

The Park

At last above this quaternion again
Sitting aloft the sanhedrin of words
Engaged alone in a man's quodlibet
Locked in timeless vapor of
Autumnal afternoon. Laertes taken
Form in Belial's shadow at my side
Overlooks the pool new discovered,
Spying kickshaws forever beating the fluid,
Aspirating gold from a fount flowing
From the mouth of Babylonia. This
Place is ceilinged only, the sky
Leads down jagged paths of broken
Dusty rock.

Turning from the abyss my
Masked friend dives in expanse of
Dark feathered wings to his home
Leaving me to struggle with today's battology.
A Beatrice in the drying green
Leaves whispers like church bells
"I cannot forget you." A leave
Gone brown falls brushing my
Face.

I face an expanse of gray
Light defined by trees - a park,
Two crows face me
A dance cohered in flight.