

Farewell

As all things gray and brown
a nethering season
 has come
a time of shuttered windows
and of locking down
 is on me.

What sense to dwell upon
the wilding innocence of youth
or all false starts to mad
 transcendence:
One's scattered shattered star-seeds
to the myriad virgin winds

and you've glanced off my withered irises
never one peeking in
and I've served you my broth of umble
that you'll not sip.

We broke the spine of dignity.
Weigh anchor.

 Cast off.

 It is written.

A spoiled and soft September sun
runs on a tarmac sky.
Lock down.

 Tread

 Light.