

**RICHARD FOERSTER**

**Solstice**

how quick the plummet : moon-sharp  
the flint-sparked air : our river crackling  
on the full extreme of the tide : how pristine  
this burden : snow coiled like a widow's shawl  
about the shoulders of the world : how

numbly we face this whiteness : its weather-worn  
scars : our fading trajectories : like scavenging  
deer : and into it all this rodent-thought  
creeps its way out of troubled sleep :  
a crosshatch of tunnels : vascular runs

where hunger follows blindly on hunger :  
gnaws every tender tendrilling : brutal  
and indifferent : like beauty : like this night's  
shimmered desolations : like a body : blanketed  
yet beneath : so nakedly vulnerable :

how inexorable these silent turnings : as one  
from a window : back toward the darkened room :  
and returning : the thought : of you : downed in sleep :  
as the tide of a sudden snaps the solid mask of things ::  
how quick the widdershins flesh tinders into flame.