THE TWO FIRES

Among green shrubs and flowering glows, the remembrances of
honesty of the holy unwearying seed.

Jingle falling fountains made of time, that bore
down the holy seed that knew no time—

Left you, ghosts in the ghastly of summer days,
you are dead as things you never had been.

She takes his caught on fire, and you too burn;
lost, burned, silence and the bright crevices
set new the insubstantial wavering fire
in which this dies the final pyre
of the beloved, the bridegroom and the bride.
These two we have denied.

In the beginning was the fire;
Out of the death of fire, rock and the waters;
and out of water and rock, the single spark, the divine truth,
Fire, far below, the millions of rock-years divide
To make a place for those who were born and died
and build the house that held the bridegroom and the bride.
These two, who refused in passion in the flower,
when still the hollow seashore celebrative,
no ritual now can recreate.

Whirlt separate in the man-created fire
their cycles end, with the cycle of the holy seed;
the cycle from the first to the last fire,
These three now can divide;
these three have died.

And walking here among the dying centuries—
the narrative of ears, of fires, of creed,
of the towering tree—the creature of the flower—
I pass the white waters falls from the face of the rock.
My father rock, do you forget the kingdom of the fire?
The moon brings you into bread—
into the soil, that feeds the living and transforms the dead;
and have we eaten in the heart of the yellow wheat
the fallen unforgotten seed of fire?

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And now, we free by the climate of Sex's bane,
that seen sets time ablaze.
The leaves of fallen years, the forest of living days,
have caught like matchwood. Look, the whole world burns.
The ancient kingdom of the fire returns.
And the world, that flower that housed the bridegroom and the bride,
burns on the breast of night.
The world's denied.