



Frank Enos

Soft Ropes

Lady, don't cry.
This is not cold weather;
it's only the howl of Celtic voices
chilling the thin mountain air.
sliding down our ears
like a crisp October breeze,
they cut a path that leads
to the center of the brain.

There,
in chill desperation
and protestant perfection, we sacrifice burnt offerings
and choruses of hallelujahs
to the greedy November god;
knowing that earnest prayer
will bring warm and liquid
springs,
we offer you
Thanks and the snow soft ropes of the may pole

Published 1985

Our Western Worlds Most Beautiful Poems