# *Hell*

Time is gusting in over the
wet grass,
lifting the
lanterns of the puppets
that sun which
only the dead
see
motionless above the

capitol. Time

gusting over the platinum
of the hills,
                lifting
the fog—
        that sun
which only the dead
see
                picks the colors loose
from the grass,
vermillion then jade, the

skeletons of sheep

ripple as one great shadow—

                while the living
float above us,
the stars in our sky.