

## Dylan Thomas

### "The Tombstone Told When She Died"

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The tombstone told when she died.  
Her two surnames stopped me still.  
A virgin married at rest.  
She married in this pouring place,  
That I struck one day by luck,  
Before I heard in my mother's side  
Or saw in the looking-glass shell  
The rain through her cold heart speak  
And the sun killed in her face.  
More the thick stone cannot tell.  
Before she lay on a stranger's bed  
With a hand plunged through her hair,  
Or that rainy tongue beat back  
Through the devilish years and innocent deaths  
To the room of a secret child,  
Among men later I heard it said  
She cried her white-dressed limbs were bare  
And her red lips were kissed black,  
She wept in her pain and made mouths,  
Talked and tore though her eyes smiled.  
I who saw in a hurried film  
Death and this mad heroine  
Meet once on a mortal wall  
Heard her speak through the chipped beak  
Of the stone bird guarding her:  
I died before bedtime came  
But my womb was bellowing  
And I felt with my bare fall  
A blazing red harsh head tear up  
And the dear floods of his hair.

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