

LEGEND

Then we saw the high bird
who opened at daybreak
a siren of color
that, breaking, broke the neutral sky,
and innocent only in our happiness,
we feared only innocence.
In the walking hills
we were travellers
on the patchquilts of counties.

But summoned up the ultimate
direction of the roads
and found that every bend
betrayed us:

undissolved unfettered
like wheat stalk sparklers,
questioned the empty pants:
the jack-knife buried among the leaves,
the butterflies among the bulldozers,
miniature cities built in half egg-shells,
palimpsests hidden quickly in the temple.

Scattered light fell on the squirrels
that went about their business with the seasons.
The coat hangers held only limp, empty jackets
(and the cats were fast in the alleyways)
Yet found there finally in that season of the poor
where the lambs burned like a sacrifice,
the blind man that broke the darkness with his cane,
the single cell that grows
like a moving blur,
the fire that made the blur, our changing eye.

GERSHGOREN