

*Some Holy Weight*  
*in the*  
*Village Air*

POEMS

Ira Joe Fisher

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## Contents

|                                 |    |
|---------------------------------|----|
| <i>Vantage</i>                  |    |
| Snow Walk                       | 12 |
| Arrival                         | 15 |
| A Storm and an Old Coupe        | 16 |
| Between the Night and the Day   | 19 |
| Banker's Progress               | 20 |
| A Moment                        | 22 |
| Broken Again                    | 23 |
| At the Height of Their Mischief | 24 |
| The Bird Bath                   | 25 |
| Inevitable                      | 26 |
| All That's Left                 | 27 |
| The Brevity of Misappropriation | 30 |
| On Second Thought               | 31 |
| And Out in the Kitchen          | 32 |
| Mystery                         | 33 |
| The Maple and the Pine          | 34 |
| The Man Who Lived at the Dump   | 35 |
| What I Had Forgot               | 39 |
| The Dairyman's Wife             | 40 |
| Staying Put                     | 44 |
| The Cattaraugus Wind            | 45 |

|                                     |    |
|-------------------------------------|----|
| Together                            | 48 |
| Trees and the Wind                  | 49 |
| Only to the Sun                     | 51 |
| Some Holy Weight in the Village Air | 52 |
| Sculpting                           | 56 |
| Only the Red-Winged Blackbird       | 58 |
| Clouds, Houses, Hills               | 60 |
| Darkest                             | 61 |
| February Burial                     | 64 |
| Remembering Rew                     | 65 |
| Glance                              | 69 |
| Forget It                           | 70 |
| Winterlight                         | 73 |
| Waiting                             | 74 |
| Fall Leaves Fall                    | 76 |
| Something I Could Not Tell You      | 77 |
| What is Seen                        | 78 |
| Someone Else's Supper               | 79 |
| Aftermath                           | 81 |
| Age                                 | 82 |
| Night                               | 83 |
| There Comes Each Year One Fall Day  | 84 |

## Aftermath

Two days after the blizzard  
I crunch on stucco snow,  
packed on the roofs,  
packed on the lawns,  
pulling air down in blue  
shadows. Oak limbs spread  
against the china sky;  
twigs poke from the drifts.  
The winded ridges  
and the rubble of the plows  
burn day to more day  
than winter allows;  
a battle won in a lost war.  
The already dead  
cannot die more.  
And the sun works twice:  
in blinding white light;  
and by laying shades  
across March and me  
of all that outlives winter  
and all that will glow  
when the snow is gone.