

Erling Friis-Baastad

Revenant

At the end of his decades
he returns to the edge
of his first forest—

to promising shadows
for which he paid
in a subsequent life

He can be trusted
now in this dark
with a sheltered flame

and sits through the night
recalling old words: *bread*
child, wind, snow...

At last, near dawn
he discovers a name
for the one bright star

who would, on occasion
allow herself to be seen
through bare branches