

DOUG RAMSPECK

Winter Trance

I have been studying the migration
of the years, the dull heat of their passage

a strange fire. And because they are holy,
gravity slips through them, these cycles

of sleeping and waking as quiet
as the space between heartbeats,

the stillness of January fields,
the men by the fence at the roadside

in their orange jumpsuits,
the winter crows oaring out of the trees.