

Night

I have stood outside nights
like this one, the wind
wolving in my lungs.

Nothing then is farther
than the church steeple,
the town soft as risen loaves.

Any fire is a long way off.
Night fixes its cold hand
on my chest. Distant stars rise.

In Siberia, a diver drops
80 meters below the ice,
holding his single breath.

His darkness is total.
To surface, he must detach
from all he will come back to.

He has made his heart
learn to quiet. The opening
in the ice hangs like a far small moon.