

## A Possible Insight of Poetics (for T.S.Eliot)

Violin, canvas, stage, book  
and all the other parade of stairs  
combine in a kiss.

Perhaps an understanding of drowning  
disseminates in circular array from the ocean depths.  
At Alexandria the sun is hot, and within  
an imploding candle flame, the runes.

Runes signifying fantasy  
tied to a vision of ice  
and lime  
laugh wearily at shades of affection.

Sullen eyes glare at the headlamps  
and disappear into possible memories.  
A nova flowers as the coastline weeps,  
once again within its form.