

JAMES DENBOER

*We Might Change*

*for Ernie Brower*

The geese feel the low pressure  
in the canals of their skulls, the cold  
along the spines of each feather;  
the deer break the thin ice  
at the edges of the springs  
with their light hooves, and we,  
moving through the solstice,  
say, Now we might change  
the way we live, trying again  
for connection, asking the old gods  
in the stone, the wheel  
of December stars, in our warm bodies,  
to tell us: what you want  
is possible. Choose what the animals  
choose—live until spring.