

Caral Bruni, If you were coming in the fall

If you were coming in the fall
I'd brush the summer by
With half a smile and half a spurn
As housewives do a fly
If I could see you in a year
I'd wind the months in balls
And put them each in separate drawers
Until their time befalls
If only centuries delayed
I'd count them on my hand
Subtracting till my fingers dropped
Into Van Diemen's land
If certain, when this life was out
That yours and mine should be
I'd toss it yonder like a rind
And taste eternity
But now, all ignorant of the length
Of time's uncertain wing
It goads me, like the goblin bee
That will not state its sting.