

from glacier to city,
illusions oppose the seed of an apple
every night,
in every room,
when one leaps from the highest cliff
and never becomes present tense

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devoted walls stood there,
no one had a sword,
the hay bundled
into a bouquet meant more
than funeral chrysanthemums,
fog rose and fell,
could any least syllable of loneliness
escape november's yard

AUTUMN APOCALYPSE

toward the silence of plains
of hard-frozen earth one beam bends,
the heavy light settles
slowly on the face
and between the bell and night
consonance, created unexpectedly,
bears away dreams: right here,
where are scorching winds, where the returning
warrior bows to the reign of time,
a hand has opened doors to twilight
an eye shatters the view
into the loneliness of things, but there is no heart,
only pulses, premonitions, and a step
beyond the rose traced by frost
on burning windows