

CAMERON MCGILL

44.6336° N, 86.2345° W

This is not a nightmare this is how the world looks
in a forest at night phantasmagoric
in the canopy There is the sound of sleet ticking on bark
Bark that quakes like tuning forks
in the crowns of pine Crowns like the heads of waves
seen by no one

but my father and me
in the four o'clock dark He starts in with noises
of his life A fluency of branches swimming at the window
means I wake in blue The room a vanity mirror with rain on it

Downstairs he rises with his cough
His small lamp hung in the dark Who smokes must be
talking to himself There is a freighter skulking full of ore
pounding sleep-knots to Charlevoix

This distant country called me home
Why have I only brought it adjectives

I try to sleep
She is not next to me I cannot put my hand on her back
I have only a stormful of trees in the dark