

Twilight

By Rae Armantrout

Where there's smoke
there are mirrors

and a dry ice machine,
industrial quality fans.

If I've learned anything
about the present moment

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But who doesn't
love a flame,

the way one leaps
into being

full-fledged,
then leans over

to chat

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Already the light
is retrospective,
sourceless,

is losing itself
though the trees
are clearly limned.