

Nuclear Winter

The myrtle falls across the wall,
And the evening's darkness, like a shawl,
 Wraps the light and holds it in,
After the firewinds of Fall.

Though sun will come, it withers fast,
Crumbling leaves as if the past
 Had not been, and did not teem,
As if it was not meant to last

Beyond an image in the holy mind,
As if not meant to shape the wind
 To wend around the rosy sun
Of flowering, nor quietly to find

A place of evergreen to flourish in.
The newer winter has come to spin
 The sun around, and never warm.
The air is dry, and human skin

Crisps in nitrogen.

—Clinton F. Larson