

Something Felt in Mid-September

A fine shred
Of little sentiment remains
Embedded within our hearts forever,
Making us unafraid to shout out for
A glorious striving that is as yet unnamed,
The door toward the light
Is always slightly ajar,
Promising us we will be saved.

All dreamers sit in wonder,
Anticipating, dreaming of, the coming of seasons.
Dreamers have a realm all their own
And they strive to save for its furniture
Those fine bits of scrap beauty
That collect in the usual ditches of the world.

Spring has to be first,
Since it cannot be the death of winter
Because winter is a bitter and beautiful despoiler,
Who deserves to die without offspring.
Spring is a goddess,
Lying naked upon an altar,
Ringed with gifts.
And young virgins, dancing,
Round and round the altar.
Spring is the early morning cry of an orphaned jaybird.
In the last days of May
The early morning says in bright light:
This is the death of spring,
This is the end of shade and shelter,
This is the birth of the torrid time.
Then we say: Yes, the end to shelter
But the beginning of the wondrous bristling feel
Of the prickling points of summer showers,
And the beginning of the lightheavy plush drowsiness
That is a summer night.

The beginning of the great tan splash on faces
Emerging from blue creeks in summer.
And we feel the shred then,

We feel it pulsating through our inner hearts
Like a stroke of Viennese violin.
We feel it twisting us into grotesque and wonderful
Beings of depth.

The birds of September shout proudly of the advent of autumn.
The green lightens, thins, mellows, goldens;
And the sky dies with trailing marestails mourning it at sunrise:
But the fine shred
Of little sentiment
Gives us the power to shout out:
There is glory in the flash of a redbird's flight,
And in the little spiraling fall of a heavy leaf,
In the first wild yell of the chill wind of fall.

And then there is the creeping blend of
Fall and winter to give bitterness to the days.
One morning in late November we awaken to see that the world
 is filled
With bitterness and harshness and cold.
But in the afternoon of winter there is always the reflow of the
 fine throbbing things: there is always in winter afternoons the
 immense feeling of unhampered cold, sweeping over and
 into men, driving out all insincere warmth.
Winter is audltness and so it is frightening.

But winter is itself a thawing flake of winter snow,
Streaked by light and enriched by sunset.
But it dies bitterly
Because it is the end of the great cycle.

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