

**Apocalypse**  
*(for Pablo Neruda)*

lunar nimbus  
like an inconsolable  
dark soul  
pains its way  
through obstacles of stars  
saddened by the rain  
over our footfalls

a hungry wind pricks its ears  
& sniffs the fading trail  
deathhowls escape night's black snout  
bruised-blue foggy figures  
move with intent  
toward some indistinct end

tonight the disc moon  
slips into black, airy canyons  
beyond our grasp  
things loosen from the earth

&  
we are stones washed in the red stream of sky  
before everything  
disappears over the last ridge of the night