

# the well

## Autumn

glazed and wired on this strangest day  
choking on everything in me  
scraping the tar from the garden walls  
this duty frightens me  
deep the well  
deeper still the weight of my descent  
torrid waters emerge  
an acrid feast of sparrows drowning  
and in twilight hours  
it hopes to dream of restful places  
weeping as one  
the rain is all we have  
all we have  
vultures fanning me  
with their hungry shadows  
they cannot hear the ticking inside my head  
so they bury me just the same  
deep the well  
deeper still the weight of my descent  
filling, surrounding me  
i too, become  
the well  
i too

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