

Falling Light

Lorraine Ferra



Evening and new snow
falling in the yard.

The cat sits motionless
at the window, a white star

on her chest, the moon
glazing the hump of her back.

She waits for the waxwings
that plundered the crab apple

heavy now with falling light,
its few silver tongues

hanging in the cold air.
Watching, I know

there are things that fall
wordlessly as the weariness

of this December day,
or the way dusk leans

over my shoulder, a reparation
as it turns toward the night.

The cat sleeps. Snow falls
and falls through my face

in the glass. I lose my eyes
in a thicket of small wet flakes.

