

Whisper in the sunken driveway
Where no cars come skidding thru,
“Oh, how lovely is the autumn,
Leaves all russet, skies all blue.”

Here no human foot will venture
Time is not away from clocks
And untrampled lies the ivy
Dripping down among the rocks.

Swift incessant phrases wheel like eagles
Untiring in an everchanging sky
And I remember all of those I lost
In trying to define the inner self.
How well have I succeeded? Ask me not.
The eagles soar too high for human touch.

A blue butterfly on a woman's dress.
And overhead the singing of the moon
Lap heavy, leering, slightly discontent
At having found starvation and the muse.
Abstraction, what I fear most, swoops from upward
And once again I find myself engulfed.