

THE VALLEY OF THE BLACK PIG
the valley of the black pig

The dewS drop slowly and dreamS gather:
unknown spears
suddenly hurtle before my dream-awakened eyes,
and then the clash of fallen horsemen and the cries
of unknown perishing armies beat about my ears.

We who still labor by the cromlech on the shore,
the grey cairn on the hill, when day sinks drowned in dew
being wearied of the world's empires, bow down to you,
Master of the still stars and of the flaming door.