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Winter Fires

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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