Winter 1959

Of When and Why For

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From high above, the last leaves were severed from their mooring and came drifting aimlessly down. A rising wind whistled through the trees bringing with it the first snow. The drifting leaves settled upon the dead beast, forming a multi-colored shroud. Still Jason sat, rocking endlessly from side to side.

In the west the blood-red sun was drawn slowly but firmly below the edge of the earth.

OF WHEN AND WHY FOR

Flesh picked grey flecks
And collared them in pink.

In the beginning of when and why for
The blood moon will closet light
And fade it to a grey ember.

Nine choirs of sky will break
Brittle flames and char my thighs.
I did not serve of when and why for.

The world-spewed splinters
Crumble into pulp
Preparing white beds.
I did not serve of when and why for.

And over my fired flesh
And the nine choirs
And white beds
A flaked firefall
Spit the song of when and why for.

Pete Green