

# ORAKL

DANIELE PANTANO



Black  
Lawrence  
Press

*For my children Fiona and Giacomo*

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## AUTHOR'S NOTE

I have translated. I have alphabetized. I have nothing to regret.

—Daniele Pantano  
St. Moritz, Switzerland  
May 2016

## INTRODUCTION

Daniele Pantano's *ORAKL* melds the best aspects of conceptual poetry and traditional lyric verse. It has been said that conceptual poetry needn't even be read to be enjoyed, since its entire pleasure is usually found in the conceit the poet has adopted; once you've grasped the concept behind the poetry, you've depleted its reserves of interest and excitement. This is demonstrably untrue in *ORAKL*. It is conceptual poetry of the highest order, yet there are literary joys to be found beyond the concept.

But before I get to those, we should look at the conceptual element here. Pantano, a renowned poet and translator, has brought both of these talents to bear on his project. His process was to loosely translate all of the poems of Georg Trakl, then order the lines in alphabetical order by their first words. One further aspect of the organization is that while these lines share this overt linguistic kinship—due to the alphabetical ordering, but also due to the frequent repetition of a starting word—the lines do not share any apparent meaning relations. Like the Persian ghazal, where each couplet is meant to stand alone, seemingly disconnected from the others, yet also force by way of lyric disjoint a powerful effect on the reader, Pantano's conceptual poetry forces us to leap from line to line, navigating the voids along the way. There is a jarring-yet-also-pleasurable effect created by this structure and organization. Also, the reader will immediately notice that the title of the book is only one letter off from Trakl's name, transforming it into an oracle of sorts. This is entirely fitting, given that the lines in Pantano's collection echo the enigmatic pronouncements of an oracle from ancient myth and

given that Pantano himself serves as a sort of oracular medium in translating/altering/arranging these lines.

Here is a particularly successful series of lines that illustrates in miniature what Pantano is up to in the book as a whole:

Black skies of metal  
Black snow trickles through her arms  
Black soars the mournful ceremony of churches  
Black walls crumble on the square  
Blazing beats  
Blessed too, the flowering wombs of poor maids  
    who stand there dreaming by the ancient well  
Blind lament in the wind, lunar moonlike winter days  
Blood and weapon-fray of times past soughs in the pine ground  
Blood blossoming on the altar stone (31)

Notice the suggestive subterranean connections between the lines. We have black skies, then we have snow, and then soaring—all images that have to do vaguely with the sky yet do not form a narrative or a direct sensical connection. And later we have flowering wombs and then blood blossoming—two flower images and an association of blood with wombs and childbirth. And this loose associative quality of the progression of lines makes what otherwise might become wholly unanchored fragments a virtuoso display of free association—or not precisely free, since order is imposed as well. What we get in the end is a kind of controlled mutation, whereby each line grows into the next, though often in unexpected ways.

Aside from the overall playfulness of the concept itself, we also find here and there an attractive and sideways sense of humor, which serves to prevent the collection from veering into the realm of the overly serious, as conceptual poetry or “experimental” poetry often does. One bit of playfulness is that the letters X and Z are included, but there are no lines in those sections, merely blank

pages, which I read as both a pun in one instance (the content has been X'ed out) and a playful admission that unlike the other letters, X and Z present particular challenges, given the paucity of English-language words that begin with them. But that playfulness and humor are set beside an irreverent darkness: "Angels with feces-spotted wings emerge from gray rooms" (27). We also find sincere and highly poetic lines: "Exalted is the silence of the forest, greened darkness / and the mossy creature fluttering up when night falls" (41). In short, *ORAKL* navigates several poetic techniques and tonal registers with enviable dexterity.

Renowned novelist, poet, and translator David R. Slavitt has said that to translate is to collaborate with the original author, and I can think of few examples where this is truer than in *ORAKL*. It is as though, through some oracular feat, Trakl has been channeled through and by Pantano in order to collaboratively produce this fine collection.

Pantano writes, furthering the classical theme which permeates this utterly contemporary work that:

From branches in wild shivers silver the night wind's  
lyre of Orpheus sounds forth in the dark mere fading  
away by greening walls (44)

And indeed, Pantano plays the role of Orpheus with aplomb, channeling Trakl as both muse and oracle. These poems bridge several poetic traditions and bring several layers of aesthetic and intellectual pleasure. We would do well to read and reread them and carry them long with us.

