

Elana Wolff

Spool

In the deep field where the spool people's
old moon sometimes succeeds in

moving bog waters in June to flow over
the wan weeds and make them gleam, we meet.

Far out—
like migrant geese on midnight's sleeve.

We've lost the notes but not the song,
which leaves as much on air as it lifts.

Your voice tonight is like the maundering
moon in the meadow well—

there echo of December comes to drink.