

ERIC PANKEY

Dark Was the Night

If I blow on a charcoal stick and enliven an ember,
A momentary, lurid light,
I might recognize the emptiness
As well as the space I occupy.

Moonlight

Or frost on the ground: pearl gleam of finite deferrals.
How long have I kept the past hidden, tarp-covered,

Not on view,
as if awaiting some final restoration?
The horizon retreats. The distance remains constant,
A dark distance where shadows are quarried.

A dragon of river mist lifts from the gorge. Moonlight.
The past, like a poem, I've come to learn,
Does not change,
but around it language does.