

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