



*A slopeshouldered shape from scurrying burdens
Backward and forth, or perhaps a lyre
Or a defwrung wry in tuning untunable tones,
Or a knot for tugging an out-of-hand*

*Vine to the trellis in clerical gardens:
Sweetness & light, ice & fire,
Nature & art have dissocketed all your bones,
Porter, poor pander ampersand*

Richard Wilbur