

Have We After All Come To

Cynthia Hogue

This? As if sunlight cast upon streets
auras of message or vision. Like oracles
the unsightly line up, parading
agony's mask. How spell indifference?
Give it a break?

Who have wasted our lives?

I glimpse foxfire in town,
where the square clangs with bells cut
from silence, ringing *out*
of time. I like a sound that's true,

but tell me we haven't lost
our circumference, that intimation
of wholeness, or erased
intuition from ken.

Far from the still center, touch
a lustrous stone for luck.
Look at the pool of sky in its depths,
the wavering trees, the shining
visage in its waters.