

Angela and the Gypsy

By Ian Lam

Midnight's cloak covers the crescent
above ivory tiles
melting into dark tears
of pebbles and stones.
Ripples of orchestral voices
ring in concrete mazes.
Tambourine strikes the white skies
to harmonic dissonance.

Angela is drinking
dreams in her room.
In the iron cage freezes
the silent lark.
Oh! How clear is the mirror!
How pretty the serpent
with smooth silver skin
and searing sockets!
Round the candle spirally
wraps her reflection.
Her white flower dress sheds
petals in the red rosy pool.
Fishes drink the snow
melting from her belly.
First of seven eyes bleeds
to soak her reflection.
Moonlight lady dances in a box
to the mechanical music.

The gypsy, silver and deaf,
closes the Door of Fate.
Misty fingers weave
broken silk into strings.
Through his full moon eyes
two mingled shadows close.

Cocks crow to spilled darkness
on the bishop's ship.
Silent whistle breathes
black mist on the sea.
Now the night swallows,
now the shadows feast.
Silver mirrors sink

like children's pebbles
into deep waters
thick as pig's blood.