The Late Frontier

Brendan Kreitler

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The late frontier

He wanted to say the fruit had a value unremarked on by the tradition, even if that value were of a lesser order, and impoverished in reliquary light. The season felt used-up though far from over.

Stalks of dead wheat plunder ice long since lost of the privacy of new snow. The ice becomes harder for it, though less, clearer, though a part of dirt.

The far stand of pine is not come upon. Its order is its privacy. I know it by distance and believe it ever nearer though by way of a distance obscured in the white film of afternoon.

A grackle blots out the sun for a moment. A fox bounds aslant the fire road. Some migratory principle remains undiminished, adhered to as if to a ruin of wind, or wind come still and yet.

Mites have hollowed a stump. Lateness comes now, more and more. The fruit sinks into rot, deep in the rimmed dish. Stones gather in the flood basin. At night I think I see the small fires of nomads, and remember that this is still the half-life of unsettled country. Some ash lent for a time. The long hollowing into which wind courses. Still and yet.