

The Meteor and the Deer · *Brian Swann*

Poppies are broken lips, lilies sad steps;
vines neither smoke nor plant. Night
grows with its own things. Smoke
drifts to the whistling of old hungers.

What a night! The space between furniture
moves in currents, washing round
where I sit. I watch the ants, sterile,
sad, still black with intensity,

Then walk to the window, open it as the wind rises, rises,
then falls with its own weight. Stars
in a countersea sway. A meteor glides in
parallel to the ground, scraping the hill.
Stops. Cancels itself out exactly above
where I know the deer is facing himself
in the pond's black water, about
to drink at his own image,
then distracted.