

Another Sleepless Night Among The Ruins

This spring-like February evening,
 pink sky shading down to lead,
 I stand under clear white butterflies —
 a flock of wings hung folded from the sleeping tree.
 When one cloud moves they break to stars of ice —
 Ah frozen ringing street, stricken beneath my boots!

The Church of the Slow Children
 has no other name, only the glowing sign
 out on the road
 though I circle around the gray stone
 dark within its spider sprawl,
 one bell and cross flung
 into the highest air: steel spray
 of its peculiar blossoming.

At daylight's edge
 before I climb the flights
 to my third floor roof of rooms
 I stand like this sometimes and breathe
 and count the endless movement of my breastbone heaving
 while dawn glitters in like a red tide and nothing
 else is there . . .

from her corner of the sky
 my steady neighbor Venus
 points me up till I can see
 the path of planets burn and gleam and widen out
 so like my own slow way past grief.