

Two poems from the collection *Saffron, Rose and Flame* which is based on the life and events of Joan of Arc.

feet and hands chained  
I've had visitors  
without whom  
                    and these chains  
I might fly away  
refused counsel

but I will not  
                    it is only  
when returned to this room  
though it is cold it is quiet  
then I hear  
then I know

the color of the suit is black  
seance over  
for today  
bloodshot eyes the only veins of color  
and over and over I say to them

“dress is of small things the least”

I never wanted anyone to touch  
or kiss  
my clothes

Cathy Ford

Shift of the wind  
in the mornings  
gossiping over daybreak's farthest reach  
where will it  
                    rise

                    sun in the eyes  
I can't see the road  
but hear ominous murmuring as it turns ahead  
as I turn it  
                    stops.

I met a clean poet once  
yet don't know when or on which road  
                    - on this road  
he had little to say to me  
reciting some of his old verse  
in the old way  
                    saying

I'm a man  
there's no need  
for me to go to war  
                    (for a man or words  
                    to die  
                    one needn't go anywhere)

“Once  
I stepped out the door  
onto the path  
after you.  
Then couldn't make myself walk  
any farther.”

(Some men need horses  
- quiet -  
so as not to hurt them)

“I felt like the crippled ones.  
Trembling toward you.  
I have no horse.”  
He smiled.

(And this animal isn't mine  
to give  
perhaps because I never use words  
for love or beauty)