

## fragments of a confession

one man is all men  
if there is no I  
and as the sun seeps into veins  
on this very perfect day  
waist-deep in cow parsley  
of l'angleterre profonde  
can we be removed  
from the horrors to come  
sooner or later the disintegration  
only by a vision of the sunlight  
beyond the summer garden  
preserving in the memory  
this very fine day  
where silence and may blossom  
like a crucifix  
are held up against  
the gathering storm