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## Chimera in Virga and Voice

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DAN BEACHY-QUICK

*Chimera in Virga and Voice*

mercury will merge this startle  
    ravening in clouds a  
    poem not Nature cannot be  
half-murmuring the elements I think  
the mountains for love sleep and hover  
    above the lawns in havoc  
those poppies you small doors you roses  
    unlocked by wind if worthy—  
    if worthy, let me in—  
blossoms unpetaled but thunder blooms  
    my child awake she's thirsty always  
    she is not for crying she asks How  
I am not, not born, not yet, and why  
    her empty bed      my eye  
become the cloud in darkening volumes  
    a promise above the blank  
parch of prairie where no peace  
    save rainburst sings  
    lullaby unstable in deep layers  
storm swallowing itself as no drop  
    falls the whole symphony  
    narrowing deluge into one cello  
note less heat than melody not heard  
in dust my ear the half deaf earth

the dutch town half dead spoke  
major in his ear, my grandfather,  
the sabbath candles in the chimneys  
rose holy the longhaired beauty  
in cloud he could not see  
sky through strands nor see  
in shapeless cloud a face in stratus  
form comfort from months in storm  
such ash rains dark on streets  
we plod on braids of whom we love  
loved might have loved loved wind  
when wind thins cloud that light-limned  
crease is his daughter's eye so soon  
to wake such years  
in war the sea whispers "major,  
a parcel from your wife, a record"—  
phonograph—"yes, major"—and leave  
out the needle her voice his  
child he does not know speaking—  
mother showed me your photo  
your face its cloudy here you should  
come home in the air I'm practicing  
memory he mouths bright words she  
sings her hebrew night in prayer