

儀式卷

Earle

B.

WEISS



THE RITUAL

Planet earth shifts by law
harsh drums beat
nature sees each seasons
while the shadows of my trees

about its parapet
when leaves fall a carpet
must rise to fall
are quite so tall,

So from the west within
the message of another
seasons beget a family of orphans
bear bitter blue sleet coats

the icicle poles do hurls
harsh winter swirls
in every tidal
each frosted un- idyll,

EACH CLOCK BEARS A STORY TO RETELL 'NEATH EACH FALLEN FLAKE
SO THIS LITTLE APOLOGIA PAINTS A DIVERSION FOR YOUR SAKE,

While men warm their innards
extreme-ish elements blizzard
aloof hoary steel blankets
bellows dispassionate down

and outards too
a freeze through to thru
time for each creature
upon chicks or leader,

On the frozen ceiling of my lake
but now time for finding still
when hours of sweet living
whereupon see I all flocks

water birds await the day
where bits of warm hay
arises woven rippled wave
our ducks cackle to rave,

Every winter's afternoon
clutched warmly to his bosom
to the same icy frigid shores
bringing breads amid nibbles

the old, olden man found his way
some sacks of sunny day
of this same arctic-bitten world
days would he cast aswirled,

儀式を

- The Ritual

老人と白鳥

- The Old Man And The Swans

Baldwin Hill Press
Aurora Art White
2018

No.

© Earle B. Weiss