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The Blue.

In the silence round you,
The high dark blue round the earth,
You can't find a theme if you like, or none;
If none, then that's the message
Your eyes will carry, their light the pale light,
Your touch that of hands
Left in space, like darkness on darkness,
With nothing to reflect them.

But if the message you bear
Is continuous and long, and glows
And stays in the sky like someone
Always there but never known, the breeze
That touches the leaves at night and then
Is done, the bird that alone in the tree
Dwells on his theme, the hawk that
Wheels in the silence above, then the
Light, like the blue of the sky
Always there behind the storms and
Turns of fate, will be in your eyes,
Though it may not be seen.

Fishing Boats at Fiumicino.

Below the cobbled pier, asleep