Winter Fires · David St. John

There are lights soft as milk striking Across the large distant delay The mistakes the mission the act are all One with the evening

If any furthermore Still resides in the memory of reeds Fired beneath the stoked dead limbs of pine It is only the simple word of it That future you gave

I will not remain in the remote grain Of shadow rubbed over The backdrop of rain *for miles* the rain Neither will I go forgetting you never Never even like the cold

I will stand like a flame in the flame

When the frost sears the brass of The staircase

when the heart of shale Ticks away in the tall cedar clock Flecks & seconds passing passing I will stand very still in your absence

Where the shape of the shame has been named

