

D. Nurkse

In the King's Garden

If we're tempted by sadness
we stroll down the raked path
where the white tea-roses
wear their names in plastic sleeves:
IMPERIO. MUERTE. DEMONIO
and there time passes so fast
we're return as an old stone
worn smooth, and a crooked stick.

Do you hear the band tuning
in the gazebo under the pines?
Have you crossed the little bridge
that spans the ornamental pool?

On that side, the suicides
are saved and hold hands
until a falling petal
surprises them with wrinkles
and the wind fills them
with a love so cold
they bow and dance.