

STEPHEN O'CONNOR

Above the Lake

In this season the world is composed
of absence: black, which is the color
of no-light, and white, which is the color
of blank. By world I mean this snow,
these woods, this bleak sky, this mute
roar, which is the afterlife of sound.
By absence I mean abstraction, this black
brook as diagonal gash, these slim
trees as lines, vertical, monotonous,
impossibly interchangeable. By abstraction
I mean meaning, I mean human longing,
I mean loneliness accreting as quiet
on quiet, as white on bluish white.