As Frost from Stone

John Dillon Husband

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AS FROST FROM STONE

There is no end to the lonesome process of dying. We die and walk quietly backward out of death Leaving behind us, where the gulls are crying, The crystal image of our difficult breath.

We leave our hearts where we were, and rise, and go, Learning the touch of dust on the tongue, the length of the sky Whitening under the whirl and whiteness of the snow While the year wheels like a dream, and the stars go by.

When the wild plum flowers in a different place We shall fade as frost from stone, we shall not be found; The hands not ours, nor the turn of speech, nor the face; In the indifferent sky no part; none in the frozen ground.

JOHN DILLON HUSBAND

TERMINUS

I will not know the moment it has come Nor feel the incipient fester in the brain The thrown blood clotting coolly in the vein The sudden stillness round the heart's cracked drum That widens into silence; lips too numb To question why the broken hulls remain And not a voice to shout an answer plain Within the empty auditorium.