WONG MAY

POSTSCRIPT

Nothing entirely fades but it bleaches also : a steak-size chunk, It falls open & stays

So, like a window. If ever I shift I see the far roof Where a boiled sweet pulses

runs on to colour The stained-glass cows as Perhaps only sunsets can, crowning the last hour Blood-shot through low clouds;

Juggler, Who at our path's crossing holds Cow & Gate, flame-edged & Leaded.

If ever my feet dragged I moved on, at leisure Met a horse, a pair of grouse, Was civil Thought the horse's eyes expressive but more unknowable Than the ears or mane. I pass on.

If younger I have missed you in the long field Where all was fierce & jubilant — there's panic Panic & no pain in youth. Younger I could not have missed you.