

Conceive these images in air,  
Wrap them in flame, they're mine;  
Set against granite,  
Let the two dull stones be grey,  
Or, formed of sand,  
Trickle away through thought,  
In water or in metal,  
Flowing and melting under lime.  
Cut them in rock,  
So, not to be defaced,  
They harden and take shape again  
As signs I've not brought down  
To any lighter state  
By love-tip or my hand's red heat.

*Dylan Thomas*