

ESCEPTICISM

When at dusk
We have seen vultures
Soaring over the winds
And confused wings
Dying incessantly,
We will have arrived
(Who knows if we will have arrived?)
On time to erase the uranium
Of the green, green, nature,
Plough, dusty guitar.

God, I waited for you.
I waited for you, I waited for you!
But you were not there,
You were not but in the hot
Blood of the dying,
In the jargon of the mighty
Who, evoking you. triumphs in laurel.

“Dawn Breaks and the Wind Tangles your Hair” (1980-1992)