

DIXON J. JONES

Without passions

all is balanced

at night just bring
what you've wrought

inside
before the snow flies

just leave the doors open
and stack all the chairs

then shut off the heat
then switch off the lights

then strip off the sheets
just open the drapes

and slip off your clothes

lie down in the lozenge
of motionless moonlight

become a white hill

it all makes sense
as the rooms cool

as the rooms will