

*from One Season of Our Inner Year*

How we squander our hours of pain.  
How we gaze beyond them into the bitter duration  
to see if they have an end. Though they are really  
our winter-enduring foliage, our dark evergreen,  
*one* season in our inner year – not only a season  
in time – but are place and settlement, foundation  
and soil and home.

Rilke 10<sup>th</sup> Duino Elegy translated Stephen Mitchell

**V11**

Perhaps the time has come  
to do away with so much scenery

to see through these tattered hangings,  
past the shields of tarnished metals.

Perhaps it's time to put away  
the old thumbed books of tapestries.

The morning has bared its necessities.  
A neutral light clears out the keepsakes,

the sweet clutter the soul loves. The light  
brings dry-out and the reform-house of early spring;

brings out the stark truths of stripped trees:  
we filled the house with candles to flicker

around and obscure with shadows such truths.  
I'd thought the only comfort zone lay here

among the makeshift props, the fool's gold.  
Once that's gone then the endless night, oh,

but the night creatures are already pawing  
their soft way towards us through the dusk.

**Judy Gahagan**