

Fragment: To a Mirror

Behind that blind facade of yours,
 What drafts are moving down what intricate maze
 Of halls? What solitude of attics waits,
 Bleak, at the top of the still hidden stair?
 And are these windows yours that open out
 On such spectacular views?
 Those still bays yours, where small boats lie
 At anchor, abandoned by their crews?
 The parks nearby,
 Whose statues doze forever in the sun?
 Those stricken avenues,
 Along which great palms wither and droop down
 Their royal fronds,
 And the parade is drummed
 To a sudden, inexplicable halt?

Tell me,

Is this the promised absence I foresee
 In you, when no breath any more shall stir
 The milky surface of the sleeping pond,
 And you shall have back your rest at last,
 Your half of nothingness?

1963-1972
 Donald Justice