

The Land of Epilogue

At the end of the day (as politicians say
When interviewed) the garden has become
A reservoir of scents. Tobacco plants
Dangle their long, white-fingered gloves, each one
A loaded censer. Evening primrose, stock,
Uncork their perfumed currents on the air.

At the end of the day, there comes a moment when
The sun – that prodigal – returns
To take a final bow. Parting the clouds,
It sweeps across the cornfields like a knife
Buttering toast – the Land of Epilogue
In fleeting preview on the screen of dusk –

An overlay of gold. At the end of the day,
The life that led me to ‘this point in time’
Is of no consequence. There is a sense
Of something simply having come and gone,
Leaving an echo like a dying chord –
The branches shaken but the tree unstirred.