



EVENING WALK IN LATE NOVEMBER

It is cold, I have not brought
gloves, and I can put only one

hand at a time in my pockets.
Is it true that the light of a flashlight,

even one as feeble as this,
goes on forever into space,

which also goes on forever?
I have heard it is true.

I envy the lake, which forgets it is
water as it becomes the sky.

I have heard that photons, like
fireflies, find one another in the dark.

I don't know which is the greater mystery,
the stars I cannot touch or the trees I can.

—J. R. Solonche