

CHRISTINA FORREST

A Winter Day

Looks through the dust's
million refractions.
A thousand shades of white depress
the eye. Summer is gone,
direct descendants, love and omens
caught in clefts of prefrontal cortex
heaped up in the sky.
Now fancied corners bar the gaze
that nervously raves up and down,
wanting the bad rehearsal of seasons.
Advancing ahead of ourselves is done,
the silver lining subsides,
becomes stuck with flight
and the horizon flat as poverty.
Small and dark desires
are not reconnoitered, but
a linear message
whispered through the air
of pre-Eternal's two great prizes:
obscurity, and aloneness.
The tourists are gone,
plugged into passion at their poles.
In tattered argyles hawks abound,
like vampires, crows
bite green pecans in half.
Blackbirds rise unanimous
as a silent cymbal-crash
then re-scatter by hundreds
among stubbed grasses.

Shadows stride across the fields
and thickets embrace their fate.
Calves stand in worship
of life's idea of them,
their west-delineated undersides
a tagged, golden gleam.
The fortune sunlight spilled is spent,
what is empty is filled with thought,
rigid, inarticulate,
like furrows waiting for a crop.