

The Heist

after W. H. Auden

By Benjamin Knepper

Nothing disturbed the night's echoing silence.
The moon defined the contours of an open field
Leading our way, while we trusted
The earth would hold us up. Anyhow,
We ran to the tree among trees and our hands joined around the shaft
Almost instinctively: an eclipse of three bodies,
Bonded to one another by sacrosanct alignment.
Once, a childhood so perfect

It's funny, quite pathetic really,
The dance between fate and time;
Earth's monotonous rotation around a flame.
Even its accomplices—Saturn, Uranus, Neptune—
Move like dilatory rocks under water,
As if to maintain the pace of benighted minds;
How in the haphazard appointment of misfortune
The stars seem to take amusement.

Somewhere,
There is a boy, motionless, eyes glossed with frost
Witnessing an open field leading to a grove of trees;
A twig snaps, a star twitches, stoically.
Misplaced indulgences.
Now, he stands at the precipice
Of his untold story, or rather,
The recollection of a memory never had.

It lasted long enough,
Then he turned back toward where he came.