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**As the last vine swings**

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As the last vine swings

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As the last vine swings

there are ages in a man's minutes
there are silent days once swung among
and still deeply singing sunward
piercedward feartore and fastback far
to other suns
and there are future fearward lights
chalksoft and screeching
on flushbight barking moons
there is slowbegone hunger
to run thus moonward in the monkeypain
to caper in the windquick veins
of cragged trebel trees
and gambol mong the echoes
of refracted fractured truth
and now
there is shivering in the night's bite
and swayaway swims in watery thought
and fingered days lit by suns running
in all their birdlight laughter
behind chalksoft screeching moons
and ever
a whisper:
where there is nothing necessity sings

Mike Goodwin