

*death reveals her beauty*

Death reveals her beauty in the turning to fall,  
into that thinning of purpose we had measured by the height of summer green.

Purpose we felt as hunger and clothed as solid bone and counted as who we  
are.

But our ruler has been cut to a length too short to measure what it must —  
the brightening of colors  
a leaf's brilliance  
red in yellowing Nordic light  
  
deep fjord waters

black  
a gouge of darkness curling through blue glacial rock  
reaching the sea  
becoming that sea  
faintly sounding the waves of your voice

Then emptiness

And to measure this?  
Along what edge do we place our ruler?  
Our ruler is too short.  
It can not reach across.  
There is nothing to touch  
What purpose can it know?  
It can not reach across.

Geese fly south beyond the liquid sky red blood clouds of sunset.

My love, You know and i know  
there is no end after all  
no end after all

Death reveals her beauty  
in the turning to Fall

*June 2022*

