

Still

by Thomas Curry

I wanted only to be still,
to become a rustle
for a moment
of papery fall leaves sighing past one another
on their way to the funeral pyre in the front lawn,
sweetly fragrant with the scent of death and inevitable decline,
fearless in their annihilation,
incandescent countenances turning joyfully to ash,
divorced in moments from the tyranny of singularity,
emancipated from reason,
an ecstatic transmutation into perfectly symmetrical dissonance
careening free from form reveling in unresolved ambiguity,
a shadow at midnight.

