

THRESHOLD

To ease up now, red
sky, the land bloodless,
to abandon, this
is the torment of chance
upon chance, the relief
of an age, the birth
of fatigue. The roundness
of hell, blue mountain, ice,
to create in fascination
the corporeal thing, exalt
it, relish it, then dash
each dream upon a cold floor.
Intensity, weight, the need
for green, why is this stone
we suck so sweet?

10/22/90