

IN THE RED HOUSE

We dream of deliverance, easily of wilderness, air
Untainted by names,
Of mountains transcended,
Ocean before us,

Not easily of barrens bone-smooth of all but sand
The wind exalts,
Shroud-shawls lifted like lint whipt from the loom
Over our eyes
And into the hands
That joy of consent
Upturns to receive them.

Deliverers are dreaming loftier vantage, heal-all
Of plotted paths,
Horizon walls,
Height more secure

Than Alhambra's that in fragrance of tuberose and rose
On its bastions of balconies
Looked to a lowland roaring silence of dust
Over smouldering light
Of armies of deliverance
Coming to the parapet of gardens
Unready to receive them.

Brewster Ghiselin

(10/7/85)