

Sam Lane

# Smoke in WA, September 2020

noticing, the long gaze, holding the ruler  
over and over to say that it's smoky out.  
pale red sun. behind the smudged tree is  
a triangle shied behind the *what is the  
opposite of mist?* I want to know what  
measure one needs to notice the sagging  
branches, or the rain drops — released by  
their clouds, tumbled until they are  
globes of ash. the first bird I saw turned  
from a line to a circle.

Sam Lane is an MFA candidate in poetry at the University of Pittsburgh. He is originally from Valdosta, GA.