

First Sky

JAY UDALL

Some days you don't need a second sky –
the one outside is what you have
to learn. However you step your step is off, as if
someone moved the ground around while
you were off visiting the vanished islands
of your sleep, or clinging to the beaten raft
of your sleeplessness. Then it's a matter of
remembering your wife's name when
you say her name, remembering how to
walk when you walk, remembering how to be
your pilgrim self. Be glad then
for what the ordinary light or a random
crow or the ice sealing the lake
can teach you. Remember where
you and your life agreed to meet.
Walk out on the wide day toward
that place, listening hard with your feet.