

Rock garden : october

D.G. Jones

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ROCK GARDEN: OCTOBER

In the rain, it is a ruin
of shadows, it is
the tomb of flowers

It gathers the colours
5 of fallen leaves. Still
it is the stones that flower

like a gathering of tomes
where those that are gone go on
talking

10 More and more my mouth
is full of stones
and the bones of my colleagues

look like flowers
Is it, the jumble, paradise
15 or Angkor Wat

or the inner city after
10 P.M.? It is not
alive or dead

or human. I pass it
20 in the rain, darkly. It is
a growth of runes