

Cyril Connolly, November 1974

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This hews you to your statue :
Flakes away the flesh
Back to bone intellect :
Lays bare the brow, pure semi-circle,
Star-striking dome –
Sidera sublime vertice –
Proves finally the head was Roman.

This seals your eyelids : sharpens
The nose, so sensual once,
To a pure triangle; this drills
Into the base, the nostrils.

Hid in the creviced mouth
Only the palate still
Savours the must of dying.

She who leans over
Your shoulder, from which the sheet
Stretches in outline to the feet,
Tugs it to make you
Recognize me : 'Don't ! I pray, don't !
Don't let him see me seeing
His onyx eyeballs shout at me from marble !'