

Kristin Fogdall

Envoi

Now, in a quiet moment, collect your things.
Not the objects that refuse to leave you,
the lamp, the books, the little shells

that follow you year by year.

Do not bring the streets that call you,
the green bridge over the channel,
or the buildings at sunset, in whose warm

doorways you would like to linger.

You are afraid of forgetting, but you know
these streets already, they withhold
none of their secrets, neither does the harbor,

although it is dark under the piers.

Instead, gather up the rain pelting
the Sound, find a way to carry the mist,
and with great care, fold together the corners

of fog drifting down over black hemlocks.

Let it catch in the branches of your mind,
so that maybe, at your destination, it will rise
and travel awhile beside you,

before dissolving into another form.