

# The New Criterion

Poems October 2011

## The compass rose

by Kevin O'Shea

Window-glaze and sash plumbed  
on the sun to leak the stains.  
Incense whetted the air in fire spun.  
In the ruefulness kindled in a saint,  
where the panes purpled the floor,  
I crawled with shards in shaking  
hands between legs and pews sure  
I liked stockings, sure of heaven.

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