

Marc Bolan, Wind Quartets

The wind quartet howls softly
My jeep hand strokes her necklace
Crusted, crammed with old Etruscan gold.

Her bird head torn with summer
Inspects a Spartan runner
Robbing time a chosen Prince of Speed

My goblet drenched with Autumn
Tears for my dead cat Ena
Silver Surfer sorcerer of spray.

She headed deep in chartreuse
A falcon glimpse of white teeth
Separated by lace cinnamon folds.

We hid and rid in hansom
Cab wrenched from lost Byzantium
Lordlett who once held the earth In chains