

Fading Vista

A weekend in absent friends' houses
Looking after fragile ghosts
Awakens the dream awareness

Celebrations of the Dead
Underneath every living denial
Are the high ground's summit

The panorama curves off
Like a stick bearing buckets
On a free man's sloshing yoke.

Homes litter the world
The world loses its place
The place weakens into walls

Everything or belongings
Longings or bella donna
Who chooses two graves

I am seeing what I shouldn't
The heritage of each tiny piece
All shards of one artless mirror

The ghost of oneself
Insisting it has substance
By clinging to faint echoes

Wake up to the sleeping
As its spiders offer flies
Through the centerless web