

THE SKY TURNED ORANGE ON THE EASTERN SIDE AT TWILIGHT

By Rachel Sahaidachny

Scepters of fir descend the mountain
until their edges fade.

I smell of metal—my tin
fingers, silica shoulder.

What are you mountain
what are you chest what are you
breath I can't see yet fills me.

What is this I hold onto
I don't mean to hold onto. Needles
cling to pines.

They plunge in silence
and make a patch on the ground
of silence. As I walk

eyelashes shed on my cheeks.
Follower of leaf prints in a land
without fallen leaves—

I turn my hand over for a whisper
of thunder: a faint thud

in my breast when I undress and don't
want to be seen.