—Okla Elliott  
May 2016

“A voice comes to one in the dark.”

—Samuel Beckett

“Language is worth as little as life itself, for it is life itself.”

—Elfride Jelinek



ORAKL

# A

A bare tree is writhing in black agony  
A bearded face full of pity turned away quietly  
A beast breaks shyly through the yellowed reed  
A beast steps silently from tree arcades  
A bell rings and the shepherd leads his herd of black  
    and red horses into the village  
A black angel emerges from it  
A black silence already trembles  
A black storm threatens above the hill  
A blackbird trills piteously  
A blackbird's startled call  
A blackish swarm of flies  
A blessed sound falls from apple branches  
A blossoming outpour leaks away very gently  
A blue beast wants to bow before death  
A blue breeze got caught brightly  
    in the ancient elder tree  
A blue cloud has sunk onto me in the dusk  
A blue deer  
A blue deer quietly bleeds in the thicket of thorns  
A blue face softly leaves you  
A blue moment is only more soul  
A blue moth crawled from its silvery cocoon  
A blue smile on his face and strangely pupated  
    into his quieter childhood  
A blue water grieves  
A blue's glance breaks from crumbling cliffs  
A bony horror strikes when black the dew  
    drips from bare willows  
A boy lays his brow in her hand

A boy sets a fire near the hamlet  
A bread smell and pungent spice  
A breath of fever circles a hamlet  
A breath of warm manure drifts by  
A bright corpse bending over a dark thing  
    and a dead lamb lay at my feet  
A bright day of childhood glides after you  
A bright number stands on a stone  
A brother of yours dies in an enchanted land  
A brown tree stands secluded  
A burning rider explodes from the hillside  
A burning wheel, the round day  
    of earth's endless agony  
A bush rocks yellowhammers in its lap  
A calm modesty enters cool chambers  
A carillon sounds into the small brown garden  
A child stands in silhouette soft and tender  
A child walks on the parched meadow  
A child with brown hair  
A child's skeleton shatters silver against the bare wall  
A cloth of hair laid on a bier  
A cold luster darts across streets  
A crimson cloud shrouded his head, which fell mutely  
    over his own blood and likeness, a lunar face  
A crimson mouth arches in the hazel leaves  
A cross looms boldly amid sparkling stars  
A cross towers among wild vines  
A dead face follows the boy  
A dead man visits you  
A delicate corpse lay silent in the dark chamber  
A deranged seer, he sang a song  
    by crumbling walls, and God's  
    wind devoured his voice

A dog has died in front of her chamber  
A dog lunges along the paths  
A dog runs past a dreaming man  
A dream  
A dreaming soldier sings his mournful song  
A drunken faun is dancing in golden mists  
A dry-boned fool leads the lepers' dance  
A dying beast greets in parting  
A face has sunk drunkenly into the grass  
A faint glockenspiel sounds in Elis's breast  
A fantastically mad sequence  
A farmhand intones the prayer  
A faun with dead eyes stares  
A firelight blazes in the room  
A firelight flashes from the cottages  
A fisherman pulled with a net of hair  
    the moon from a freezing pond  
A flight of nuns  
    blows by on the landing  
A fluttering flowerbed paints  
    symbols, rare embroideries  
A fountain falls in the darkness  
    of chestnut branches  
A fountain lilt  
A gentle monk folds the lifeless hands  
A gentle silence lives in bread and wine  
A glowing boy  
A golden barge  
A golden cloud follows the lonely  
    one, the grandchild's black shadow  
A golden day glows to its end  
A golden ray breaks through the roof and flows  
    onto the siblings, dreamlike and confused

A golden tumbrel wheels through the clouds  
A good shepherd leads his flock along the forest edge  
A graveyard shudder  
A gray stench permeates the air  
A greenish dusky mountain stream  
A guitar hums  
A halo falls upon the girl who waits  
A harsh wind sneers in my ear  
A hay-rick flees through gray, yellowed  
    and skewed  
A heart freezes in snowy silence  
A herd loses itself in the red forest  
A horse's skull stares from the rotten gate  
A host of wild birds migrating  
    to those lands, beautiful, different  
A house glimmers to pieces, strange and vague  
A jangling of coins  
A light rouses shadows in the rooms  
A light shaft freezes in the clouds  
A line of birds greets on its journey  
A line of birds slips into the distance  
A little bird trills like crazy  
A little fish flashes past and fades  
A lonely fate glides down the forest edge  
A long afternoon  
A long time the moon gazes in  
A lover stirs in black rooms  
A lute's mocking strums  
A magnetic chill hovers around this proud head  
A masculine red bending over mute waters  
A melancholy birch  
A minute of mute destruction  
A minute of shimmering silence

