

Robert Gregory

Where the Skin Is

The cold makes it clear where the skin is,
the breath is sweeter going in. When it goes
out, it just keeps going. Trees make shadows
for their own sake. Trouble has no home so
it wanders from person to person. Across the
surface of the road, a veil of moonlight.
Hidden in the grass, the singers make their
urgent sound. It swells and fades. A small
white animal hears movement and runs off deeper
into black. On a motionless machine, the name
New Holland, barely visible. Lights shine red
high up across the city. Roaring spaces come
and go, lit up inside, two riders only, one
at either end. A man is running in the street,
but not from anything. Appearing, then dissolving
then appearing again in the rhythm of black and
lit spaces like imaginary future days. The
tapering bones of the leg, the networks behind
the iris are full of secrets. Strange faces
appear in the clouds sometimes, the world is
older this morning, a morning with none of its
own light yet, no complications, nothing to blur
and entangle. Wild mustard sways in the pastures,
birds change places on the wires, the second
hand makes a faint steady music.