

Slapp Happy, Slow Moon's Rose

Now that the slow moons rose
On a silver trellis grows,
Where arctic rivers froze,
Now that the ocean is frozen in motion,
Snow morning comes.
And the birds on the wing
Have nothing left to sing
Blown in blue glass like a schooner held fast on the ice.
Besides that river where I picked, the slow moons rose -
I watched the evening wither with a jewel at the end of my nose.
Tell-tale snails leave their trails,
Running from hunters' black blunderbuss under the sun.