

THE REFLECTION

We all have our fears; mine
to stand in front of a window
at night. Back home, waking
for a drink, I turn on the light,
I look out, through myself, into
black. This is how it will end.

It came back to me, in a rush,
the day I headed up a trail
marked with red blazes. I'd
climb the Luberon; a friend
said no, don't go alone; hunters
have the wild boars nervous.

So I went alone, in short order
lost the trail and found a rough
old road instead, a cut settling
into a slope; there were stone
markers -- the old high road
from Ménerbes to Bonnieux.

Then there were shots. I stopped
and said: I know it'll be through
a window. Because in forty three,
in the attic, there was a window
and a six-year old looked out
it every day. No shots were heard

but there had been, and outside,
out of any safe place, there were...
men. Who shot my father. Who'd
kill the love left in the attic.
But a window was the world,
for inside it was simply dark.

That understood, I ate the last
of my clementines, saw a tree
an aging man could climb
if *sangliers* rushed. The shots
kept coming, but it felt safe; it
was day, it wouldn't happen here.