

The Winged Eye

I had come to the end of everything, the black sky,
The crows, red berries like a touch of blood,
When over the ship of death fluttered a winged eye.

For this is what it seemed, moving out, on, much too far,
The sense of a masked, red figure standing in the prow—
I have no other way to tell you what late autumns are.

It is as though the rose reneged, the fruits were all
self-ravished—
One has these human but delusive ways of talking to the
world:
How could the rose wish to die on whom my love was lavished?

Why did the fruit destined for my tongue dare to show a
spot?—
It is as though a lover, fondled and fondled, claimed at last,
Said in a smoky, late-autumnal voice: I would rather not.

This is where—at least I think it does—the eye with wings
Hovers over a red-draped figure and the falling leaves,
And says: You do not have a corner on all lovely things.

I am the one suspended in your dreams whether or not you
know.
The ship was always full of fruits, flowers, now with leaves,
men in red—
Here are wings. Look back into the mind again before you let
the summer go.

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