

THEY HAVE GONE

They are the leaves,
leaves destroyed only because they wanted to live forever,
because they didn't want to think for six moons about
 what makes a wasteland,
because they didn't want to know why a drop of water insists on
 hitting a naked skull already nailed to bad weather.
Other disgraces could occur to us.
What's the date today?

The leaves sweep themselves into piles with the bones that in life
 never acquired rights to a tomb.
I know that I hurt you,
that there is no place to escape to,
that the blood in my veins has suffered a seizure of smoke.
You had yellow eyes and now you obviously can't understand that
 they're ashes.

We are not.
We were this or that.