

In the serious dark sleeks between  
The bonfire islands of leaves,  
Small trout rose like green rosebuds  
And faded in the eye before they faded.  
I turned to say to you,  
“Beauty is not persuasions of light;  
Neither color nor absences of color.  
Beauty is the intense movement of solmemnity.”

I turned, speaking, to wake in autumn  
To see the world could no longer see you.

### JOURNEY SIX

Where I motor now, giants of an older world  
Emerge with miles. Perhaps they were once magma  
Squeezed into the chimneys of a softer stone. Perhaps  
They were once enlmed water hardening in sockets of sandstone.  
Chimney or socket gone, they stand here now alone  
In the mere, bleak colors of pain.  
Wind has all but worried their faces away.

Vague as they are they seem curious about me.  
Arched over slightly, their arms,  
Where the hands are fading, crossed over  
Their loins, they stand like children who are  
Waiting for their parents to do something monstrous.  
But since I am stranger rather than parent, they  
Murmur shyly to each other, “Look, there is that  
Creature who believes in us. He makes us beautiful.”

No.

None of this is true. That is how  
They stood and murmured when my love journeyed  
With me, when my eyes were not my eyes

Seeing, and hers were not hers, but our  
Seeing was what we saw  
Through the other's eyes.

I journey with strangers now.  
The giants out there know there is no longer any love  
In me so great it must move out and touch  
Them, touch the world. Those old towers and I  
Peer in each other's direction. True, we see  
Something. What we see is  
A dead world that stands,  
A dead world that moves.

## JOURNEY SEVEN

High above earth in this long exhalation of a plane  
I keep thinking I can say goodbye to you.  
There is nothing of you here. Nothing of what  
You loved. Nothing of road, nothing of garden here.  
Above: just sunlight as simple as cruelty.  
Below: just cloud as devious as pity.

Or so I think until I see how the cloud bank  
Is really a landscape where sunlight makes  
Rainbows. I see white valleys whose  
White streams flow into snow meadows  
Where pearly cattle drift. I see pale  
Mountains where ghostly eagles fly.  
Clouds made from cloud arise.  
And all that I apprehend is a spectral assonance.  
Of earth's veriest shapes.

Sweetheart, peace, matter are but the iterant  
Simulacra of whatever is prime.  
That being so, you, too, are here,  
Oh celestial nimbus of the terrene bride.