

# THE SUNSET FLESH OF SIMPLE LAMENT

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A gun to lean an elbow on.  
A bayonet to pick a lock.  
Were we not chained to Amiens  
we'd track a purple wilderness  
as rhododendron root of little  
interest to birds of pray.  
In surrounding the sun,  
the stripping of blossoms has begun.  
The blossom is aware of its own death,  
observed only by oriental  
warriors falling from its life.  
The sunset flesh of simple lament.  
Margins run heavy with water.  
The rivers they make of roads  
we tramp in picaresque dissolution,  
of saxifrage that pinkens winter  
and withers leaves the size of elephant  
ears. The aviary constituents are nosing  
dirt for convicts that could  
wear a link to iron. Their kingdom  
for some soap. But no, the leg iron  
bleeds a little convict and Indian  
soapberries survive the winter.  
Soap is their last defence against  
birds that will enter winter having  
only to walk among the whitened globes.  
But only when starving and feathers  
are rotten cloth will they eat what tastes  
so clean it is droppings from heaven.