Salome: A Roundel

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Salome
A Roundel

Salome was she highte ... only a name, an auricular mite ... But a name, bisyllable breath, a sound that soon dies ... But a name, a moment's vibration, a witchening wight, Salome was she highte ...

Salome's but a name ... but once it was music, and eyes That were bright with the rain in the night and the light Of a tow'r ... and her liquid black hair gave the stars of the skies A mirror to mime the memorable sight That made them all jewels, celestial prize, Gave a ponderous pedant a perilous plight ... Salome was she highte.

Clarence Amann

Chance

Few hearts have met — kind of cue-balled together by that Third Party. But when met, Love rebounded. Waiting, my soul's closed roundness relaxes for the impact ... And as time wobbles by, the felt greeness of my hope fades slightly in the afternoon sunlight.

Anonymous