

The Edge.

How long can you bear
The silence? Do you seem
Already to be at the edge
Mourning your own
Departure, alone, without
The last offices or hearse
Or even lookers-on except the rook
That flies by the bleak
Stalks of winter, hovers
And watches, then flies indifferent
Away? Many faces have turned away
From you. You are lonely; why?
There is a truth to speak
And it must be spoken.
You've got to know the sky
And wait, in case it's chosen you
To speak. That's why.