

ROBERT COLLINS

Dusk in Woodsfield, Ohio

Around me on the porch
the woods close in,
the asphalt road down front
veers through tunnels of darkness,
and one weak, lonely light
erected by the county miles off
stutters up through trees.
A dog I only hear
throws its voice, a raucous snare,
at prey I cannot see.
Alone and numb with cold
I'm using my last wish.
Then somewhere in the woods below
in hollows where the mind
retreats for cover, a whippoorwill begins;
the stars go on all over.