

Spring in the Autumn  
(A philosophy)

To and for John McGuire

O Bäume Lebens, o wann winterlich?  
Rilke

I.

Tonights and morrows,  
luminescent spheres of yesteryears' dawns;

Of the roads, the most populous:  
the woodpath disastered by a multitude of crowns.

Dreamers dreamed sleepless suns  
and rains in quest of pastures west and north.

And with eyes that speak for the flesh to hear  
bygone works and by days gone,

illustrious specters in the drawers and the shelves  
of our quiet shrines on the verge of noise

where these pupils impregnated their corpses  
with shy flutters of posterity

and with loving glances made them speak:

“Over the stonepath shall snow,

vindicating endless summers, says I.”

## II.

Haggard countenance remotely conceals  
the distance in which the divide dwells

shrouded whitely in the daily downpour  
of shafts of light yearning for salt and yearning for bone,

reckoning spirits in verse  
and gathering all that is presumed to have been meant.

The words sedimented, lastly, deep within the rock  
long indifferent to patience and to piety and to grace.

And in perennial defiance of their immemorial birth,  
the loyalty of wind excites the shadow of the bloom,  
sways the veins, shifts the brinks.

Into the fabulous dance which dances the vehemence of spring  
ongling from the adytum the tender blades  
wasting in waiting for a vaticination of an advent

and the seraphic music of the fury galloping  
among the herd, which once unheard  
is now indomitable as the first terror  
and convulsive as the first love.

So with another breath I sang again:

Over the stonepath shall snow,  
vindicating endless summers, says I.

## III.

Distant silence in the torrential latitudes of tempestuous gods  
who lacerated and abandoned the night to itself

Only a convivial penumbra remains for the waters to heal in twilight,

a twilight gravid of brims and silhouettes.

And the imponderable incidence of all those beyonds  
within the molecular intimacy of a now or a today  
or of the call that approaches from beyond the edge of fingers.

And the meager soul, fully-grown weary of being a soul  
intonates the Abderian echoes of the play when it was play,

And in sanctum sanctorum guarded from the pestilence of jasmine,  
the aestival obit of a somnolent sun.

In August agonic bearing a Septembered bloom (liege of the obliging soil)  
guiding the devotion of limbs that wound the obliging soil.

IV.

The sharp atlantic edge grazes the blood in descent and then the river returns  
in search of prodigal expressions of sand.

Of trepidation and quivering flesh, and quivering bone  
eternally misbegotten progeny must, all the same, remain

to light the pyre and sings the dirge, the Birnbird,  
accentor, prince of the traces of air, caresses the water.

Lord of the tottering splendor of the cities of summer  
where the boisterous foam once returned; anathema of fluidity and permanence.

Those were just memories.

IV.

Now submerges the dawn, the petal in trembling twilight,  
in the swelling of silence I hear the tormentor returning a victor.

Gallops the fabulous dread of a clamor approaching,  
a promissory utterance of oblivion not yet understood but by everyone known.

And the reclusion of fingers, in the spasms of the intervals where appetite dwells  
the natal soil of oneiric machinations that call forth image and likeness

Of maculate drafts of flesh, past and future, and other oaths of postponement.  
It is the inevitable that conjurers of ardor forget.

The seed of erosion nestled in the galewomb has flown  
and the brinbird shall sing the dirge of the day that will come  
when all of these inexorable contingencies, I shall know and I shall sing:

Over the stonepath shall snow,  
vindicating endless summers, says I.