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March Fog: Siouxland

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March Fog: Siouxland

by John Van Rys

The witching hour approacheth
in this midwestern hamlet,
to be or not to be feared, depending
upon available spirits—ghost
of Hamlet's dad, perchance
a kitchen knife before mine eyes.

The town's clown bogeyman
dances chastely beyond the pane, jester
in and out and in
my stained-glass eyes.

March breathes between
snow and rain, primal spittle
shuddering shoots in fields out there
(I'm certain, I am.) The creation's
erased, deluged by droplets
to airy thinness beat.

In outer darkness,
fog contracts
the world to a pin's head, minus
dancing angels—orange glow only
beyond a house's hulking void—
only elms floating, dead
heads in mist. The mind's grip
slips.

The silence brackets
this cottage's asides—furnace fire's
exhalations, fridge's fretful sigh, babe's breath
bordering the inaudible

in and out and in
the contracted pin's fee world