



## Darkening

Now in the dying of the year  
in the season of crows  
the blue of everything in my life  
deepens, turns to the steel  
of an old knife.

I throw a shadow, blue as a bruise,  
which rises and gathers against the ceiling.  
On my stove the flames of gas  
are almost black.

I start to write to you  
but the paper darkens  
until my blue words disappear.

The moon which shaved its silver  
on my bed in spring  
hangs as an indiscernible grape.

Venus weeps over the shoulder  
of the moon, to see me  
writing poems in blood.