

Rain Forest

No shadows here, but shawls of moss
above our heads.

We woke to a revision of daylight,
no slant to give hour
or direction. The hush of our voices
carries the dimness.

From the bed of a fallen tree: a blossom
overnight, and we kneel to gaze
at its lavender center, a gravity
that holds.

Moments long but cushioned,
we can't account for time, or luck
at staying dry all night where rain
falls eight days of ten. We wait

as if for a signal,
some slight motion we should leave
before rains settle in without rhythm,
distilling down through the canopy
here where everything is watershed
into the concentrated present.

—Dixie Partridge