to them.

II.

it could not be the night she feared,
where dreams flared
like a torch to straw
singeing the walls of her consciousness—
not that sweet womb
where visions, (those
fragile creatures, nearly unborn
with candles flickering, breathing
on the tips of their tongues)
visions tried to grow
too slowly—
visions on the brink.

[ 19 ]
it could not be the night—
though she walked like a shadow
following herself,
waiting for the match, a simple spark,
taunting
sneering at her back/
    haunting
    of the dreams that got away.

not the infinite night
when utter solitude
folded
thick waves of grief around her,
caressed the mortal skin
stretched over dry bones
    that remembered
being once very small
    and soft.
yet the night ran through her
    like cortisone—
washed moonlight over her soul
    with the tides,
    and silent suns
    whirred about her
in an inter-galactic waltz.
And in the night they sang to her
of visions she had not dreamed
    and children
she had not borne
and worlds
    no god had named—
    and she knew that knowing
could never be enough.
III.

once she knew
   of the journey to them,
    her heart bit fire
drew ashes in her eyes—
     all she had seen—
sealed forever
   in a small copper box.