A monk, a pregnant woman there in the crowd  
A mournful smile about her mouth  
A nest of scarlet snakes rises languidly  
    in her ruffled womb  
A nightly wreath of violets, wheat  
    and crimson grapes is the year  
    of the one who watches  
A noble fate ponders down  
    the valley of Kidron  
A pale angel  
A petrified head storms the sky  
A procession of wild horses  
A pure blue flows from its decayed shroud  
A purple flame went out by my mouth  
A quake of church chimes upswells  
A quartet's final chords  
A rabble of flies whirls around the flowers  
A rabid dog is walking through a barren field  
A red dress flies through a crowd of children  
A red flame leapt from your palm  
    and a moth burned in it  
A red shadow with a blazing sword  
    burst into the house, fled with snowy brow  
A red ship on the canal  
A red that shakes you like a dream  
A red wolf strangled by an angel  
A rolling drum, black foreheads of warriors  
A roof of parched straw, the black earth  
A room wants to brighten palely for the murderer  
A rose-horrid lightning bolt flashes  
    into ringing spruce trees  
A rotting lineage lives  
A saint emerges from his black stigmatic wounds

A scent of bread escapes from a shop  
A scent of milk in hazel branches  
A scent of thyme hovers in the gold  
A sex  
A shadow, he walked down the bridle path  
    beneath autumnal stars  
A shepherd decays on an ancient stone  
A shepherd mutely follows the sun  
    that rolls from the autumn hill  
A shrub full of larvae  
A shy beast emerges from the edge of the forest  
A silence dwells in black treetops  
A silence dwells in empty windows  
A silken triad fades to a single note  
A silver hand  
A sinister corsair  
A small bird sings in the tamarind tree  
A small fish glides swiftly down the brook  
A sober clarity shows itself in the grove  
A soft violin sounds from the courtyard  
A song accompanies the guitar that rings out  
    in a strange tavern  
A square darkens grim and sinister  
A stooping scribe smiles as if mad  
A strange life dwells in the wine  
A stranger by the evening hill, who weeping lifts  
    his eyelids above the city of stone  
A strip of meadow soughs windswept and faint  
A sultry mist brews on the waters  
A sweet playmate, a rosy angel approached him, so that  
    he, a gentle animal, slumbered into the night  
A tattered flag steaming with blood, so that a man  
    eavesdrops in wild melancholy  
A thorn bush sounds

A thrush frolics with them  
A tree, a dog steps back behind itself  
A tree burned down in red flames  
A vile procession full of filth and mangle  
A village that dies away piously in brown images  
A waxen face flows through alders  
A whispering that drowns in troubled sleep  
A white angel visits the three Marys  
A white shirt of stars burns the carrying shoulders  
    and God's vultures mangle your metallic heart  
A white steamer on the canal carries bloody plagues upstream  
A white stranger enters the building  
A wild beast standing still in the peace of the ancient elder tree  
A wild pain grows in the farmwife's womb  
A wind whines morosely across the meadow  
A wolf mauled the firstborn to pieces, and the sisters fled  
    through dark gardens to reach the bony old men  
A yellow head turned away, the child, silent  
Ablaze the bushes waver  
Above falling cities of steel  
Above Mount Calvary God's golden eyes open in silence  
Above parks in grief and pale  
Above the black patch  
Above the broken bones of men  
Above the forgotten paths of the dead  
Above the sea  
Above the sleep of cows  
Above the vanished path  
Above the white nymphean mirror  
Across the pond  
After midnight, drunk on crimson wine  
    you leave the dark district of man, the red  
    flame of his hearth  
After shadows gliding into the dark



