

MARCH

1965

Day is halos welded in his eyes,
corrals where shadows cannot move.
But he doesn't need to see
daylight copper half-cropped fields
to know that blindness, metal spill
on the highway and the fallows,
moss and the water-oaks beyond.
Sweat on a dray mule's hinds.
Usually, night's slow failing,
wished forgetting, but now
dark shatters, snows in kites
and wings to fill the field beyond
and swamp abandoned rows.
Hours, wind plows that pulse.
It ticks like a flock of crows.
Then music, a congregation
rising, breaths from ready,
hymnbooks cracking in their ears.