

Self-Portrait at the Mouth of Summer

Tall spears of dark grass muttering
 in the sawmill tune of failure,
saying *nocturne* with the dark syllables
 falling like a curtain over the landscape,
undressing over the black hill
 where the sycamore burned
auburn with sun-fall dread
 like fingers closing my throat.

Rot and refuse greening in the field's
 inescapable pithing roll,
summer's last gasps
 smother the night
into leaving's revelation,

all but the grass chokes in this pressing,
 until the buttons of the sky
come unsnapped with singing

the lives we forgot
 to call this one forth.

The way light pursues the darkness

like a rabbit moving through the field,
silent into the autistic night.

Silent into the autistic night
like a rabbit moving through the field
the way light pursues the darkness.

To call this one forth,
the lives we forgot
come unsnapped with singing

until the buttons of the sky,
all but the grass, chokes in this pressing
into leaving's revelation.

Smother the night.

Summer's last gasps,
inescapable pithing roll,
rot and refuse greening in the fields
like fingers closing my throat,

auburn with sun-fall dread.

Where the sycamore burned,
undressing over the black hill,
falling like a curtain over the landscape

saying *nocturne* with the dark syllables
in the sawmill tune of failure,
tall spears of dark grass, muttering.