

## VI

*Pavane: Anubis*

I give the green-fruit  
try for transcendence.

These the gifts, this the dance  
those the people believing.

I long as corn  
jackal-headed corn,

scale the heart, feed the dogs  
those the people believing.

Thin limbs

with skirt and flail

foot following flute,

the dancers part

ethic and image

those the people believing.

## VII

*from Cavalcanti*

A lady is pregnant, so I must sing  
of some wild passion – the saleable type,  
love, straight as a needle, blunt at the tip –  
an accident, and a well plotted thing.  
It grows, from the damaged area  
the part, behind the eyes, where thoughts reside.  
It is, despite belief, a parasite –  
devours reason, exudes hysteria.  
You remember – what you have never known –  
a crimson cloth, a sentimental song,  
it spreads its choler, along the phloem,  
causing men to bark, when they mean to sing.  
There is no cure, but it can show mercy,  
infect another, or kill you quickly.