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Evening Profile

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Afternoon

The afternoon is all fallen plaster, black stones, dry thorns.
The afternoon has a difficult color made up of old footsteps halted
in mid-stride,
of old jars buried in the courtyard, covered by fatigue and straw.

Two killed, five killed, twelve—so very many.
Each hour has its killing. Behind the windows
stand those who are missing, and the jug full of water they didn't drink.

And that star that fell at the edge of evening
is like the severed ear that doesn't hear the crickets,
doesn't hear our excuses—doesn't condescend
to hear our songs—alone, alone,
alone, isolated totally, indifferent to condemnation or vindication.

Evening Profile

Her hands still young, tormented
by expectation and by twofold time,
pale against her black dress. She was sitting
alone in the courtyard, gazing in isolation
at the ships that were vanishing. Suddenly
all the sunset sparkled on her ring
as on the windows of a village high on the hill.
She then covered the ring tenderly with her other palm,
closed her eyes first, then smiled.