

Leigh Nash

Time Share

Wool sweats, a haze
on the horizon. Breathe in

the cool country, slim
cigarettes. Ten degrees: gloves,

hats, red wine. Out on the lake
two loons bobs, corks

in a half-empty bottle. Light
bellows across muddy

water; yellow
leaves. Piled fly carcasses insulate

window sills. You think
you know which way the wind

blows, but the fire
place ignites with the flick

of a switch.