

## Death

You are nothing. You are  
- falling into an open fire.  
I cannot breathe for the smoke of you.  
Here along the dark banks of the river  
I knelt and wrung out my hair  
And all the water sprayed  
Into nothingness.  
It is our secret.  
No one has waited here, far into evening,  
Watching the red-purple mist drown  
The stars at the world's edge-  
At the world's end.  
No one, pale with fever, has  
Pulled herself by the nails up  
This narrow gully seeking you,  
And you heart's answer  
As though the red thread of fate  
Strangled her  
And all the issue of your loins.  
It is hopeless  
    And  
The stillness of this night  
Is unbroken by your echo,  
Though you come sometimes in my dreams,  
Shrouded in old memory.  
You cannot imagine how old I feel, Black-coat,  
And how empty.