

IN PROFUNDIS

by Karlis E. Rusa

When you're on one side of the house it's summer and afternoon
but as soon as you walk around it to the other side it's autumn and
night and a dim light at the door and people one by one saying good-
bye and drifting off on their dragons

So you keep wishing you were back in the other place again
playing the magical hide-and-seek there among your silent friends
whom you never really see and who are present only in this particular
dream

Yes you wish you were back in the summery afternoon place
where the sun is behind the chimney but you cannot return for you
must stand shivering in the darkness which increases when someone
turns out that last light

And dry leaves float down all about you noiselessly like brown
snowflakes and on them are seated tiny elves certainly sent from the
heavens

No salvation from these

They disappear upon reaching the ground and all you hear is a
very faint tinkling laughter far far off over the hills and you cannot
follow

Now you shall stand there in the dark perhaps for ever and you
do not even see the house any longer for you are lost lost lost and
sleeping off your soul's pain and memories of the gentle summer
that may never have existed but as a lesser pain