

EMERSON AND I STARE AT THE SUNSET

Saffron flaring from below
beyond the land,
never ends, exactly,
but where the mind wants a boundary
gives over, infinite, to a blue
unison of ice and fire.
One star is quickening and a new moon
cool as flutesong.
The only earth-caught thing:
a whittling of fir trees
lit black.

I am nothing. I see all,
says the transcendentalist—
his wide-eyed way of bracketing
the world. And I with my doubts
squint at the clarifying dusk,
the heaven becoming nothing
like itself, evening.
Evening. Evening till
I cannot disbelieve my eyes.