

MOLE

There. Deep in the ground, beneath
Your blackest dreams, the digging, the tearing
Of small roots, the dark clods breaking
Under his claws, his pale eyes
Open to night, looking for a way
To find you. Fall back,

With a single moon at your shoulder,
Into the cloud called sleep, and he will know
The way, past the damp heart, through stone, the soft swelling
Of white grass at your feet.

He will end your life
With a secret. Lie down with the brown earth, and he will lead you
Into silence that is better than any story, into the last face
On the sky, into the seed that will close around you
Like cold. Listen to Mole.