

More

I watch her leave, go down, around: lost.
Pick her out later where the road's
a line, could be a sunken wall. She moves
against the snow that coats the mountainside,
past appletrees she emptied some weeks back,
chugging slowly upward, becoming cedar as
she's lost in it, emerging blacker, a sharper speck,
becoming briefly the stone wall that drives straight up,
walking over the roof of a barn in disrepair,
past a white house that almost isn't there,
then the slow climb south until she's lost
in broken landscape where she is & isn't
till she isn't & I have to follow blind
where she will turn downhill, past the farm
for sale, a needle backing round to north,
along the red kill & the dairy farm for sale,
to reappear through woods, treading in
her old steps, growing from speck to spinnaker
as she billows up the just-ploughed drive,
gathering everything back in, bringing it
inside with her, so when I lift my eyes
back where she's been it's all there still,
in place, but somewhere else, and more.