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Brides of Sealmen / Rites of Union

Janet P. Reedman

David Sparenberg

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Abstract

Brides of Sealmen: Loneliness breeds strange fancies in girls grown too old for love Rites of Union: Am I but one rhythm? Are my rhythms not multiple as air's motions?

Additional Keywords

Poetry; Brides of Sealmen; Rites of Union; Janet P. Reedman; David Sparenberg

BRIDES OF SEALMEN

by Janet P. Reedman

Loneliness breeds strange fancies
in girls grown too old for love,
never given tenderness,
neglected and ignored.

Wind tugging on their tresses,
they carry votive offerings
down to a hungry sea,
the sea that is their hope.

They kneel in Dark of the Moon,
unbinding mouse-brown braids,
unlacing stiff white bodices
to show old Father Sea
what other men had scorned.

Breakers rush about them,
embracing virginal flesh
while seals leap through the foam,
playful and amorous in the spray.

When nine Moons have faded,
babes wail in mothers' arms.
Girls untouched by mortal men,
smile sly and sweet behind their hands,
and seek the rushing tides
where sealmen await their wives.

rites of union

by David Sparenberg

Am I but one rhythm?
Are my rhythms not multiple
as air's motions?
Being man, made in the image
of the imageless, are the
flowers' swaying spectrums not my own,
the ocean's rocking love-dance,
caressing and releasing winding shores?
This rhythm is the rhythm
of the bird song, of moon as she
wanders the night sky, dressed
in the gown of her companion's
fading aura. Also mine--
whispers in tall pines, blanket
of the sun, sunspears, clouds
in their mystery dramas; meta-
morphoses of silent songs.
For rhythm hides and reveals
in the elusive undulations
of dynamic presence: rhythms
of the eyes, body's
circulation, blood to the heart
and brain, and rhythms
of these separate breathings.
My rhythm
is with water, light and shadow,
dust and lion, with the pawing
of the bull, bullfrog, and struggle
of the tiny ant;
with the antelope and bush, desert
and with grassland and with garden, garden
where I dream the dialogue
of God's dance
and the rhythms of completion
we call woman.

I have laid down aggression
face of beauty, taken up
salvation's chant; have,
for the sake of your blossoms
that will pollinate our future,
dissolved the will to power,
broken idols, weapons, to move
in peace on earth. Embrace,
with your sweet color,
this fire that burns
like oozing honey,
O mirror! candle
out of darkness calling.
We are running
running wax.