

the feeling of ahaz

From above the heights the
shallows spoke swelled in
poise that rose the line of
stench -by centuries the
revolutions of the world, arise

with cosmic effects
with pendant capacity
to draw the shadows in
the vale of tears - with,
then, the oversweet
smells of the harvests,
as they rise, and as
they fall:

That sign, above the deeps,
each where they lived as each
were the drama they did
foretell.

The cosmic weary
steps taken of all
deception, wrung
and tall with the
men of all

the empires and the
kingdoms where they all
enjoined concept with the
evinces of deceptions, all
ready to die: no matter for
when nor where nor who they
are, all will die -and have
death to hold their bitter
spoon.

early '80s