

## THE MOVING OUT

After sunset when the grieving  
move further into their grief  
and the stars are revealed by their master, the darkness,  
I have left the cities of the blind  
along tracks as straight and cold as the north.

Here I sit listening on the shore  
of a white and glacial distance.  
The voice of a girl like an opening flower  
begins to curl forth from the inner shell of the mind.  
So many nights I have waited.

In cities the darkness gobbled me up and spat me out,  
my fears scuttled back and forth outside the door.  
Now the first birds waken and peck among fresh snow.  
The light begins to open  
with a pink and icy whisper along her cheek.