

D.H. Lawrence Ghazal

by Bill Yarrow

D.H. LAWRENCE GHAZAL[1]

How many shadows in your soul? Close your eyes, my love, let me
make you blind as the wings of a drenched, drowned bee.

The street lamps in the darkness have suddenly started to bleed.
The hoar-frost crumbles in the sun like the wings of a drenched,
drowned bee.

The sick grapes on the chair by the bed, the silk obscure leaves...
Taste, oh taste, and let me taste the wings of a drenched, drowned
bee.

A wet birdwalks on the lawn like a needle steadfastly. See
the laburnum shimmering like the wings of a drenched, drowned
bee.

I who am substance of shadow, I all compact, I own that some of me
is dead tonight as the wings of a drenched, drowned bee.

My beautiful, lonely body, tired and unsatisfied—I wish I bore it
more patiently
as dolphins that leap from the sea, as the wings of a drenched,
drowned bee.

She bade me follow to her garden where Death has delivered us
utterly
full of disappointment and of rain as the wings of a drenched,
drowned bee.

Further down the valley the clustered tombstones recede.
My soul lies helpless as the wings of a drenched, drowned bee.

The thought of the lipless voice of the Father shakes me with filigree
and uncanny cold like the wings of a drenched, drowned bee.

The Angel of Judgment has departed again to the Nearness, but
surely
my soul's best dream is still the wings of a drenched, drowned bee.

You are strong and passive and beautiful. I will give you all my keys,
you with your face all rich like the wings of a drenched, drowned
bee.

[1] A ghazal made from phrases and lines in poems from *Amores* by D.H. Lawrence. SOURCES: • A wet bird walks on the lawn ("A Passing Bell") • As dolphins that leap from the sea ("The Mystic Blue") • As the wings of a drenched, drowned bee ("A Baby Asleep after Pain") • But surely my soul's best dream is still ("Excursion") • Close your eyes, my love, let me make you blind ("A Spiritual Woman") • Death has delivered us utterly ("Brother and Sister") • Full of disappointment and of rain ("Ballad of Another Ophelia") • Further down the valley the clustered tombstones recede ("At the Window") • How many shadows in your soul? ("In a Boat") • I own that some of me is dead to-night ("The End") • I will give you all my keys ("Tease") • I wish I bore it more patiently ("Study") • I who am substance of shadow, I all compact ("Blue") • Like a needle steadfastly ("Patience") • My beautiful, lonely body tired and unsatisfied ("Virgin Youth") • My soul lies helpless ("The Virgin Mother") • See the laburnum shimmering ("Drunk") • She bade me follow to her garden, where ("Snap-Dragon") • Taste, oh taste and let me taste ("Liaison") • The Angel of Judgment has departed again to the Nearness ("The Punisher") • The hoar-frost crumbles in the sun ("Anxiety") • The sick grapes on the chair by the bed ("Malade") • The silk, obscure leaves ("Mating") • The street lamps

in the darkness have suddenly started to bleed ("At the Window") •
The thought of the lipless voice of the Father shakes me
("Monologue of a Mother") • With filigree and uncanny cold ("The
Bride") • You are strong and passive and beautiful ("Reproach") •
You with your face all rich ("Scent of Irises")

