

Blue Light on the Floor

Mount Eerie

Instead of Roaring Rolling Round
Going on about the world I Know
In Which the Universe tears holes into our little lives
and the far moon and the dark night
are the distances shown huge and cold
white, harsh and terrified
now where I live the black night is built up
and layers of arches like a mountain of blankets above me
in a snow
and I say "Hello Moon out the window,
You are nothing to me but some blue light in my house."