

Tierra del Fuego

by Bill Yarrow

what I remember most was how dark it was
at two in the morning and how angry the air
was at two in the morning and the sound
of sobbing in the trees at two in the morning

my time there was not one evening not one
river not one tunnel not one falling
it was not one body it was not one climate
not one lookout it was not one of anything

my residence was a rain of observation
a slim shower of speculation a felt resistance
in the soil a keen distance from the world
whose least reflex was a spongy corruption

when I landed I was frightened but not
unhappy I was apprehensive but not
unwilling the land left me with a shadow
of a longing left me hanging by acuity

then denial spoke and refusal erupted
the volatile earth got angry at depression's
lack of shame and sore abandon became
an argument I didn't have the energy to win

