

pushkin

the orb of day has died.....  
and as the elite discuss  
their favourite men  
how superior one can feel  
no celan or mishima  
pushkin or mandelstam  
snow waste of russia  
empty palaces  
and his tall black hat and coat  
striding figuratively  
down the broad avenues of st petersburg  
slowly the noise of skating  
awakes his reverie  
before him and all around  
horsemen are plunging into ice  
the skaters go with them  
into the frozen waters of the nevi  
but they are silent unweeping  
he falls with them  
into the unbroken eternity  
of fire and water  
the milieu of reality  
he has so carefully drawn