

Scene in Silverpoint**Indoors**

a little girl lies between sheets
in the smoky light of a room
at 10 o'clock
when the cat turns
strangely adult and escapes.

Outdoors

the man in his lawn chair
smokes, his ears full of words,
the silver tangle threading
upward from his fingers.
In the grass the cat
slips past in its curtain of flesh.
The leaves stir sharply
like small birds.

The girl watches from her window.
Night arrives, birds rise
and the tambourine moon
shakes its silver into the dirt.
Behind the house
night is a mountain
where the cat has gone
and the wind comes down
from it and slides against the dark house
full of footfalls, whips.

—Roo Borson