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Salome: A Roundel

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Salome
A Roundel

Salome was she highte ... only a name, an auricular mite ...
But a name, bisyllable breath, a sound that soon dies ...
But a name, a moment's vibration, a witchening wight,
Salome was she highte ...

Salome's but a name ... but once it was music, and eyes
That were bright with the rain in the night and the light
Of a tow'r ... and her liquid black hair gave the stars of the skies
A mirror to mime the memorable sight
That made them all jewels, celestial prize,
Gave a ponderous pedant a perilous plight ...
Salome was she highte.

Clarence Amann

Chance

Few hearts have met — kind of cue-balled together
by that Third Party.
But when met, Love rebounds.
Waiting, my soul's closed roundness relaxes for the impact ...
And as time wobbles by, the felt greeness of my hope fades slightly
in the afternoon sunlight.

Anonymous

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