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Walking at Night

Carolann Russell

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WALKING AT NIGHT

We walk away like ghosts
leaving the car buried.
Night snow, the road fallen
away, soft sides tunneling
the gorge. Our feet follow without sound.

My hand floats a small moon
into yours, palm cupped,
blood beating the air between.
Together, all bends to field,
random bodies of willow and ash.
The big house sleeps
and we are free to pass through
the gate unseen
having lost all color and age.
Far off, cottonwoods stand guard.

We come for hay, two brown horses
walking out of night
for feeding, snow
islands on their backs, flying up
from the tangled manes.