

## *GUILT*

I have no vulture sins, God,  
That overhang my sky,  
To climb, grey-feathering the air,  
And swoop carnivorously.

It's just the tiny sins, God,  
That from memory appear  
Like tedious buzzing flies to dart  
Like static through my prayer.

## *DEATH*

Death is the great forget, they said,  
A mindless, restful leaving  
Of all consciousness and care  
In a vast unweaving.

And so I waited, cramped and still,  
For approaching Death to bring  
Forgetfulness — but all he brought  
Was a huge remembering.