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Love Song

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Love Song

Something grows immense, like a fungus, across the day.
A few leaves fall. Darkness rises.

An ice film forms on the lake.
It's winter, and then it's winter's depth.

The freezing wind becomes a city.
Thin brigades march through the streets,

Whistling their retreat like an empty wind
Whistling through field stubble.

Down in my own red appetites, I grovel
Before this weather, longing for form,

For a gray transcendence never betraying itself
Into green, and never

Becoming other than what it is—a mildewed book
In sunlight fading as from that place

Where the wind plays over and over itself,
Stalks rattle against each other, and the brigades

Go marching out of tune, out of step,
And out of town again, and a dog goes trotting after,

Tongue lolling, ice forming on its thick coat.
For you, sure, I would be this dog,

My blue and quizzical eyes going stray,
Turning toward another horizon.