

TWO POEMS



Chris Wallace-Crabbe

WILL YE NO COME BACK AGAIN?

Music talks directly to the gods,
its marrow somewhere far to the north of meaning,
like a spectral dog at the end of your backyard,
not where it's really at,
in a material form.

The *Jahrzeit* burns down yellow and low.
They will not come back again;
yet music glides in under the roof-tree
and yearningly plunders the past.

It can turn your poor heart over
or simply touch the skies
with a dry finger.
A trumpet flares, or a liquorice clarinet;
the piano creeps in under your second skin;
and the dead are suddenly walking
through our pale bodies
like frost or influenza,

enabled all of a sudden, wet with tears,
plucked out of limbo, purely because
music spoke directly to the gods.

SEASIDE BURIAL

There are strange little dints in our lawn
Where we buried the old dog fox;
He had come to our garden to die
And this was the least we could do.

In his magnificent pelt
He lay there, freshly dead
Near the fruitless nectarine:
He had come down out of the hills

Where he had hunted for years
To our holiday back lawn.
We piously put him to earth.
There are dints in our back lawn.

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