

Cave di Cusa at Dusk

luminous pathways tremble
ribbons through the quarry
sun sets quietly beyond the ridge
sea shivers somewhere in secret

a violet shadow casts
over the valley: olive trees
dusted, lengthening, hushed
limestone wheels sleeping like beasts

a wind carries herbs, circles pillars
of unfinished work, conjuring
footfalls forgotten, although
the rope has left its mark

sweet wild dogs weave behind us
past white flowers strung like bells
the hand of night passes us over
and uncovers new deaths every morning

illness is bounding southward.
my dearest friend, will we fall too,
who will brush the dust from our ruins
and cut our names from the stone?