

# The Angle

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## Threnody

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## Threnody

### Cover Page Footnote

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# as child i stood

as child i stood,  
chin-high to polished sill.  
parlordark stood round me,  
her hands mothersoft on my shoulders.

bed-ready i stood,  
secure in footed sleepers.  
my silver breath piled slow  
from the window corner:  
i told me strange and many things  
in lovely lettering  
that only childhood could read.

and streetlight stood,  
star-high to the windy elm.  
white-jewel snow swirled round him  
and was as lovely in his light  
as his light was lovely  
because of her.

as child i stood,  
and told me with my breath  
"they must be loving"

*ray pavelsky*

## THRENODY

When sun shone young and grass was firey green  
and sky rang brilliant blue with singing birds  
when stars' first fires winked night's gentle caress  
and secret longing stirred a summer earth  
while barefoot through the sand all diamond white  
and running as the wind smiled through her hair  
the moon playing his tricks upon her face  
reflected in her eyes his stolen light  
it was that night I made my own true choice  
or thought the choice I made was my own true.  
But now a few short years have turned me old  
and scream my madness in a new-found night  
no longer sweet with mystery but too clear  
to eyes haunted by dreams of crisp brown leaves.  
when stars' first fires winked night's gentle caress

*jack vorrasi*