November Snow

the eye turns inward

sees only bone

the stressed greying mass

of the vaults and arches

of the hollow cathedral

of perpetual night,

where is read our fate

by a most silent monk:

silent because there is nothing to say

wind down his neck,

he shivers

what was is now not always

the end of things.

möbius, bach, mandelbrot

a fugue of airy conceits in motion:

the trillion white threads of an arctic wind.

i am turned inside out

what was not is now never

the end of things ­—

the inward eye turns out:

See it!

that one there!

no, not that...the other

that’s the one that’ll break the camel’s back

that’s the one that’ll tip the world over

the eyelid grows heavy

the metabolism slows

and the only question that remains

is

if i touch you with my tongue

will we stick together?