

BRENDAN CONSTANTINE

In the Ear of Our Lord

I thought you said you love
the coal train's horn
 the loneliest monk
playing piano Such distinct
sounds I had to wonder how
you knew to love them

In the beginning was the whir
I thought you said & the whir
was good

Didn't you say each verse
should end on a pyramid
 Now
the crowds are coming home
Cross our eyes & dot our lines
I could swear you said the time
was wow
 the time handsome

Hark that horn the monk's
lonely fingers Doesn't it just
break your harp
 None of us
will be re-embered

Free alas you said free alas