

A still—Volcano—Life—  
That flickered in the night—  
When it was dark enough to do  
Without erasing sight—

A quiet—Earthquake Style—  
Too subtle to suspect  
By natures this side Naples—  
The North cannot detect

The Solemn—Torrid—Symbol—  
The lips that never lie—  
Whose hissing Corals part—and shut—  
And Cities—ooze away—

## A postcard From A Volcano

Children picking up our bones  
Will never know that these were once  
As quick as foxes on the hill;  
And that in autumn, when the grapes  
Made sharp air sharper by their smell  
These had a being, breathing frost;

And least will guess that with our bones  
We left much more, left what still is  
The look of things, left what we felt

At what we saw. The spring clouds blow  
Above the shuttered mansion house,  
Beyond our gate and the windy sky

Cries out a literate despair.  
We knew for long the mansion's look  
And what we said of it became

A part of what it is ... Children,  
Still weaving budded aureoles,  
Will speak our speech and never know,

Will say of the mansion that it seems  
As if he that lived there left behind  
A spirit storming in blank walls,

A dirty house in a gutted world,  
A tatter of shadows peaked to white,  
Smeared with the gold of the opulent sun.

What are the similarities?

What are the differences?

Do they follow a pattern / rhythm?

Tell me about the rhyming patterns if there is one.