January

Ed Skoog

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Sometimes forest is machine.
It is mostly fuel. It breaks
vows of poverty
and silence. So the forest is
a kind of robot nun,
a flying nun, in that it reaches
far destinations.
One fir sprouting offshore rock
is forest. I'm part forest
and will be even sighing grody
in that expensive, hoary
silence powering down the saw.
This year I am supposed to
be looking inward,
but I only see more forest,
and above its darling production,
a hawk soaring. And if I,
who have never been
at sea, but am born adrift
on hard red winter wheat
hibernate with field mouse under
snow, I, then, can
say this morning is a new
corruption, dividing crow
from its pinetop peerage, from shadow
where it gathers wing
to leave thoroughly: it is
corrupt January,
humidity above turned wisp
and unblinking peak
of San Jacinto just a bigger
crow, or man who has
waited long enough to know.