Marc Widershien

from BREAKING THE NET

XXIV

so the prophet paced
on this very ground
and called it sacred
then civilizations grew up
behind him
like a canker
the death of America
that he loved

into the faded blaze
of those autumnal worlds
search for signs
that perhaps never were
--under leaves
under
the soles

the chant
of the mockingbird
has no translation
--follow its presence
though it will soon leave
you behind
but listen...
take note
of that last song