

Eva Hooker

GREAT GRAY

– yes, *nebulosa* and swinging low
over the dirt road and shifting snow and pale wood the sun so absolute

in its red it asks how to make a soul out of fire

– and yes, I should not say how you hear whispers
under ice. And then – ,

you eat.

Hunger varnishes the plain; lambent – and willful, it listens
hard for shadow.

– And after,
summons.

Watch. Keep watch. Turn your head against the lavish light.

*What if an angel: (whhht whhht whhht): pressed me
to its heart? –*

Here we sleep in still-rooms hesitantly
like winter birds riding the underneath of, the shimmer

and white mercy of arctic air.
Brush grass sweeps its face, obedient, to the ground.