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On Peckham Rye Near Dulwich Hill, and: Los's Lark

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GEOFFREY BABBITT

## ON PECKHAM RYE NEAR DULWICH HILL

not the picturesque tree  
on the majestic hill, not the tree  
a stone's throw from the walker—the tree  
overhead, where no path  
intersects the path as it winds  
round the thick trunk—smell  
of fallen leaves compacting  
their dampness, moss  
sweating on stones—behold::  
every bough sidereal  
—faces unexpected—hair as if under-  
water—not what you would  
choose—tin flash in the leaf-gleam—  
an angel's face is always changing,  
always troubles and is symbolic  
of nothing—company  
of wings bespangling the leaves  
is its own tall point

GEOFFREY BABBITT

## **LOS'S LARK**

On the highest lift of his light wings,  
a lark reechoes into the great expanse  
of sky that is a shining shell.

His throat holds a treadle loom  
whose song weaves blue.

The entire bird is its organ of perception.  
Blue song builds light wings.

On the highest lift of his light wings,  
the lark becomes what he beholds, reechoing the expanse.

The sun's vortex folds into itself.  
Working the treadle builds the loom.

Blue looms  
in the throat of the lark.

The entire bird is its organ of imagination.  
A lark's song builds the bird,  
reechoing into sun, reechoing lark song into lark.