

Leave of Absence

Dixie Partridge

walk out and arrive
near the lake—
any route taken
leads eventually
to this

surrounded by the body
we choose certain places
and learn to leap
without moving

cross over to pines—
blue people standing—

where at first unsure
you join them
hands limp at sides
until you know again
only emptiness
can be filled

dressed in the bodies of birds
move out in several directions
at once—mountain rock erupting

oak branches bowed down
beneath you
sunglint off water

alight with winged insects
and float in pools
until past the holographed leaves
you see the gradual black/green
of the bottom, the water's glacial weight

and you begin to translate
an early darkness

using memory
you have forgotten
you have