

## **there is no I**

(the noontide sun of summer flowed over the still garden-mishima)

first and last attempts  
coagulate  
not death by ritual  
but the frozen recess of the heart  
exposed to all the world  
on the ice edge  
the hollow tree  
and its film of water  
still accumulating  
together in one long rush  
we enter the stygian pool  
no celestial city  
no trumpets sounding  
but more perfect  
a quiet smiling eternal sleep

even love is reposed  
the people and places  
the contiguous slices  
are but a fancy of time  
shimmering  
this april is cruel  
no psalm can rescue me  
the stones only the stones  
support and endure  
my heart will not lift up  
to no one  
to babble