



IT WAS NOT DEATH, FOR I STOOD UP,
AND ALL THE DEAD, LIE DOWN —
IT WAS NOT NIGHT, FOR ALL THE BELLS
PUT OUT THEIR TONGUES, FOR NOON.

IT WAS NOT FROST, FOR ON MY FLESH
I FELT SIROCCOS — CRAWL —
NOR FIRE — FOR JUST MY MARBLE FEET
COULD KEEP A CHANCEL, COOL —

AND YET, IT TASTED, LIKE THEM ALL,
THE FIGURES I HAVE SEEN
SET ORDERLY, FOR BURIAL,
REMINDED ME, OF MINE —

AS IF MY LIFE WERE SHAVEN,
AND FITTED TO A FRAME,
AND COULD NOT BREATHE WITHOUT A KEY,
AND 'T WAS LIKE MIDNIGHT, SOME —

WHEN EVERYTHING THAT TICKED — HAS STOPPED —
AND SPACE STARES ALL AROUND —
OR GRISLY FROSTS — FIRST AUTUMN MORNS,
REPEAL THE BEATING GROUND —

BUT, MOST, LIKE CHAOS — STOPLESS — COOL —
WITHOUT A CHANCE, OR SPAR —
OR EVEN A REPORT OF LAND —
TO JUSTIFY — DESPAIR.

