

NOVEMBER SUNSET: NOCTON FEN

M.L. McCarthy

Night, figure of death, as death of finity,
Steals on the beauty of this wintry air
Down a sky bleak of cloud, bone-smooth, all bare:
Its luminous coldness hints a mystery.
Gaze till you drop, my eyes: you cannot see
Mystery nor meaning smeared above the hill
In that long line of dusky pink that still
Purples and thins to nothing, gradually.
All colours thin, the light grows less and less,
And death, in every darkness, is foretold;
But no so fearful, so resistless fall
As Theodora's fading tenderness:
Herald of absolute night and absolute cold,
And my world's dying, as the great world shall.

"November Sunset: Nocton Fen" © 2006 by M.L. McCarthy

Contemporary Rhyme Vol. 3 No. 2 Spring 2006