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Glimmer Man

David Sparenberg

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Glimmer Man

This I vow,
To care fame with each thrust of Pelian ash.
All I know of life lies in a well-forged blade.
And like a babe fresh from its mother's womb,
The child blood-soaked and choking for breath,
So, too, am I born--reborn--each battle
And swaddled in the gleaming gear of Hephaestus,
Cunning with fire and hammer and anvil.

The dust of combat my choke others,
But to me--incense for dark-stalking Ares.

I see Trojans arraying themselves upon Ilium's walls
And readying their arrows for me.
Let them cast the feathered shafts,
So much chaff, I say.
Greet me as one, or together,
So long as spear and sword meet--
Wrath to wrath, will to will.

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Glimmer Man

by

David Sparenberg

I am from between the hills,
where the valleys slope and dip.

I am from the gray mist made:
body of man, clothes of a traveler.

I am from beyond the river,
to the west of the west of here.

From a cloud to the right of sorrow,
from a beam to the left of joy;

where a tear is long and slow in falling

and a kiss is stronger still.

Behold me now, for I am here;
behold me not, for I am gone,

between the dreams of time and space
to a place in a knot of thread.

I am the glimmer man, in twilight walking,
telling tales of the lives of the dead.

Behold me now, now that I am;
behold me not, beyond life's bend