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Figurescape, Vermont

The fog descends as we descend; the mountain tips
breathing like your dark head above the blanket cuff.
Driving further down, we sink beneath the fog. Light
as sheets, the sky settles lower than the streetlamps
and hovers, as dreams must to our bedposts. Mountains
veil behind coats of white the way definition
blears into light sleep. In the frame of the mirror
I watch the fog lift and the day lift, taut and primed
as a canvas from the horizon. A red wash
floods the shadows. The sun, a blob of cadmium
waits in the left corner. In the backseat, asleep
beneath khaki blankets, your shoulders, head and knees
mime the landscape. Even your breathing condenses
on the pane like fog. Through rain in New York and sun-
bleached fields in Pennsylvania, your body preserves
the light of Vermont mountains; the single painting
in a long hall; the dream, as we cross the grape fields
into Ohio, where you wake and it grows dark.