



1-1-2008

In the Night Yard

Dixie L. Partridge

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarsarchive.byu.edu/byusq>



Part of the [Mormon Studies Commons](#), and the [Religious Education Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Partridge, Dixie L. (2008) "In the Night Yard," *BYU Studies Quarterly*. Vol. 47 : Iss. 4 , Article 10.
Available at: <https://scholarsarchive.byu.edu/byusq/vol47/iss4/10>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the Journals at BYU ScholarsArchive. It has been accepted for inclusion in *BYU Studies Quarterly* by an authorized editor of BYU ScholarsArchive. For more information, please contact ellen_amatangelo@byu.edu.

In the Night Yard

For J.

Roots rib the ground where dark grows out
from trees, and I stumble among our own
plantings: birch, filbert, cherry.
It's for silence . . . no, the form
of silence . . . that I turned off house lamps
and stepped out alone into shapes holding
between them a present more tangible
in an absence of light—a quiet that keeps poised,
on the verge of spill, whatever moments mean.

No breeze flutes down limbs and trunks;
a scent of ripening grapes hangs faintly.
When I look at a slant,
I see paler night in the west sky,
like that aura reached as darkness
begins to become light.
Time that rivers swiftly in our lit hours
pools now, still and deepening;
the slowed self seems to float
and sink at once . . .

 and you say my name
with that upturn at the end,
not sure to expect I'm here.
Solitude moves instantly
to something fuller . . . who I am linked
to who you are, and though some say
love is a kind of grief, it's only
that absence is carved so exactly
out of presence.

—Dixie L. Partridge