

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

★      ★      ★

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