

**When Visions Boil Away to Residue**

Alchemist of current alarm  
You scramble  
At the orders of calendars  
Quicken to clocks  
Tick-talking blur of hands  
Stirring hours  
Days as if in cauldrons of questions  
Boiling centuries  
Pour in the pyramids of El Giza  
Pour in the Taj Mahal  
Pour in the gardens  
Hanging with the condemned in Babylon  
Pour in the crumbling  
Acropolis of our ancient souls  
Pour in the ruins of Rome  
And Stonehenge  
Pour in the giant Buddha  
Statues of Asia  
Pour in Shinto temples too  
Pour in the resonance of temple bells  
Twilight swelling with incense  
White gold swallowing turquoise sky  
The cauldron empties its dust  
Reflects desert mirage  
Thrusting steel and glass towers  
In modern cities