Stewart Spears
February 19, 2015

**A Part of the Forest**

Leading there
a pair
of frightened wings clattered up.
No other movement
Other than a thing that walks
alone
among high buildings and narrow cracks
that are always swaying
but never fall.

The sun, magnificent a thousand times,
radiates through the shifting gaps.

Suddenly,
the inverse of gravity
is visible in the play of the light:
the house is anchored in the sky,
and all things that fall
fall upward.

A thing can turn around there.
It can mourn there.
There it dares and looks at certain old truths that otherwise are always packed away.
The roles it had played
now deep within float up,
hang like dried skulls
in the ancestors’ hut
on a remote Melanesian island.

Childhood light plays around the spooky trophies.
This part of the forest is mild.