

You, the Dark Wood

We didn't think
they'd turn out,

snapshots in the low light,
even with a flash.

And you,
holding a flashlight

beneath your chin,
a fluttering ghost

in each frame.
Behind you,

the dark woods
we never entered.

The poem above appeared in:
The Antigonish Review – Summer 2014, no. 178, pg. 92.

An edited version of this poem appeared in:
If the World were to Stop Spinning / (Chapbook published by **Piquant Press**) /
Launched Nov 20, 2014 / ISBN 978-1-927396-09-4 / Page: 4.