After the one striding, the stranger  
Again and again you return, melancholy  
Again night returns and a mortal thing laments  
Again the delicate corpse meets  
Again the forehead darkens in moonlit stone  
Against the gray sky lines of wild birds follow  
Alas, one evening by the window, when  
    a gruesome carcass, death, emerged  
    from crimson flowers  
All about the forests are wondrously mute  
All at once glittering rain rushes down upon the roofs  
All guilt and red agony  
All roads lead to black decay  
All this is unspeakable, O God, we  
    fall to our knees, shaken  
Allow one last glance up  
Along autumnal walls, he, a young  
    sexton, quietly followed  
    the silent priest  
Along summer's yellow walls  
Along the hill, by the springtime pond  
Already in the black throng of horses and carts  
Already night beckons for a journey to the stars  
Already the pondering man's forehead is dawning  
Already the rosy overgrowth begins to clear  
Already the swallow prepares for its journey  
Also an age-old white head bends over  
Always  
Always chill's dark figure follows the wayfarer  
Always the blue bells of evening sounded  
    from twilight towers  
Always the night bird shrieks in bare branches  
    over moonlit striding

Always the sister's lunar voice  
Always the white night leans against the hill  
Always you walk down the green river  
Amid an airless beech tree silence  
An ancient lullaby fills you with dread  
An angel's blue poppy-eyes open  
An animal face stiffens with blue, its holiness  
An echo of dancing and violins  
An empty coffin loses itself in the dark  
An even higher future that resembles you  
    as you resemble yourself  
An evening sinks through the arched window  
    mild and soft  
An evil heart laughs out loud in beautiful rooms  
An icy wind sounds at the village walls  
An old man spins sadly in the wind  
An old square, chestnuts black and wasted  
An open window, at which a sweet hope stayed behind  
An organ chorale filled him with God's tremors  
An organ comes playing in  
An organ sighs and hell laughs  
An unspeakable face emerged from the chalky wall  
    —a dying youth—the beauty of a lineage returning home  
Ancestors' marble changed to gray  
Ancient legends  
And a blackish cloud shrouded  
    my head, the crystal tears of damned angels  
And a blue wellspring rushed in the ground  
And a canal suddenly spews fat and blood  
And a cock crows beneath the door  
And a dark voice spoke from within me  
And a dreadful stench from the privy stinks after them  
    through which the ghostly moonlight shudders

And a faraway friend writes a letter to you  
And a little lamp of goodness shines in his heart  
And a pulsating swarm of gnats  
And a sinister guest gently closes the door  
And a suggestive tree rustles above his deranged head  
And a swarm of flies buzzes  
And a white beast collapses  
And Afra's smile red in a yellow frame  
    of sunflowers, fear, and gray humidity  
And all around hills and forests sparkled  
And all night the female dancer's steps ring  
    through the greenery  
And an abundance of leaves is falling  
    onto the stone path  
And an ancient water sings  
And an angel in the grove  
And angels step silently from the blue  
And another suffers  
And are the lonely one's companions  
And as I lay there gazing and dying, fear  
    and my deepest pain died within me  
And as though dead she glances over  
And at night they plunge from red shudders  
    of the star wind, like frantic maenads  
And at times something deceased steps  
    from decrepit blueness  
And back to the field  
And barely feel the hour hands move  
And beautifully painted by sunshine  
And bees still gather with earnest diligence  
And before Satan's curses  
And beneath elm trees, you walk  
    in familiar conversation down  
    the green river

And blacker and blacker melancholy veils  
    the departed head, gruesome lightning frightens  
    the nocturnal soul, and your hands tear open  
    my breathless chest  
And blood pounds in their temples  
And blue lakes, above them the sun  
And bows down low over mournful waters  
And bread and wine are sweetened by hard work  
And bursts the pines into flames  
And called in night and desolation  
And carried a small rosy child in his black coat  
And coaxed by abasement  
And crimson blood flowed from the wound  
    beneath his heart  
And crouched together she freezes  
And crowd house and stores that are filled  
    with grain and fruit  
And dark readings of the flight of birds  
And devoted to your will, ever moved  
And dissolved figures also flee in smoke  
And earth's pilgrimage a dream  
And eyelids dazed by fear flutter softly  
And falls overcome to the ground  
And festive the air in spacious courtyards  
And flutter upon black-crossed paths  
And following old custom an evening bell sings  
And following the sister's shadow  
And follows ferns and old stones  
And from blackish gates emerge angels with cold brows  
And fruit drops from the trees  
And fruit ripens peacefully in a sunlit pantry  
And gently the dead friend's hand moves  
And girls who embrace the Lord's body like poison  
And glass and chest in twilight

