

# CutBank

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## January

Ed Skoog

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*January*

Sometimes forest is machine.  
It is mostly fuel. It breaks  
vows of poverty  
and silence. So the forest is  
a kind of robot nun,  
a flying nun, in that it reaches  
far destinations.  
One fir sprouting offshore rock  
is forest. I'm part forest  
and will be even sighing grody  
in that expensive, hoary  
silence powering down the saw.  
This year I am supposed to  
be looking inward,  
but I only see more forest,  
and above its darling production,  
a hawk soaring. And if I,  
who have never been  
at sea, but am born adrift  
on hard red winter wheat  
hibernate with field mouse under  
snow, I, then, can  
say this morning is a new  
corruption, dividing crow  
from its pinetop peerage, from shadow  
where it gathers wing  
to leave thoroughly: it is  
corrupt January,  
humidity above turned wisp  
and unblinking peak  
of San Jacinto just a bigger  
crow, or man who has  
waited long enough to know.