City in Winter

Montréal

This crepuscular machine

miracle of mirror made window of night-shining cells

celestial pillbox upended cut of the underworld rivers such dust such cinder and slow stars as wheel beneath wire ice-enameled

This fluorescent heart

its clocklike thrum

un-disavowable

The softer lights we live by ballooning into storm

little missives bent along our membranes like bleary prayers

festoons

to fire the ghost-lamp

This is the body

at once skeletal nebular

forest

of warmth the city settles its angles its true contours into the bloom of us