

TAILED SONNET

Here, the sea moderates the chills
and fever of the continental reach.
In the beginning, when life inspired my ills
an inland beauty was bitter, idling speech,
summer hotter, winter colder. The sill
of Johnnycake Mountain with its mean extremes
was known as Satan's Kingdom, and it seemed
the glacier had pressed and stamped each face and will.

Halfway down was an enchanted clearing,
level and still, where the abandoned road
wound past ruined foundations lapped by waves
of roses with forgotten names. There flowed
across the S-curve a shallow brook, and nearing
as I rode that earth-stream point that gave
to right and left at once and back and forth,
nor up nor down the mountain, I came to birth
into a place beyond directions, bliss
as if there were creation further than this.