

# Four Poems

by [Michael Shindler](#) (October 2020)



*Large Poppies*, Emile Nolde, 1942

Away

'Away, away to Apollo's bay,'  
Sang the strife-worn choir.  
'Away, away there'll we stray  
Singing mad to Apollo's lyre.

'Flower petals are fine indeed,  
But finer are the fingers of death;  
From fear of fate are we freed  
And the flowers fall in our breath.

'Away, we've gone to Apollo's bay  
And the music is a flower-fire;  
Away, we've seen the petals stray  
And all that's left is Apollo's ire.'

### Red are the Flowers

Red are the flowers that crown  
The heads of the dying and dead,  
That root in the grave, bloom in bed.

Regard a shawl, a glove, a gown.  
Times passes, their colors are bled;  
Red are the flowers that crown  
The heads of the dying and dead.

### The Clock

The clock strikes soon across the way  
And the spinsters long-life-bound swoon:  
Their hero has cried in a play:  
'The clock strikes soon.'

The orchestra offers a tune,  
But the hero won't hear nor stay;  
He must go to his fate at noon.

His flesh is of a flaking clay  
And his blood was blessed by the moon,  
And though the swooning spinsters pray,  
The clock strikes soon.

### Alone

Alone on a violet stone

Sat a statue of an eagle at rest:  
In the dawn its underwings shone  
And gold anointed its crest.

A day the sun beat down on the bird  
And yet it would not wake:  
It beat and beat but not a wing stirred  
And dejected it fell to the lake.

At last the living moon arose  
And its light came and went.  
The eagle flapped its wings in throes  
And slipping, began its descent.

In the lake the eagle dived  
And its stone crumbled in the wind.  
Yet in the lake the sun survived  
And lived with the eagle though it had sinned.

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