

## 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