

To Miklos Radnoti

"On fancies, and on people turn our back" Ogarev quoted in Herzen.

Postcards and these eclogues speak the life
Poignantly in decline we try to write
Regain like Proust toward our winter's end
We start but it has reached its height.

These knowing ends on which our love depends
Reveal the true scale of its depth
There where tranquil streams are met
The furies have oer'thrown their wreath.

O kindly ones we make our last appeal
To you we will not blame our gods
Knowing your hardened minds too well
We hope for nothing else but hell.

My poets as they speak in going down
Help ferry us to our minor ends
Their genius is expunged as rainbows
Like bread and wine their lives make all amends.

We're left to gaze on heroes of the past
And yet we too can breathe some light
For us who tread the easier path
It is another different fight.