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## Oil and Wine // Northern Gold

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# Oil and Wine

Sunrise splinters from the willow tree.  
October's breath slept on your chest  
before she woke and wound around me.

The grass fogs and forgets your tracks;  
any records, scratches, or cracks  
to stumble and fall for.

Thumb wiped on my shirt,  
I point toward what hurts;  
press and pry to come up.

You put me to bed and I shake.  
Sunrise splinters and you  
tell me I shake.

JACK WHITE

# Northern Gold

Call me dirt and gravel. Sunken  
dew tickling a cracked bench.

Exhale my name into a cold  
that drizzles and steams  
against a morning's unbending warmth,  
brisk stone steps or the breeze that skims them.

Watch me through the dust of a cabin air,  
tapping on a locked window and weeping into oak.

As I was in the morning,  
I will be in the night.