

## At the Window

The broken latch-piece  
collects verdigris  
    by the window,  
and the arcs of the sun and moon:  
    their sweet passage

There, a shadow collects:  
oasis of thought:  
    days and nights  
held in  
gravel equilibrium

Wastrel, wandering,  
truth razes against the piece  
And now:  
    the finger's urge  
    for a joyous fetch

## Ear of Spring

From the ear of spring, hearing  
those winter flowers, wilted brown  
drowned in a fading pool, death-whites  
with a sweet onward stink  
    passing the morning's just curve,  
    the night's reserve as the truth  
flared  
    and still the dull ring, bullish

## **Grammar**

The grammar of the world has reappeared in things  
The word glistens above the table, and 'table' is all  
that remains; a nous has woken up from the nooks  
of language marooned on the high seas without dock;  
The sun is here, and with it the light burns all shadows:  
We can see, oh! but at what cost!