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Winter Fog along the Willamette

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WINTER FOG ALONG THE WILLAMETTE

1
The hills across the river
turn slowly to mist,
this afternoon, all
the way to the coast,
trees fade from
their forests, farms
leave their chickens
and goats, housewives
look out windows
into a vanished
yard. Toddlers drift
from their trikes.

The crow and his cry
are lost where rivers
wave to their beds.
A sigh that is almost
a shudder
breaks from the bull
in the field as he chews
the thoughtful grass
down to simply nothing.

2
It is similar to snow,
to TV static, an
interference of air.
Your best friends
evaporate in the distance,
the way roads blow
away into winter.
No knobs or wheels
can recall them.
There is nothing to fix,
now, nothing to focus.
Your hands, your eyes,
no longer hold
what you wish,
which, at this moment,
is only your body—
that it might remain with you
in any weather
on earth.