Sweeney Among the Nightingales

for Irina Popova

Copyright © 2007 Gary Bachlund     All international rights reserved.     www.bachlund.org
The circles of the stormy moon slide

west-ward to the River Plate, Death and the Raven

drift above and Sweeney guards the horned gate

Gloomy Orion and the Dog are veiled; and
hushed the shrunk-en seas, the per-son in the Spa-nish cape tries to

sit on Swee-ney's knees. slips

and pulls and pulls the

ta-ble-cloth, o-ver-turns a cof-fee cup
Sweeney Among the Nightingales

re-or-ga-nized up-on the floor she yawns

gou-

and draws a stock-ing up; The si-lent man in

mo-cha brown sprawls at the win-dow-sill and gapes; the

wa-ter brings in o-ran-ges ba-na-nas and hot-house grapes; the
therefore the man with the heavy eyes declines the gambit,

shows fatigue; leaves the room and reappears outside the window,

leaning in. branches of wis-

terious circumscribe a golden grin; the
host with some-one indistinct conversations at the door apart the

nightingales are singing

singing

singing near the Convent of the Sacred Heart
and sang with the bloody wood when Agamemnon cried a-

loud and let their liquid dropings fall

to stain the stiff dishonoured shroud.

come prima
Ape-neck Swee-ney spreads his knees letting his arms hang

down to laugh, the zebra stripes along his

jaw swelling to maculate giraffe.

The circles of the stormy moon slide
west-ward to the River Plate. Death and the Raven

drift above and Sweeney guards the hornéd gate._

Ape-neck Sweeney spreads his knees letting his arms hang_

down to laugh._

circa 5' 30"
Sweeney Among the Nightingales
T. S. Eliot
from Poems (1920)

Apeneck Sweeney spreads his knees
Letting his arms hang down to laugh,
The zebra stripes along his jaw
Swelling to maculate giraffe.

The circles of the stormy moon
Slide westward toward the River Plate,
Death and the Raven drift above
And Sweeney guards the horned gate.

Gloomy Orion and the Dog
Are veiled; and hushed the shrunk en seas;
The person in the Spanish cape
Tries to sit on Sweeney's knees

Slips and pulls the table cloth
Overturns a coffee-cup,
Reorganized upon the floor
She yawns and draws a stocking up;

The silent man in mocha brown
Sprawls at the window-sill and gapes;
The waiter brings in oranges
Bananas figs and hothouse grapes;

The silent vertebrate in brown
Contracts and concentrates, withdraws;
Rachel née Rabinovitch
Tears at the grapes with murderous paws;

She and the lady in the cape
Are suspect, thought to be in league;
Therefore the man with heavy eyes
Declines the gambit, shows fatigue,

Leaves the room and reappears
Outside the window, leaning in,
Branches of wisteria
Circumscribe a golden grin;

The host with someone indistinct
Converses at the door apart,
The nightingales are singing near
The Convent of the Sacred Heart,

And sang within the bloody wood
When Agamemnon cried aloud,
And let their liquid droppings fall
To stain the stiff dishonoured shroud.