Cold Night Thoughts Beside an Empty Cave

Tom Sheehan
COLD NIGHT THOUGHTS BESIDE AN EMPTY CAVE

The pond is hammered into one piece.
An owl, darkly buried, carries half the night away like a canyon carries an echo down.

When the final touch is carved on water, intimately the mouse knows the owl, and I am left to the last enterprise of imagination,

the Christ tree enters all the shadows.
I am what the Christ tree is, an upright man at no arms, a swimmer vertical in time, elusive saint,

a descendant of Abel second in the clubbing.
But night and the cold charge live where the rim hangs between sunset and sunrise, halfway into my eyesight,

halfway into the echo night carries in its mouth, a mouse at odds with destiny.