

The Last Page

Nocturnal Vision

footlessly
the ghost
of her ghost
thumps through
the emptiness
quaking in the
quilted nothingness
of maternal night
before there was
or there was not
nihilating nothing
in dusk of moonlight
neither human nor angelic
the animal divine
treacherously trembling
in tumult of time
between river and rock
the radiance secretes
seed of immortal sap
the cloudless destiny
elapsed before dawn
unfurled as the future
in gleaming presence
of everlasting past
drifting like darts of dust
with no reason to trust
the passing of this night

Elliot R. Wolfson