

LET THE FEVER SLEEP

THE FOLDS OF THE BLANKET FALL TO THE FLOOR

AND KEEP THE SPLINTERED PLANKS WARM

THE PANES OF THE WINDOW ARE CRUSTED WITH ICE

AND PRESERVE THE CHILD ECHOES OF YESTERDAY

THE KNOB ON THE DOOR HAS STOPPED TURNING

AND WITHHOLDS THEIR FINGERPRINTS,

DUSTED WITH AGE

BUT THE NUBILE BODY OF TODAY

IS COLLECTING EGGSHELLS IN THE DRIVEWAY

AND REPLACING THE LIGHTBULB IN THE ATTIC

AND PUTTING NEWSPAPERS IN THE FIREPLACE

WHILE THE LITTLE HAND ON THE CLOCK

IS WRESTLING WITH THE BIG HAND

SO THE NUMERALS FALL

AND FRACTURE TO THE FLOOR

LEAVING BEHIND THE FACE

COLD AND BLANK AND WHITE AND STARING

INTO THE SOMEWHERE STREETS

OF TOMORROW