

JAMES LANGLAS
Hiking at Brush Creek

—for my brother and sister

When we turned and descended
the hill that morning, our jeans
and sneakers dew-drenched,
the grass and knee-high
weed trees parting
with our sliding steps,

we saw the mist drifting among
the sycamores below, following
the long, thin finger
of the current, the carvings
of field and slope, water and rock.

Imagine the earth having been dark
since the beginning and then
the arm of the sun brushing
away the night. And our fear,
once suspended in the cornerless air,
gone too.

And finally this, the gray cloth
lifting, revealing
the green tongues of the corn,
the lumbering, drooping figures
of the cows, and the barn leaning
toward us, into the light.