

# Art Bears, The Slave

Once as the sun was setting  
A slave came to the gate  
Day dying.  
On its fiery tongue  
An obol lay  
Of copper spun.

Then did I dream?  
Or were our houses  
Lambent gold?  
In Winter's pool  
Did glory pass  
And hold us speechless  
In its spell?

Where he had fallen,  
Used and cast aside,  
All he had touched  
Was trembling and alive

each life is present  
In this way:  
Each fashioned thing  
Speaks of its change.