

A Rose for Miguel

Pale Gordon rides through the antique lace
Which guards the castle gate.
Miguel's wife, locked in her husband's house,
Steps soft in pregnant weight.

Pale Gordon rides with a still-wet heart
Tied tight to his saddle horn.
A rose lies dead by the garden wall.
Miguel's wife's eyes weep thorns.

Miguel's wife shatters the eyes in her head
On the gold she wears on her hand.
Pale Gordon beats at the bedroom door
Bound shut with a golden band.

In the shining moon a rose lies dead,
Pruned down by the death of a dream.
On the glass of her kitchen window panes
Miguel's wife etches a scream.

Miguel's wife sways in her empty gown.
Pale Gordon hides in his cave.
The moon wears a crown of tears like thorns
From the rose on Miguel's grave.

George Hepworth

