

Macbeth's Head

And Also The Trees

How beautiful and unexpected it was
To wake and see the snow
Butterflying in through the open window,
Sand-dune drifting towards his feet,
Blanketing his room
Covering his heirlooms
And scattered things, all smashed up and sad
He felt so glad that they were gone
But still there beneath the snow.

With Macbeth's clay-red arm around his neck,
He said- 'remember...don't forget where you are...
you're with me-'
His clay-red arm like the muddy river
That rambles through the reeking town
Reaching for the sea.

Macbeth's head
Full of clover and the town below
Unaware of the time and the silent snow.
Macbeth's head
Full of barking dogs
The churis in rags, their cloaks
The heads of stags clashing antlers...
Their cloaks billowing down
The silvery hills of sleep.

Macbeth's head
Blows a silver horn of dented stars
Across the misty heath
But, 'come back' he couldn't say.
Macbeth's head
In the emerald eyes of dark women
Barefoot on the wharf,
The north winds sing-song singing
Through the gorse.
Macbeth's head
Down in the streets below
Blissfully unaware of the virgin snow
His purple tongue locked inside his mouth
Shouting drunken at the clouds
And a voice echoes through the landslide town
Beneath the bracelet bridge...
Macbeth's arm tenses round his neck-
Don't forget, don't forget.
Macbeth's head
Full of the smell of stone.
Falls from the satin sky
His closed eyes
His eyelids open...
Macbeth's arm tenses round his neck-
...Don't forget.,
Don't forget.

And how beautiful and unexpected it was
To wake and see the snow.