

## -Fallen-

Hard by mournful scraps of cloud  
that loft along the inky edge of night,  
follow the green-twist, leafy fall  
down to the sight of the least deer,  
of all that mythy cloven kind  
to pierce an unsuspecting heart,

lying here, unmarked, and staring  
from the wet round eye  
of his last testament.

I think an insult of proliferation  
brought him to his tidy little knees,  
or perhaps he dropped, unblemished,  
quite rigid in his run  
from some ancient frieze, circling with the sun  
that stopped to let him off, unfinished

in full stride to hit this mulchy earth,  
in neck-twisting panic, to taste  
a few deep gulps, sweetly,  
from the dark and dewy mirth  
of our earthly garden,  
in the short and bloody countdown  
from his birth.

Hail to the hot sun-streaks  
searing, one by one,  
their speckle in the great nave,  
as he ran burning  
to silver-flashing icy creeks,  
one last brief sip to save,  
from the last howl heard.

Through hammer beats of a bursting pulse,  
foreleg raised  
but no way out,

I see he finally gently lay,  
and let the moon into his mouth.