

The Academy

I knew the place for seven years.

I knew how the sun skipped past where the grass gnawed at the pavement
How it flowed through the valley to the north.
I followed the stream both ways
East to fantastic villages
West to borders that would disappear
And climbed into manmade mouths.

I knew every shade of almond, honey, and red velvet
How they slid along the boughs of the evergreens.
I bathed in their perfume again and again
The burning of sap
The mingling of dust.

I knew how the buildings shivered in the night.
Because fields of coyote dens lay between the nerves and the heart.
I knew they would be fine if no one tucked them in for bed.
Because headlights murmured like the sunset as they fell asleep.

Halfway through the seventh year
It snowed for the second time.

I walked out to white plains.

And turned to cold, black windows--
Nets to catch the midday sun.

And ignored the howling--
The gray veil that sheared away the city and the streets.

I thought I was alone.

I thought I was alone.
Because the sun's footfalls were smothered by the wind.

I thought I heard the yearning of the mountains
And I let their moans guide me back to sleep.