In November's Mist

In November's mist when far forms
slowly by slowly disappear
sight from sight hearing and all perceptions
isolate crawling near and near

and the self hemmed against knowing
slope or frame of hill or where
in closeness of turn and follow
distance suffocates along the air

in November's mist what will come
is now now my reminding fate
forbidden a whisper yet tells me
to be still still and wait wait

— John V. Hicks