

Sketch in Early Fall

A list made of gray slabs of earth and sky
A dust made blue from the echo of a hidden tomb

Are you committed to an amazement?
Would you like to drive to a museum
And touch the edge of its stone corners?

The leaves are returning to me
All the small offices are darkening
The commute occurs in a strange hush
There seems to be no major theme

Perhaps the erosion of the air
That holds the veins

Has it always been a medieval life?
Did we ever fully escape the Baroque?

In a dream of rodents and religious medals
The swans were gliding away
Toward the preverbal

The sun cut by an oak tree
Children laughing downhill

A woman is putting on a costume
She will go dancing at the airport tonight
A man stares at a screen
Trying to remember Caravaggio

In this brief time we have shared
Perhaps we have kept a little of the world alive

The castles in Spain take flight.
Every mother knows
There are words that can kill you.

George Eklund's poems have appeared in *American Poetry Review*, *Bayou Magazine*, *Beloit Poetry Journal*, *Conduit*, *Crazyhorse*, *EPOCH*, *The Iowa Review*, *The Massachusetts Review*, *6 X 6*, *Redactions*, *Tinge*, *Toad*, and *Visions International*, among others. His latest full length book is *The Island Blade*.