

SHELLEY

1.

Glamoured faces
Peered through brackish smoke
At the gosling boy
Ember-riddled, golden.

It was heady, necromantic work
To perform a deed so joyful, so obscene:
Sifting an asbestos heart for souvenir
As Byron sulked behind a tepid wave.

2.

Glow through the storied night, iron furnace, crucible,
Render the matter down to a vulgar glitter:
The legend dulls like a beard of tin
Tacked to the chin of a skull.

Yet we still bend to it
thrust our hands among the smoking mirrors
drag the anvils near.