SNOW WHITE

Queen, you were starlight
obsessing over an empty cradle,
then over the door to the cradle room,
then over the hallway to the door.

I too feel my life is moving backward.
I spend hours recalling
how I reeled, as if from dream
to dream, when you knocked,

how crows swooped and dived
like black fire behind you.
The prince tells me I moan
for you in my sleep—

good star, bad mother, lone tree
in a vast field on which the seasons hang
their sheets, wet and colored
with all the illnesses of beauty.
EVENING

I want to try to tell you
about remorse, but I’ve grown
fond of silence, how it sits
beside me like a pet.

On the porch a crow begins
to interrogate nightfall,
as if its eyes will not adjust.
A neighbor boy

opens his bedroom window
and allows to wander,
at the end of his flashlight,
a golden moon. Now the wind

won’t let the leaves alone—
they swirl against my door
like words to a sentence,
out of order and burning.