

So ride, messiah, to your glory—
 A hand shall be withheld from hosannas
 To finger the beads.
 We could not endure the irony
 That your warpaint by Revlon
 Betokens the traitor's kiss.

O QUAM TE MEMOREM VIRGO

R. J. Schoeck

I.

On the winding stair of the wind
 raised steeply from the beach
 she stood with sungold in her brown-dark hair,
 in the crystal cold of winter air
 reaching close to the wing-borne cry
 of gulls frozen over the light-deep sea,
 all waiting stands in her eyes,
 all love lives warm in her waiting.

II.

She stood alone on the stair
 and lifted one half-open hand to wave.
 There were no tears—
 only the broken cry in her face.