

The Scent of Innocence

From every hand span
a thousand stars
beam and wink
in silver opalescence
as sunlight, bent and muted
bounces off moon
and newly fallen
Vermont snow
The sky is black
and the million suns themselves
are near as a mountaintop
Nothing, yet, has touched
this midnight moment
and some hidden pulse
in my deepest breath
like the just caught glimpse
of a molten flash
of sunlit gold
off the breast
of a scarlet bird
knows again
(not possibly from this life
nor the last
but, perhaps
early on
in the one before
or prior still)
the scent
of innocence
long since scorched and rent
by the mindless bitterness
of the cripple
man