**80 Degrees in February**

Tim Raphael

As if inclined

toward shameless light,

we overlook dark

constellations like

those worshipped

by Incan farmers

in the anthracite

night – spirits

in the braided black

river between stars

held secrets

of seasons. If

only we could

see beyond

Orion’s baubled belt,

find signs again

in absence, hear

a plea in the void

left by a calved glacier,

we might discern one

moment before

the next – a deer

mouse basking

in Friday’s flood of

sun, shadow wing

unseen, a woman bent,

planting butter leaf

lettuce out of season.