

## A WORD PICTURE

If  
 we start  
 with the sun  
 in the  
 sky  
 looking  
 down  
 through an angry veil  
 where the hammers of Thor prevail  
 on the windswept sea and sail  
 and begin to question why

In  
 a little  
 cottage wild  
 stands a man  
 sits a muse  
 lays a child  
 over cliff-edged shores that will soon  
 claim the early-spent tangible ruin of the  
 babe now become heaven's boon as the shore meets  
 the roughening sea.

now from  
 deep in the heart  
 of the man wrenched  
 and wretched in  
 sorrow's own  
 joy flow  
 the

sword-freed words  
 of the  
 inner man made pliant and pointed as for some toy  
 to dally with conjure with if he can to add bitter metal  
 to sorrow's alloy:

Oh, what sweet muse your name did give  
 To me when faced with salutation there;  
 But newly born and newly made aware  
 Your heart to ways of men not sensitive?  
 Could those your dancing eyes of green forgive  
 My want of splendor here then to compare  
 With that sweet clime you left to be my heir  
 And lie in waiting for a name to live?  
 Sweet sentiment like honey from the horn  
 Flowed out from springs I thought had long been lost  
 And wrote before my eyes on that fair morn  
 Your name, my boon, and now my cost.  
 A name unspoken save from heart to heart.

—CHOYA—