



Endings

Things do not explode, they fail, they fade,

as sunlight fades from the flesh, as the foam drains quick in the sand,

even love's lightning flash has no thunderous end,

it dies with the sound of flowers fading like the flesh

from sweating pumice stone, everything shapes this

till we are left with the silence that surrounds Beethover

2

Midsummer, Takego

Broad sun-stoned by

White I

from the so menting house writing it was a August.

That outgrant ke daughters,

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Kin.

a Attin, and twasp exess; but it sevens were not loved the pien of kees But this has moved

past love to liania. This has the strong clench of the madman, this is gripping the ledge of unreason, before plunging howling into the abyss.

Hold hard then, heart. This way at least you live.

WALCOTT SONGS

for mezzo-soprano and cello







2. Midsummer, Tobago



Walcott Songs 5



