

Now the Lark is Silent (2020)

The lark has stopped singing.
The amorous fountain runs with copper water.
Wolves stalk the streets of Paris.

Maria kneels on the soft rushes criss-crossing the floor.
The bottom-most layers have decayed and compressed—
she will peel off this mat come spring.

Maria kneels next to the fire in the center of the room.
Smoke fills the top half of the house
before ascending to Heaven.

Notre Dame is empty. The University is empty.
Vespers and Matins sound the same.
The Seine runs with Black Bile.

Maria kneels over her weaving, the fire's gone out.
She cannot see or feel her fingers,
but they weave on into the night.

Maria kneels in front of the altar's last candle.
The scent of tallow clings heavy to her hair
Two more combings and it will be gone.

There are now three popes, all false.
The world is damned.
The lark has no more songs to sing.