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## War's End

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## WAR'S END

War's end, and war is over so they say,  
 Yet I must ask of one ten thousand miles away  
 Who standing in the sun asks quietly  
 The earth in turn: What is the date today?

I see those motes which over mountains fly,  
 The splintered regions that even lemmings flee,  
 One who with steadfast eyes  
 Asks of the air between: What is the date today?

And he who fish-like surfaces on his nose  
 Up from the depths, the pacific he would choose,  
 Gazing across the stillness of a bay,  
 I ask, am asked in turn: What is the date today?

## SINS OF THE FATHERS

Earth tell me now of time  
     The aspect of your season  
 Most moving in its pity  
     When hunter home from kill  
 Looks backward to the tear  
     Of the frail fallen creature

The rune of creeping frost  
     Cracks on the tomb its lip  
 The egoist of travel  
     Lies chastened in the light  
 The changling sap drives upward  
     The liquid to the cup

The rim of dying stars  
     That flicker yet will burn  
 The child within the womb  
     Of unbuilt cities built  
 Of brick and sweating flesh  
     Of marble and of bone