



Kathleen Gunton

A Nest of Softness

—Cynthia Macdonald: Cento*

It is all clear.
Here there are flights of angels like
A nest of softness.
Here we see the water converted by the fire—
Our incense, O country, O moon, O stars.

But all the poets here agree that sitting on a chair atop
Tender resolutions,
(Perhaps)
Promising miracles—what a relief!
I think I cannot say it better than to say . . .

Like the host, He will greet them with music.

Inside the Bell of Colors

—Tomas Tranströmer: Cento*

My soul glides
Outside time.
In the rainbow's silence
Was the other shore.
An angel with no face embraced me.
Soaring now over the ocean
With invisible oars against the current.
Here ends world history.
Language but no words.
I wanted to say something—
A surging litany.
I walk slowly into myself.
I open the first door
It's not a house but has many rooms.
I'm inside the bell of colors, it chimes with sunlight.
I am transparent.
Everything is singing. (This you will remember. Travel on!)

* From the author: "A cento is a poem made up of verses taken from one or more other poets, but organized into a new and original order, sometimes with a meaning entirely different from anything the original authors would have intended."

Kathleen Gunton's first collection of poetry with photographs (*Something Untamed*) was published in 2000. Her collection of cento poems is now near completion as she continues to publish them in *Rhino*, *Perceptions*, *TAB*, *Studio One*, *Rock & Sling*, *West Trestle Review*, *Lalitamba* and *Rockhurst Review*. She posts to her blog, [KathleenGunton/Discursion](#).

Photograph by the author.