

What We Call Light

Derek Chan

Late night, when we found the fox
lying in the field. The long red ribbon of ache
sweeping into the distance—it had crawled all the way
here from the highway. One ear remaining: a mottled flag
half-raised & flapping airlessly. A hyacinth of glass & metal
snarled between its jaws. Limbs, somehow, still flailing
as if dancing underwater, as if its memory of running
had already outpaced its body, eclipsing beyond the dark-green crests
into some future dawn. That's what I wanted to believe.

That tomorrow morning, I would find myself
lying on the most familiar road of your dipped chest,
sipping coffee, seed-brown blanket tucked around
our fluted ankles. & what we call light
cantering through the treetops is our bodies
coming alive; hurtling towards heat, heat & more of it.