

## Late States of Being

There were moments after dusk  
when sky was a deep silk rinse,  
a grace in receding.  
You wanted those moments  
more than others.  
Evenings clouded over  
left the mind pacing for windows.

From the attic where you grew  
green edgings of moss along the north roof  
have begun turning shingles to sod;  
faint ceiling brocades of watermark deepen  
where rain once leaked through.  
You've helped empty  
the farmhouse for sale.

There come days when  
you can't tell how to be  
anymore. You are water in the landscape:  
in crowds you move to the perimeter,  
wanting out. If someone speaks, you don't know  
how to answer.

Some daily alarm is taking hold, but through all  
the versions, friends and family  
have been living and talking normally.  
You stand among them, so they don't know,  
either, where you've gone.  
You think words like bloodroot,  
feel the current of underground streams  
in the soles of your feet.

One night you dream of faint steam rising  
from earth turned by your father's plow  
and wake remembering the smell of horses.

You anticipate walking back  
along blue timothy fields to appear  
with the deepening mist  
near an ancient poplar

at the very moment you disappear  
from the view of house panes.

—Dixie Partridge