

Sylvia Ruth

*VILLANELLE
FOR OUR ELDER
BROTHER*

give shouting that he swallowed up the moat.
(the serpent he devoured and siphoned in)
and that he steered the river with no boat.

give singing that he made our dusk, a float.
(our night become a sphere where days begin)
give shouting that he swallowed up the moat.

give thanking that he challenged the moist throat.
(one, bribed by sleep, who made of him no kin)
and that he steered the river with no boat.

give thinking that he ventured without rote.
(became a boarder in the hostile inn)
give shouting that he swallowed up the moat.

give silence that he sees them split his coat;
divide his flesh, his blood debate, and grin.
and that he steered the river with no boat.

death is undying through the antidote;
flesh made unflesh becomes as primal skin.
give shouting that he swallowed up the moat,
and that he steered the river with no boat.