And glimmers silver from tangled leaves  
And God's heaven falters black and sheds its leaves  
And he saw the starry face of purity  
And her mouth is like a wound  
And her womb awaits the heavenly bridegroom  
And here and there a cross on a barren hill  
And his murderer searched for him  
And his tears fall hot and clear  
And horridly an empty garment decays  
And hunters descend from the forest  
And I crossed the dormant pond  
    on a curved skiff, and sweet  
    peace brushed my stony brow  
And in holy blue luminous steps ring forth  
And in rose wreath and rows  
And in the garden the friend's silver face remained  
And in the twilight rock niches  
And it was noon and the animal's silence was immense  
And it was the murmur of the forest  
And later her shadow gropes along  
    cold walls, surrounded by fairy tales  
    and holy legends  
And leaves drift, trumpets blare  
And leprosy has turned their foreheads bald and raw  
And lifts its hands to God's golden shrine  
And lovingly smooths forehead and robe  
And my soul's echo—the wind! that sneers and sneers  
And naked bones dance past  
And night devoured the cursed descendants  
And now and then buds crackle gaily  
And often smile in anguish  
And often the golden and true show themselves  
    to gentle madness

And opens the soul fearful and wide  
And our wide eyes follow the passage of birds  
And paints panic's grim specters  
And plays with her eyes black and smooth  
And pure his face  
And quietly the hand of the dead woman  
    seizes his mouth  
And raised its cold eyelids over him  
And rats scream in the yard  
And ravens splash in bloody gutters  
And rolling constellations in the black briar  
And scurry this way, that way, like flutes  
And shadows enclose it, like hedgerows  
And she breathes hard upon the pillow  
And she is like a shadow  
And she lies utterly white in the dark  
And she sees her filthy bed  
And she shudders before its purity  
And she slips past the gate  
And she staggers into the forge  
And she stares shaken with pain  
And shimmering a drop of blood fell  
    into the lonely one's wine  
And silver bloom the flowers of winter  
And sink in darkness, dreaming  
And slowly lowers its heavy eyelids  
And slowly the gray moon climbs  
And slowly the strangers depart once again  
And snow and leprosy drop from his forehead  
And softly  
And softly an ancient stone touches you  
And softly blood poured from the sister's silver  
    wound, and a rain of fire fell upon me

And softly open to strange constellations  
And something gold  
And something unborn sighing from blind eyes  
And something you mistake for a fire  
And sometimes lustful glances meet  
And sometimes rose-colored mosques  
And sometimes you can hear them fret over carrion  
    they smell is somewhere  
And sometimes you float, light and wonderful  
And sometimes you see them in fretful rest  
And space becomes a grave  
And sparrows flutter over bush and fence  
And spew blood in winding thorns stiff and gray  
And strangely scattered in the evening wind  
And suddenly they point their flight northward  
And sunflowers sink over the fence  
And terror seizes the heart  
And the animal's scorching wilderness  
And the autumn gold of the elm tree  
And the awakening at the edge of the twilight forest  
And the bell in the valley drones mightily  
And the blue bright sky  
And the blue hyacinth had just bloomed at the window  
    and the old prayer appeared on the breathing one's  
    crimson lip, crystal tears sank from his eyelids, crying  
    for this bitter world  
And the boy's radiant blue shadow rose  
    in the dark, a gentle song  
And the boy's rosy angel appeared softly before him  
And the chill of an evening spring  
And the cock crows to the last  
And the cool blue embraces him mightily and the burning  
    remains of autumn

And the cypresses breathe calmly  
And the dark  
And the day dissolves in the green  
And the delight of green  
And the flowers of summer that ring lovely in the wind  
And the flying veils of night pass away in bursts of flames  
And the footsteps grow quietly green in the forest  
And the gentle flutes of autumn  
And the gloomy voice laments  
And the head of the waif stiffens with the agony  
    of a golden day  
And the heart rings softly in the night  
And the heavenly distances open in bright purity  
And the house is well in order  
And the lonely bird's squall above the green silence of the pond  
And the lonely one's brow quietly greens again  
And the melodious sound of its spiritual years  
And the moon chased a red animal from its cave  
And the moon eavesdrops from the trees  
And the moon that glowing sinks into sad waters  
And the mother's lamenting shape staggers  
    through the lonely forest of this mute grief  
And the murderer's shadow in the twilight corridor  
And the oars silently row as one  
And the peace of the meal  
And the red deer, the green flower  
    and the babbling spring  
And the redness creeps slowly through the torrent  
And the scythe clashes in the field  
And the shadows of the damned descend  
    to the sighing waters  
And the silence of the elder  
And the silver voices of stars



