

Veil of Blue

A veil of blue
Scarred first with white
which turns to grey and then
through phoenix blood of fire and sun
to shapeless black, and black
itself the sky, now, the bed
of a thousand shining song-
strung stars alight with sleepless night
the also-songful souls enamoured of
the view below with necks that
cry of craning up; and love,
they cannot see enough except
to be the sky which stabbed of late
by moon and star that share the
fitful feeling of a sky
which plunges deep
into the blanket
under which they lie