

TRILL OF THE BLOOD'S WIRE

Trill of the blood's wire
I sing of you and of
unbuttressed full-bosomed
and semi-butressed women
of the snorting animal
in me; and of the delights
of spirit, words finely wrought
enmeshed which also trill
in the soul's wire, of marriage
holy, full-throated song
burst forth, eagle and nightingale,
flesh and fleshless.
Song of the seamstress
rising above the hum and whir
of industrial Singers
and song of the bard
without end, song entwined in song
wrapped, enraptured;
song enwrapped in the flesh
song burst forth from ruptured death
which will not rest
sing of the blood's trill
and spirits trill
of two become one, His burning Will.

— *Ken Samberg*