

Winter Sun

Jacqueline Marcus

In your principled absence,
I think of you like cold rain at the long stretch of the shore
where pines impress their branches

against a plum-colored sky.

You are there, after all, and I am here.

I have learned from all the esoteric doctrines
that the soul is immense once released from its frame of location,
the tangible leaves are still leaves in the presence

of distinctions, only terribly bright,

far from the beach,
the sky, blue, *blue* in itself, upon the sea of winter.

This morning, when the sun's leash pulled back the wind,
the field stood high above the water,

the pelicans formed a continuous line,

and for a moment, everything fell into place:
sun, shadows drifting in and out . . .