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Late States of Being

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Late States of Being

There were moments after dusk
when sky was a deep silk rinse,
a grace in receding.
You wanted those moments
more than others.
Evenings clouded over
left the mind pacing for windows.

From the attic where you grew
green edgings of moss along the north roof
have begun turning shingles to sod;
faint ceiling brocades of watermark deepen
where rain once leaked through.
You've helped empty
the farmhouse for sale.

There come days when
you can't tell how to be
anymore. You are water in the landscape:
in crowds you move to the perimeter,
wanting out. If someone speaks, you don't know
how to answer.



Some daily alarm is taking hold, but through all
the versions, friends and family
have been living and talking normally.
You stand among them, so they don't know,
either, where you've gone.
You think words like bloodroot,
feel the current of underground streams
in the soles of your feet.

One night you dream of faint steam rising
from earth turned by your father's plow
and wake remembering the smell of horses.

You anticipate walking back
along blue timothy fields to appear
with the deepening mist
near an ancient poplar

at the very moment you disappear
from the view of house panes.

—Dixie Partridge