

The Slip

sometimes

set or whole

a quiet fear

wears

sleeves of death

dancers *au pair*

a piano

sounding

the song

we wish to hear

"All Mysteries"

rumbles

in evening air

of rain tracing

snow trails

to

which we turn

and ringing

interrupts the dance

"the separation

of movement from

steady rhythm"

an embryo

from an impresario

plowing

salting

and then no matter

"far from breaking

up the whole,

false

continuities are"

still there

a quiet fear

wearing sleeves

of death's

elegance

*après tout*