**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.