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.