Two poems from the collection *Saffron, Rose and Flame* which is based on the life and events of Joan of Arc.

feet and hands chained
I've had visitors
without whom
    and these chains
I might fly away
refused counsel
but I will not
    it is only
when returned to this room
though it is cold it is quiet
then I hear
then I know
the color of the suit is black
seance over
for today
bloodshot eyes the only veins of color
and over and over I say to them

"dress is of small things the least"

I never wanted anyone to touch
or kiss
my clothes

Cathy Ford

Shift of the wind
in the mornings
gossiping over daybreak's farthest reach
where will it
    rise
sun in the eyes
I can't see the road
but hear ominous murmuring as it turns ahead
as I turn it
    stops.
I met a clean poet once
yet don't know when or on which road
    - on this road
he had little to say to me
reciting some of his old verse
in the old way
    saying
I'm a man
there's no need
for me to go to war
    (for a man or words
to die
one needn't go anywhere)

"Once
I stepped out the door
onto the path
after you.
Then couldn't make myself walk
any farther."

(Some men need horses
    - quiet -
    so as not to hurt them)

"I felt like the crippled ones.
Trembling toward you.
I have no horse."
He smiled.

(And this animal isn't mine
to give
perhaps because I never use words
for love or beauty)