

TABULA RASA

who now will draw the clinking of crystal
from glass: from the heaven of the glade
where joy and ash join
by the silence of sanctuaries,
signboards over marketplaces, washed out
by rain, what do they testify,
innocent questions, surfacing
like water-nymphs
on wrinkled rough drafts,
staying under the knowledge tree,
waiting for lightning, for clear insight,
one does not write impressions of hell,
tabula rasa, the glass grows dewy
exhaling the canto

ENCHANTED COUNTRY

drowsy apple trees, the wind still,
in this country without warmth
memory ripens slowly,
and even more slowly does a woman conceive,

in this country without an hour
to follow daylight home,
the glance goes wild, a rash breaks out,
in this country autumn never ends