

Nobody's died but everybody has.
Unknown faces show up in the mirrors
others drive our cars to other towns.
I look at an orchard whose fruits I remember.

We hear only the usual footsteps.
Fire teaches the children its tongue
dew amuses itself swinging in the roses.
Nobody's died yet in this house.

THE KEY

Hand over the key to autumn.
Tell it of the mute river on whose bottom
lies the shadow of wooden bridges
vanished years ago.

You haven't told me any of your secrets.
But your hand is the key that opens the door
of the ruined mill where my life sleeps
between dust and more dust,
ghosts of winters,
the wind's horsemen dressed in mourning
who flee after stealing bells
in the poor villages.
But my days will be clouds
to travel through the springtime of your sky.

We'll go out in silence,
without waking up the time.

I'll tell you we could be happy.