What would the kiss of your proud mouth be compared with each drop of the precious blood that fell on the cold frozen uplands of Spanish mountains from a column of steel?

What every lock of your gold-yellow head to all the poverty, anguish and grief that will come and have come on Europe's people from the Slave Ship to the slavery of the whole people?

DOGS AND WOLVES

Across eternity, across its snows
I see my unwritten poems,
I see the spoor of their paws dappling the untroubled whiteness of the snow:
bristles raging, bloody-tongued,
lean greyhounds and wolves
leaping over the tops of the dykes,
running under the shade of the trees of the wilderness taking the defile of narrow glens,
making for the steepness of windy mountains;
their baying yell shrieking across the hard barenesses of the terrible times,
their everlasting barking in my ears,
their onrush seizing my mind:
career of wolves and eerie dogs swift in pursuit of the quarry, through the forests without veering, over the mountain tops without sheering;
the mild mad dogs of poetry, wolves in chase of beauty, beauty of soul and face,
a white deer over hills and plains, the deer of your gentle beloved beauty,
a hunt without halt, without respite.