

IV

The wind thrashes the maple seed-pods,  
The whole brilliant mass comes spattering down.

This is my fourteenth year as governor of C province.  
I was little more than a lad when I first came here.  
Now I am old but scarcely any wiser.  
So little are white hairs and a wrinkled forehead a sign of wisdom!

To slowly raise oneself  
Hand over hand, lifting one's entire weight;  
To forget there was a possibility  
Of some more politic movement. That freedom, courage  
And pleasant company could exist.  
That has always been behind you.

An earlier litigation: wind hard in the tops  
Of the baggy eucalyptus.

Today I wrote, "The spring is late this year.  
In the early mornings there is hoar-frost on the water meadows,  
And ice papers over the frozen ~~meadows~~ on the highway."  
If you go out to the western gate, will any ody be likely to meet you?

The day was gloves.

How far from the usual statement  
About time, ice--the weather itself had gone.

I mean this; through the years  
You have approached an inventory.  
And it is now that tomorrow  
Is going to be the climax of your casual  
Statement about yourself, begun  
So long ago in humility and false quietude.

The sands are frantic  
In the hourglass. But there is time  
To change, to utterly destroy  
That too-familiar image  
Lurking in the glass  
Each morning, at the edge of the mirror.

The train is still <sup>sitting</sup> in the station  
You only dreamed it was in motion.