

## UNDER THE CUPOLA OF SNOW

under the cupola of snow  
memory spreading  
  wider  
you live without years:  
from the pupil, from the burning amphora  
wine is poured into your joints,  
the walls of blind alleys,  
restlessly white the facade  
of a cafe, night  
  keeps falling:  
shorter and shorter lines  
straggle in just before dawn

## ATLANTIS

that's all I see: the splintered relic of autumn,  
in a narrow slit of sight  
the continent shows white, ready to vanish,  
the sun slides slowly over black enamel,  
  
when I raise a full glass, and the shadows  
of the earth suddenly match: unexpected  
equilibrium before falling from a four-dimensional  
world into a two-dimensional leaf,  
  
the moment when a dizzy hand  
draws the outline of the ocean  
and the water submits to the art of cartography,  
while seagulls call harshly, crying in zenith