Last Summer In October

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LAST SUMMER IN OCTOBER

No winds tear
fifty miles an hour
through my hair,
and hers, and no elms plunge for hours
in electric air.
Lightning is my eyes,
a deep golden stare
brighter than King Midas
on the quick golden stair
to Olympus.
“Send no rare, metal rose
to your daughter, but your fair
and wizard self. Let your hidden
bolts charge her golden hair,
and gold.”
No thunder folds far
or near, and dark in cellar darkness
golden peaches my wife preserved
last summer
drip and burn on her pale, bald
knee.
“I am your father.
All is stillness
here.”
The rainspout rusts, and violets
gleam in the unattended garden
where gold beetles drag.
Pale butterflies, alchemized by sun,
no longer lift their wings, fold
or unfold, and everywhere—
on the shingles, fence posts,
thistles—rattle empty cocoons,
shells like fingers
of dead skin.