Squirrels

By Nate Klug

Something blurred, warmed
  in the eye’s corner, like woodsmoke
  becoming tears;
  but when you turned to look

the stoop was still, the pumpkin
  and tacky mum pot wouldn’t talk —
  just a rattle
  at the gutter and a sense

of curtains, somewhere, pulled.
  Five of them later, scarfing the oak’s
  black bole,
  laying a dream of snakes.

Needy and reticent
  at once, these squirrels in charred November
  recall, in Virgil,
  what it is to feel:

moods, half-moods,
  swarming, then darting loose; obscure
  hunches that refuse
  to speak, but still expect

in some flash of luck
  to be revealed. The less you try
  to notice them,
  the more they will know of you.

Source: Poetry (September 2013)