



# January Elegy

There is this still, night-coming, beautiful horizon,  
Birds gunning up and the dead grass  
That means winter is still

Here and held in its dull intent.  
Within minutes, the horizon is no longer  
A flat gradation of gray

With a hint of silver mirror decay.  
Instead, it's absence black.  
And the moment is made up of car brights

And music sending a sound wave from inside  
The mind. Nothing is stopping.  
A year in tatters is interrupted by the thought

That the future is manacled  
To the indefatigable now of February.  
Still as the knife-girl strapped to the circle spinning,

Her hair splayed to one side.  
Her eyes empty behind the blindfold.  
The sense of silk. Her heart stopped.