

Autumn, The Well

glazed and wired on this strangest day
choking on everything in me
scraping the tar from the garden walls
this duty frightens me
deep the well
deeper still the weight of my descent
torrid waters emerge
an acrid feast of sparrows drowning
and in twilight hours
it hopes to dream of restful places
weeping as one
the rain is all we have
all we have
vultures fanning me
with their hungry shadows
they cannot hear the ticking inside my head
so they bury me just the same
deep the well
deeper still the weight of my descent
filling, surrounding me
i too, become
the well
i too