

## Wind Quartets

Marc Bolan

The wind quartet howls softly  
My jeep hand strokes her necklace  
Crusted, crammed with old Etruscan gold.

Her bird head torn with summer  
Inspects a Spartan runner  
Robbing time a chosen Prince of Speed

My goblet drenched with Autumn  
Tears for my dead cat Ena  
Silver Surfer sorcerer of spray.

She headed deep in chartreuse  
A falcon glimpse of white teeth  
Separated by lace cinnamon folds.

We hid and rid in hansom  
Cab wrenched from lost Byzantium  
Lordlett who once held the earth In chains