

Some Exorcisms That Lead Away from Forgetting

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Coyote hour prayer, the moon has been called
into a thicket of chokecherry. I stand at its edge
a few silver bells jingling in the cup of my palm.
We're told as children our end is light years away
made to imagine how beautiful we've yet to become.
But this night, these bells, this pile of brush
snaring the moon, each quiver like a drunk musician
ugly and full of music they cannot remember,
so I throw the bells at the brush, to startle song
into the corncrakes and nightjars: some exorcisms
that lead away from forgetting why we're here.
To come to this part of the forest after the city
caught fire. To ask for mercy in the smallest
way possible. To kick up the shadows of birds
and pray one calls out to you from where it lands.

