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At Night with the Dead

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Nicholl: At Night with the Dead

AT NIGHT WITH THE DEAD Greg Nicholl

Scent of wildfire and silence wakes me: the hum of the fridge released; that click, then nothing.

Wind has set loose the gables a wind that carries on it the dead.

Soon the power will surge, send the clock back to its flash of midnight

despite the hour pressed against the house, its breath against the glass.

In the yard a child crosses the lawn, cowers beneath the dogwood.

I open the door ritual smoke mixed with rain, incense and burnt cedar.

This is the closest I've come to acceptance.

Tomorrow, I will collect the severed buds of the iris three days from blooming, their sepals folded against the cold.