

**In November's Mist**

In November's mist when far forms  
slowly by slowly disappear  
sight from sight hearing and all perceptions  
isolate crawling near and near

and the self hemmed against knowing  
slope or frame of hill or where  
in closeness of turn and follow  
distance suffocates along the air

in November's mist what will come  
is now now my reminding fate  
forbidden a whisper yet tells me  
to be still still and wait wait

— *John V. Hicks*