

AND I REMEMBERED DR. SCHWEITZER

(A Memorial)

It was September 4th. The last letter
From Lambarene came that morning. He was still
On my mind as the mountains withdrew behind late afternoon smoke.

Then something
Burrowed in my bangs, tangled, made me shiver,
Some alien crawling thing!
Revulsion raced down my arms, tingled my fingers,
Switched on electrical networks in my spine.
My hand tore through my hair,
Brought out a tiny broken form—
Green silk wings, finer than royal trousseau lace—
And the eyes—minute garnets holding light like magnets.
Even now they would glow until they crumbled. I longed
To plant them like pomegranite seeds, to reweave
The iridescent loops. The west rumbled, wet leaves
And falling sun spilled down.
My palm filled
With hot vivid garnet tears from all the creature's kind.
And mingled in for something maybe kin
Were mine.