

Birch Book

"The Carnival Is Empty"

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Cross the lot, Wave a hand
Dust off the loaded caravan
In the settled haze of morningfall
Mark the way, hark the call
The tone is dry
The note is clear
The road is wide
The passage free
The Carnival is Empty

Lift a finger, lift a chin
Lift the corner of an eye
Floating falling into sight
Adrift, the paper butterfly

Without aim
Painted wings
Gather gust
Flutter free
The Carnival is Empty

Waking has no worry then
Dreams have no sleep
A cage's edge has no name
Words have no speech
The thought is gone
The face serene
The brow is clear
The mind is free
The Carnival is Empty

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