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Closing The Distance

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CLOSING THE DISTANCE

It begins like this:
grey light, shadow
of wild plum, snow.
I have grown used to waiting
dark on the edge of sleep,
the river cracking
ice on the river,
clear smell of pine. All night
dreams unravel the breath,
the heart steady
as though passing through a tunnel,
a sure glow at the far end,
fish blood, fish head,
the long sad pull of the sea.

Driving, one hand
on the wheel asleep,
distance falling from the wrist,
through rain, fog,
the great vessels of the heart
and brain, transparent blue glass.
Ice on the windshield
through the pass, follows the scar
on the mountain
slowly down.

The house stands, weed
and fern lain flat
by the wind, mist
on the windows like steam
from the forest floor.
Pillage of fallen fruit,
small birds wing their way out
the salt of centuries on their tongues.