

FOR THE CRANIUM MAUSOLEUM

To Kenneth Burke

A little wind sprang up along the field
the little wind made undulate the grass
the trees to swell the leaves to sigh sedately.
The afternoon malingered. In the end
went whistling off.

How the mind stumbles and flounders
and yet how behindhand how like a stagnant pool
overgrown with rush weed fungus mould conferva
it stays
how it revolves and vacillates!

None shall attempt to know the severity of that parting
nor of his solitude since he had seen maples turn bloodred
in August, then
the leaves to glut the road, the clearings littered with
a motley horde vermilion and umber.
Season of sad purgatory! let him gather the scantlings
that noble travellers have disclaimed and fondle
them with a flouting heart.