

coarse. coarse heat in the windless town square with its shuttered windows...  
everything is exhausted and withdrawing.

the broken fountain in the center of disrepair.

i watch the enlarged eyes of a dog in a twisting bond of flesh  
with patches of sores and mange

leaning against life which contains no convictions.

sometimes emptiness moves into our hearts

like a prayer going nowhere.

into our hearts.

wf.h.

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