

VANISHING POINT

The day you went away had no gilding sun,
no promise of warmth. Dark forest trunks
shook, poured gold coinage at your feet
perhaps to tempt you, or to light
the unknown path, or hide your footprints.
Layers of fall damped every sound.
If you called a last good-bye
the trees shared nothing. Your steps
reduced you to a speck no eyes could follow.
I still see the one-way texture,
the fabric of the scene. That shade,
that hour, will not allow a coming back.
Each barbed leaf, each atom of the whole
is fletched in one direction. What passes
through that autumn pale cannot return.

--Glenna Holloway