

All Saints

Weep ye no more, sad fountains
—John Dowland

I.

Ored arches ern
inky rivers out
rust-raddled rows
ranged even over
aging riven rove-
ringed axes — randed
ewers raining ash,
raked eye ruts
uttering reams.

II.

Eves addle ere
our ender annum
ages airs rung
under riper eaves.