

IMAGINARY LANDSCAPE

When Orion set in the western sky
for maybe the last time this season
we said, "Let the weary hunter rest.

It's been such a long winter." And the moon
rose in the east, a fat gold coin, a wish
rescued from a well. The archers,

who had, all afternoon, been making
target practice of the gongs
in the trees, so each bullseye resonated

through the cherry blossoms, trained their arrows
on the sole remaining street light
and dropped upon us a curtain of dark.

So we danced with our tricolored shadows
to the soundtrack of "Lost in America,"
but baby we were, for once, not lost. We

didn't know why or when or by whom,
but we were found. Like an X marked
on a treasure map, like a new continent

spotted from a ship's prow, like a comet
flicking its fiery tail to catch the eye
of a telescope, like a declaration sharpied

on a bathroom stall. There's a photo
of us somewhere, made
with water and fire but no

camera. Trick of the light,
your smile a vapor trail, a glad
wraith. Music rose somewhere

from beyond the lake —
a lone opera singer performing a lullaby
for the encroaching Trojan horse.

Alli Marshall, in celebration of the 2018 {Re}HAPPENING