

INTERIM

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Grieving because the work of words is ended,
In gloom the poet lies lazy in the sun
Where the poem was torn from his side. Warm and trembling,
He shed the slow years of light from the bright wound.

Day fades and the mysterious symbol of death fills the room.
Now the margin of midnight darkens the solitary hour.
In the iciclic cold, his fears lengthen across the silence
Stifling the captured happiness of the song.

What does the poem recall? On the wall is a picture
By an artist who forgot the sun and birds and trees,
Except one hewn into a cross and two limitations,
Holding in nailed sequence the outstretched arms of men.

The poem walks in quiet over the invisible, private world
Of his wilderness, carrying the music of memory
Until the light again appears with staring eyes
To a poet lonely as a god who must love all men.