The Heady Reds and Golds

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The morning held a beauty
Too deep for me to speak!
It had the poignant grief
A dying leaf will show,
When red and copper come
To crash with shrinking green.
Such brilliancy of beauty
Has estranged eternity

I

Does body clasp soul within
or keep this thing without?
And art cram beauty in
or art press beauty out?

II

The moment apart brings no grief,
nor yields glimmers of ecstasy;
but like the hollow after rage,
it settles with an empty weight.

Cordon Judd, C.S.B.