

CLEARING

At the extreme limit, the trunks
Offer silver against the depths,
And the dead, spread wide and crystalline,
Lose moss to the sucking roots.

Today or tomorrow, the spoors
Wait for following legs,
Ears listening after the branches,
Fainting eyes and trembling holly.

Red earth without our souls.
Bird conversations in mist.
Bark patterns on my lifelines.

In this clearing, at the extreme limit,
Not even the wind's play of fir
Drowns the wailing of the saws.

FIN DE SIECLE

A drunken morning
leaves on the liver
its trace of pain,
on our hemispheres
pulled apart
by the slightest strain.

Rue St. Denis
empty of voyeurs,
peep shows boarded,
their neon exhausted,
eyes and sexes
raw with regret.

A century puckered
our famine lips.
Still a stray dog
dodges the cars,
sniffs in a corner
the scent of an owner.