

## Treason

With the first chill mid-September night  
     all things deciduous  
         (all life)  
     shuddered decidedly, a host  
 convulsing, vexed by a fratricidal fog  
     (asthenic counterfeit of ghosts:  
 such shredbare boggarts as would howl a pledge  
     of some less lifeless end  
     than that of oak leaves, crabbed,  
     haggling shrill against the fence).  
         Still—  
 and here their viscera betrayed them—  
     through that shudder ran a thrill,  
     a flash of rapture as may  
         leap for any sibyl  
         sooth to say  
     whose saying may not soothe  
     yet for an instant gild  
         them  
         where they stand  
         ravished by portent,  
         radiant with their story's end.

Ahead, the fog-blurred poles are trees or men—  
     none but will bend,  
     so soon do heights succumb  
     in cyclone, verticality in vertigo  
         (in verse).  
         No latitude  
 but takes the measure of a man, an earth...

The winking sun wheels and reverts  
to willing southern lands—  
bland bigamist who keeps engagements elsewhere  
while along the furrows of a darkened hemisphere  
all reapers reap without assuagement,  
seeing what is dun,

and let the equinoxious thing begone,  
leaving behind its lantern-jack facsimiles—plump kin—  
to moulder no more hastily,  
indeed, betray no worse  
but die agrin,  
caving their chiselled teeth around the curse  
and sound decision  
of the sibyl's season.