

Liza tango and tendresse  
Your Tempest of wild hair  
Your piano keys plucking out fine voices  
Your wry humour straying into the logical  
Mongrel intellectual and rebellious artist,  
Faithful friend , friend of faith

Friend of weakness, enemy of the facile  
Compagnonnne des temps anciens et modernes  
Psaume vivante  
Priere creased on lips  
Lunches in regular rhythm  
Hurt stamen, bowed despite.

No despair reaches into your winter garden  
Snow softens all steps, rounds all wounds  
Hushes even the brightest stars  
Chills seeds, humus and the octave of your heart

Words sparkle , specks of life lived and past  
Lived in the past, lived now reliving  
Reliving in your snowy garden, where  
Time is sowing its slow seeds and the sky is  
Lowering to meet the white bosom of earth

Bared , blanketed, flakes cushion your fall  
Crystals twist round your eyes ,  
A child strays into your winter harmony;

Steps deliciously into deep virgin snow:  
Crunches hard balls of snow and rolls  
In the white welcome.

You come home not in the rain or in the burning sun but in the  
Garments of the virgin, the queen and the baby,  
White swaddling bands curve mellow paths  
Over your prone body. Soon the snow and the earth, the flakes and the  
stars, the crystals gripping the skeletal leaves will flash with a similar  
flame: firm matter and fleeting elements will be forged into some new  
substance; a smiling Liza, enigmatic and knowing in her stillness.