

Poetry

Old Heroes Prayer

by

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I must go to sleep in the universe
Perpetuating dreams and illusions
Cut loose from the high walls of silent cities
You mother whose breast is bleeding
Feed me, the captain of a wrecked ship!
Break loose the tarmac of the skies
Let me kiss these crimson dawns;

And then when all is ended
Give birth to a younger son
He whose strong will traverses the earth with fire
Carrying the marble heads of the beheaded gods
Make him inherit their vast wooden thrones,
Then turn them into gold!
We who are the legends of the earth
Must shape our dreams from his truths-
And boast their ceremonial symbols,
Then we shall overcome the night and fear
To mould our dawn into the monuments of the morning!