**The Alluvial Sky**

Piet Nieuwland

Young birds stretch

The sky is a chandelier, diamond flakes

An embarrassment of roses

In a furiously tender confusion

Of syrups squeezed from between our thighs

Rolling with the sweet wheel of time in

A talking garden where memory speaks only of memory

Of shelter we sought in a Greek Café on Pershing Square

From the dark misleading streets of Knollwood Drive

Your love, a pearl of that neighbourhood

A still pool of white nuptial light

Between a double row of deeply bowing Cypresses

At peace with the sea, the white gloved hand of the sea

The marble sea below a deck, dinner table

Set for daughters, granddaughter, sisters, and son

On how to solve the problems of the world, with life before us

When we all go down to the beach with nothing to lose but living

In varieties of subtropical English