

THREE ●

Robert Beveridge

after Éluard

I

I built three castles
and dedicated them all to my love

she is beauty it is she
who can take the sky and paint it
in any color
or in a variety of colors

and for her I would tear those castles down
if she asked

II

I saw three lights
blaze like fires in a purple sky of sunset

it is my beauty it is she
who has taken the sky and lit it
with a paintbrush a cigarette
or possibly a long match which one uses in fireplaces

and for her I would douse the sky-flames with water
if she asked

III

I whispered three words
in the ear of my love as the sun rose above us

it is my beauty it is she
who whistles a tune by a composer
as yet unborn
her music hangs still in the air
as if the very atoms themselves had parted
to let the notes shine in all their brilliance alone

and for her I would dream these sweet melodies forever
if she asked