

Sometimes, When Thirsty
Adam Walters

For Reginald Shepherd

You on Easter nights, Easter at least
in Santiago, you, the dark trilling,
pitched between mountains,
opulence of the starline now,
beyond all hyacinths of science,
the keener dessications, the *nochebuena* shine.

One grows tired, out here
among the flowers, one grows tired.
All things labour under their weight
the old complicity, the slow
encroachments of the blood.
One knows the flip-side of this passion,
night's forgiveness, eternal verity
of the water's smile.