

## MIDNIGHT

midnight your moonlight  
rising back from the snow  
on which it fell

your stars and planets  
marching a narrow icy path  
that goes out and returns

a record so stamped  
it can be trusted  
even in your lonesome hour--

their faces are shining  
though weary  
accurate in their eager circuit

their heads bowed to us  
their hunger their chill  
their fullness whites us all

Eric Rensberger

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