

January Night

Once the snow has fallen,
moonlight becomes
superfluous.

Winterlight,
shadow-friend,
suffuses all.

The difference between night
and day
is a degree of iridescence.

No creature slinks towards us
from the umbral woods,
fangs dripping.

We are the creatures.
We are the woods.
We are the light
and the shadow,

all slumbering together
in the glow-dark hush.

—Susan Jeffers