

## **Marc Bolan And T. Rex "Wind Quartets"**

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The wind quartet howls softly  
My jeep hand strokes her necklace  
Crusted, crammed with old Etruscan gold.  
Her bird head torn with summer  
Inspects a Spartan runner  
Robbing time a chosen Prince of Speed  
My goblet drenched with Autumn  
Tears for my dead cat Ena  
Silver Surfer sorcerer of spray.  
She headed deep in chartreuse  
A falcon glimpse of white teeth  
Separated by lace cinnamon folds.  
We hid and rid in hansom  
Cab wrenched from lost Byzantium  
Lordlett who once held the earth In chains

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