

Goodnight, old crone,
How I hate you for your pale beauty,
your lopsided indifference,
you who left Byron in Venice
only to turn up here in Bampton Street
looking coldly into the distance
with that same blond fatality
and icy stare. Maybe your role
is simply to come and go
in and out of season,
returning according to
the same planetary rules
as everyone else. And no,
I cannot sleep and there you are again,
hurrying away from me
with your bag full of clouds.
It is no consolation that you left Byron,
that you leave all men.
Your backward glance turns me to stone.
Even my shadow is yours.