**Death makes dead metaphor revive**

**Denise Riley**

Death makes dead metaphor revive,  
Turn stiffly bright and strong.  
Time that is felt as “stopped” will freeze  
Its to-fro, to-fro song

I parrot under feldspar rock  
Sunk into chambered ice.  
Language, the spirit of the dead,  
May mouth each utterance twice.

Spirit as echo clowns around  
In punning repartee  
Since each word overhears itself  
Laid bare, clairaudiently.

An orphic engine revs but floods  
Choked on its ardent weight.  
Disjointed anthems dip and bob  
Down time’s defrosted spate.

Over its pools of greeny melt  
The rearing ice will tilt.  
To make *rhyme* chime again with *time*,  
I sound a curious lilt.