

*Discord in Childhood*

Outside the house an ash tree hung its terrible whips,  
And at night when the wind rose, the lash of the tree  
Shrieked and slashed the wind, as a ship's  
Weird rigging in a storm shrieks hideously.

Within the house two voices arose, a slender lash  
Whistling she-delirious rage, and the dreadful sound  
Of a male thong booming and bruising, until it had drowned  
The other voice in a silence of blood, 'neath the noise of the ash.

*Cherry Robbers*

Under the long dark boughs, like jewels red  
    In the hair of an Eastern girl  
Hang strings of crimson cherries, as if had bled  
    Blood-drops beneath each curl.

Under the glistening cherries, with folded wings  
    Three dead birds lie:  
Pale-breasted throistles and a blackbird, robberlings  
    Stained with red dye.

Against the haystack a girl stands laughing at me,  
    Cherries hung round her ears.  
Offers me her scarlet fruit: I will see  
    If she has any tears.

*Dream-Confused*

Is that the moon  
At the window so big and red?  
No-one in the room?  
No-one near the bed?

Listen, her shoon  
Palpitating down the stair!  
— Or a beat of wings at the window there?