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Prologue for a Book of Songs

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PROLOGUE FOR A BOOK OF SONGS

This is the book of ordeal,
of hinges

upon which turn
the great doors of pain. Open

them as you open your eyes
from that long sleep

strange with dreams
whose traces linger in the darkness

of your nose and throat
which are the last to wake.

Open them
as you open the last letter

from the friend
whose agony is ending

without seizures
of regret. Open them

as if to fields of ancient ice
the daily thaw and freeze

has sealed in a vast mirror,
that shield over darkness

blinding with the wide sheen of the sun.
The grace of long arrival

dissolves the way before.