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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.