

Memory

I saw a fox
on the edge
of the woods, frozen
at the sight of me.
But then we both
realized that I was the one
who was stuck, still,
caught in place.
And so he ran, red
legs thin and sharp
like the hands
of a clock, moving
like time itself, twisting
and blurring and stretching
its legs, unwinding all
the ways I have to stop
from remembering.

In the forest around me
the hour remains the same.

Jill Williams