

remembrance

waiting for the fall
which deepens him
the withdrawal from life
when he might sense
as the sun explodes
the pure the immutable
happiness of his victory
leaving he hoped
the sketches and fragments
of the solid world
its evolving dispensation
the path of nothingness
sealed by the holy spirit
so like a country doctor
dying naked by his youth
we stare toward this happy void
listening against hope
for a celestial note
seeing our courage desert us
as the moment appears
then we are sealed in spirit
as the end belies the beginning
the truth kiss