



sunday

sunday bonnet

smoke my dope
dent my fenders
sunday bonnet lady

see your love man's dream
sweet gold feathered eggs
nest of sirens singing
fire saints ascent

this snow morning
pierce my eyes
with swiftest daggers
your altar throne of light

light to dwell in
shade of bonnets
kiss of sirens

my morning starling rises
as before
wakened
by your sunday bonnet smile

-- B. O'Driscoll
Winter 1966
New York City

[109]