

summer heat not quite ended and autumn not quite begun. In
the vine crossed fields
 crows walk between cracked melons
 noisily
 officious
 awake with no other world.
 a seasonal death where nothing wanders casually.
these are birds with eyes whose nursery
 is only instinct and appetite.
 and there is nothing here more than a presence or an absence.

i think i hear something that is a type of laughter
 coming from the back of the universe.

the struggles of pantheists.
wf.h.
1985