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

•
But who doesn’t
love a flame,

the way one leaps
into being

full-fledged,
then leans over

to chat

•
Already the light
is retrospective,
sourceless,

is losing itself
though the trees
are clearly limned.