And the sky leaden and vast  
And the stranger's steps ring through the silver night  
And the sun sets beyond the hill  
And the sweet chanting of the resurrected  
And the twelve assembled  
And the white figures of the light  
And the white voice spoke to me  
And the wilderness by the shore greens  
    darker, delight in rosy wind  
And the wilderness of her eyebrows  
And the women's dark lament died sighing  
And the yard lies long deserted  
And the yellow flowers of autumn bend mutely  
    over the pond's blue face  
And their breath flows sweeter through the night  
And their immeasurable melancholy overflows  
    into the evening blue  
And then climb down to earth, you glorious one  
And then pales to nothing in the mirror  
And there the mother rots with her child  
And these hopeless laments for the dead  
And they pour the wine and break the bread  
And they shriek eagerly as if mad  
And things unborn rest in their own peace  
And thinks the mother's somber face  
And those dead step from bare rooms  
And to the mild lamp inside  
And toads slept through the young leek  
And tranquil eyes look all around in their purple caves  
And trickle away like a funeral cortège  
And walks, a pale angel, through the empty grove  
And wanders slowly on the flood  
And wake your much-loved slumbering woman

And we cried in our sleep  
And weakened by her protests  
And when I bent over silent waters  
    with silver fingers, I saw my face  
    had abandoned me  
And when I drank of it, it tasted more bitter than poppy  
And whirl in through the open window  
And with helpless gestures  
And with shrills the scythes swing ghostly  
    back and forth in time  
And yet, and yet  
And you move your arms more beautifully in this blue  
And you see lights that have lost their way  
And your brother looks at you softly  
    with nightly eyes, that he may rest  
    from thorny travels  
And your eyes are staring at you like steel  
And your forehead rages through the soft green  
Angels with feces-spotted wings emerge from gray rooms  
Appearing, the one sleeping descended the black forest  
Are so quiet  
Are soundless in the reeds  
Are the clouds, white, wisping  
Around dark rims of weathered fountains  
Around the pale flowers on a stifling flood  
As his head sinks into the black pillow  
As if man's golden likeness were devoured  
    by the icy wave of eternity  
As if the shadows of those long dead hovered above it  
As in a dream she's met by laughter  
As though a brazen gate were slamming shut  
As though a tender corpse followed in the shadows  
As when blue water roars in the rocks

At evening a whispering rises on the islands  
At evening drift bloody linens  
At evening on the terrace we got drunk on bronze wine  
At evening: steps come through black land  
At evening the autumnal forests resound  
At evening the cuckoo's lament falls silent in the forest  
At evening the place lies desolate and brown  
At evening when we walk down dark paths  
At midnight  
At night a shepherd leads his flock across the meadow  
At night a snowy wellspring above mossy steps  
At night above the barren meadow  
At night drink the icy sweat that runs from Elis's crystal brow  
At night he remained alone with his star  
At night his mouth broke open like a red fruit, and the stars  
    began to sparkle above his ineffable grief  
At night I found myself on a heath  
At night stars seek, Good Friday's child  
At night the sleeper found them beneath the pillars in the hall  
At night they scream in sleep under olive limbs  
At nightfall they carried the stranger into the chamber of the dead  
At nightfall you hear the bats shriek  
At red breasts and in black lyes  
At the awakening the bells rang in the village  
At the cool feet of the penitent woman  
At the forest edge  
At the forest edge, lighting the sinister paths  
At the gate by dark paths  
At the pond of Triton  
At the sight of the ruined graveyard on the hill  
At the stream the women still wash  
At the window whose stare is barred  
At this hour I was the white son in my father's death

At times he recalled his childhood filled  
with sickness, horror, and darkness, furtive  
play in the garden of stars, or how he fed  
the rats in the twilight courtyard  
At vespers the stranger loses himself  
in November's black ruin  
At your feet  
At your mouth  
Autumn: black pacing along the forest edge  
Autumn in rooms  
Autumn is quiet, the spirit of the forest  
Autumnal graveyard, holding his mother's frigid hand  
Autumnal reeds rustle their laments  
Autumnal retinue  
Autumn's golden breath  
Autumn's path and crosses enter evening  
Autumn's sinking  
Avanti!