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.