

KEITH S. WILSON

evening's glance of ice

glass begets glass — the anniad

i pray about myself to myself and because of that i listen—i imagine
another body where there is none—i can touch, from here,
an icicle, though i'd never—there are small infinities and large
infinities, and what is unreachable is sometimes perfectly
within reach—that is the thing about the evening: while as a child
i might touch the ice for no reason, holding my hand there
until i could not bear it, now i think: no, i've felt the cold—whatever is
the number of times that becomes enough, i've met it—
instead i hold myself and touch the railing of the deck
and i look, and from the kitchen's light
i see myself—a manner of him, anyway, in the half-
seen opinion of the dark—i used to find a reason
to stay until there was no light—loneliness was a different kind
of challenge. now i'm only cold—i know what i know—
and the ice collects, from its other side, the light the world
has little use for—this is the finishing of a thought
started by the darkness where i've recognized
my body—let me not be cold i say as if to the ice—
and thinking of the warmth, all that i do is go inside—