This last step implores an ending. Every crevasse, every granule crushed is the desire to cross into

a room. Here, the perfumed air suggests rest, a

resignation: as if the mauve silk sheets of the bed, as if the lithe brown woman preparing them for your

body, were themselves the final word. In this room, you are imagining silence

and then: *more of the same!* You wait for worry. There is only peace, and your mind going on, felicitous,

into the blue distance. However, this is only the last step, not imagination, nor love. It has only pretended to be sanctuary. Nothing more than sweat, a sweet ache in the thigh,

an advance onto the day's last height. How

it slips from the present without pronouncing the promised . . .

You are taken
with depth,
silence sucked into the vacuum

of the valley, the incessant air!
If you fell, earth
would enter your blood, and

you would sleep, the landed gentry.
You name this mountain.