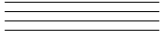


E N D I N G S



R O B E R T M E Z E Y

If the winter comes to stay,
how much then will north wind weigh?

What is pitiable and thin,
yet still locks the city in?

What does autumn think of death
now? And what has lost its breath

hunting through each cancelled square
a brief whiteness in the air?

When the mist had rolled away,
was there nothing left to say

to the gathering vacancy?
Was there any word of me?