

In this country
With nothing to be seen
Again I don't know where to look first

Above the clouds
The blue. Beneath the stones
The beach. What about here?

Like belated brides
Cars hurry on
With trains of rain

Horses staring at the point
Where to-day passes into evening
They're tired

Flocks of swallows
Dashing past
Yet another summer flies away

Autumn draws vague borders:
Broad evenings
Between day and night

Unnoticed the heron lands
Yet he moved
Heaven and earth

Evening. I have that
Rooks croaking around the
Church-steeple feeling

Unhampered by memories
The autumn leaves
Fall down

What more does it have
That single tree
On which all birds alight?

Light hesitating
Between day and night
I put off the burning of the lamp

Lying anchored in my bath
My knees like buoys
Unmoving, moored

Flames reach up
Want to fly through the chimney
Only the smoke gets away

A book. A cup of tea.
Bach (softly). You. And a
Bay window for when it rains.

Nowhere else so many
Hold their tongues
With so much noise

Rain whispering
About a colourless day
In the language of black

Swishing. Dripping?
Or just silence, sitting mum?
What is the sound of grey?

The glass of wine you had just
Started drinking stayed half full
I miss your silence

Resting her paw
On what she takes for nothing:
What's glass to a cat?

What's the colour of a pale moon
Within a glass of red wine?
Tonight I know

Friends of old
The chilly autumn night
Feeling suddenly much warmer

Never as clearly as by the full moon
Can they see
The dirt on the window-panes

Too late I point
To a falling star
No one believes me

This remains when friends have left:
An empty table, empty bottles,
A heart that is full

I draw the walls about myself
As if they were a blanket
Keeping out the world

The full moon
Stalks through the bedroom
Light as of snow

Night. Black rain on the window.
We in bed.
Where do the fairies shelter?

The evening burns to cinders
In the fireplace
That pyre that consumes our days

Birds like notes
On electrical staves
Haphazard music

A nice autumn sun
But the shadow of the plum-tree
Moth-eaten

Early morn. Two stars
Struggle for life, a losing
Strife against the dawn

Trees die upright
Between their dead branches
A happy butterfly

The dead church wall
A spot of sunlight
Draws a blank window