When there was a full moon
on the distant shore
and the orchestra
was in full swing
the grapes hung lowly
on the intricating vines
in the dark field
by the wooden and wire
   fence and
   the waters
   of the lake
splashed lightly
upon the sandy shore

and it was
   a sad thing too
about that moon
because the brothers
who walked along together
were talking about
   casual things
   when
their hearts
   were broken
and their hearts were broken
by the full moon
that hung
   upon the distant shore

   perhaps
it was better to be dead
or never born than to lean upon
the broken fence
for the purple grapes
   of early autumn
and then walk on

Summers were meant
for casual dinners
   by the pool
the brothers were once
   invited to
join in the conversation
   obscure
and then deal cards
in a game of gin

the moon’s reflection
is shining now
   upon the lake
bonfires spring up
   in the dark
just like they did
in the days
of boating and banjos

but the brothers
   are gone now
to the crossroads
to read the letter
together
before setting off

one of the most beautiful
   of Picasso’s paintings
depicting them
   appraising
a letter of advise
from their parents
perhaps
the two brothers
hesitate
to read again
before the road
that ribbons
off
into the infinite day