

but revolve in hues and our three tints braid together.
Behold, the banners advance—
how easily black banners change into wings . . .

But I'm sad for a lantern that keeps dawn at bay.
I'm Dawn, moving up on a list of fallen things.
I don't want to be dark, the dark that concedes,

and I beg to differ the sly part of gentle.
I beg for the day I rise in the morning.
I beg in the morning—Orso,

Dhorsen, grant me your leave.
Mine is a poor light
and glad to be

continuing

ELEGY FOR MUSIC

Her mouth was also a sledge to carry me twice
up pastures of flatness to hills where I lay
now dead to the world and some clouds that I miss
are more infinitely apt to cling to the crags,
to think when they sag—ours is a pale activity
compared to the wanderings that pass for a man,
to his ink washed pages all pining to be,
now less than a wetness, now less than a glare,
in light of this pass no timber can breach,
in light of this woman who happened too fast,
and while she sleeps with a green hand under the earth
how can we lean out from our sacks?
and why should we silver our failed versions of sound?
when the softest among us is wintering down.