

1985

## Winter Fires

David St. John

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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