

evening sun, topping gooseberries

was it worth it
cantilevered mind
by the fountains playing
a tidy sum this life
early shattered by its flaws
unreconciled
the phantasmagora seeks an end
strive upward?
still the genes pull lower
play the game

evening sun warms the still garden
plainsong vibrates the air
after dinner thinking feeling
ends in weeping
only a note of schubert
and I am done for