

Small Fires

KEITH ALEXANDER

Ryszard turns in a clearing
with a finger to his lips.
It is fall, dead fall, ssssh,
walk lighter than your bodies
or the leaves will crumble,

the trees will fall and the mountains and stars
will come crashing down,
plummeting into darkness.

And who knows then.
Who knows how long it will take us
to return to this moment,
walking home from the river at dusk where
small fires burn in the windows for warmth.