

Great Circle

And so bone-cold January, where
the wind mutters in our crooked chimney by the sea
while the wood, long cut and split, dwindles
in its patterned pile against the howling wall
of the north, and the barking children
are wracked in the darkness
of their beds of sweat under the eaves:
January: a few white cracking weeks
where Fear
walks the glaring fields, where random death
and the passing hearse teach us to tell real time
by the most ancient and trusted dial, where
the great circle is finally frozen and afternoon
drops early to its shadowed close.

RLR

23/10/82

— *Richard L. Raymond*