

MICHAEL ANANIA

In Any Event

“the poetics of this situation . . .”

1.
sub-zero, once
again, Charles,
and the world
around us, re-
invested with
snow, its light,
a blue tinged
whiteness, sea
blue or sky
blue scattered
unequally
and clamoring
its incidental
pieties

2.
shoulders hunched
into a cold wind
the prairie hones
eastward, its edges
drawn across rivers,
fields, treelines,
lake water freezing
a shadowed calm out
from the shoreline,
fifty feet at least, gray
lustrous and still,
the city’s weights
and moments certain
and out of reach

3.
out of collision:
defraction, carona,
brightness and color;
smoothness as easily
hued from pollen
or water droplets,
their radiance seen
merely as radiance
rather than as myriad
occasions, each one
multiple in its bright
consequences, known
and named by what is
left behind, *vestigia*

4.
reconsidered as
spheres of light,
they curve and fold
inward as skin might
curve, enclosing
its own moisture,
radiant, as well,
its heat kept almost
secret there, vein-
blue and pulsing,
speech not yet speech,
sibilant and uninflected,
chill light and distant
places held fast