

The echoes of laughter, prone to enter
among my downturned notes and bending sighs,
deflect the gloom of dry soliloquy.
We'll talk in a tone with no chuckle barred.

Others have tongues of fire. Mine that's earthen
comes dripping up from the well, is given
to telling of stories, however lu-
gubrious, which bubbles of wit will break.

Would a body soar abroad, so long an
implement to hand? Yes say the painters
of heaven, where even in the presence
cherubim relish the sliding of me.

