

The Light in the Winter Forest

The light in the winter forest
is low as an animal.
It breaks around the trees like a prism:
white, pearly, almost smoke.
The long firs seem to stand in it.
It all
has the 3am-feeling of a nightclub
when too much has been taken or drunk or both
and everyone stops, their backs toward you
facing the booth, the strobe scanning them
waiting for the fall
the tribal-tribal, terrible surrender
of a body dancing to earth, movement
so slow it looks like ticking. In Bavaria
a friend calls it Brecht: the fractal fan of light
that strikes the wood into the water.
I think of the sparse prosody and the leaping runway
the leaping, disappearing runway
and all the hours ahead.

Anna Selby