

KINDERGARTEN

They are all waiting for the
answer, each of them cramped
in the confines to which they aspire,
carrying the burden still, through
the condemning years, groaning from each
of those imposed sentences. There's something
tragic in old men's eyes, a lost spirit, the ulcer
of something deeper, the odyssey of what
time cannot do without, for survival is enough
in itself.

It's brave to
die with dignity, in a home filled with
laughing, the landscape full with something
more substantial than pity. Then memory chimes,
ringing high up hill slopes, calling children along
between trees, the fibres of muscle leaving those
trifling misanthropes in the foothills.
The spirit's adrift, leaving still each unfinished
ambition, having striven for dialogue between
conviction and the eternal continents of peace.

Still, the oldest death is beyond
co-ordination, forming through the valleys
of exile, the hands plunge into
the earth of leaves, bodies, sanctuaries.
Children are not sure of those graceful
dead gathering amidst the moving rocks. They toy
with living, not the dwindled spark of arrogant
and disquietened love. Theirs is the dream
of simple possibilities, each slight
discontentment shrieking spiritless across
the ground.