

Cemetery

When at last the numbness came,
I passed into a yawning grave.
My tired dusk was vexed
by crossing lights of sun and star,
but still my life was phrased
beyond the dip and swirl,
and in this dreadful state I knew
it was a finished race.

Far beneath the kneeling sky
my lips lay parched, waiting
for the rains of phantom grace
that never came.
The world had withered with my eyes,
those blind sacs,
and now my house is dark and prone,
and I am all alone.

My roof is paved with loam and grass,
and only scratching insects
read the silent, granite words
in wordless nights.
About my limbs, the earth is settling
cold and damp,
and inside my grumbling throat
the worms are bowing out my flesh