

## It Is Night

- Lorna Crozier

*W*ind turns back the sheets of the field.  
What needs to sleep, sleeps there.  
What needs to rest.

The door has fallen from the moon.  
It floats in the slough, all knob and hinges.

Now the moon's so open  
anything could walk right through.

Only the fox is traveling.  
One minute he's a cat, the next a coyote.  
He never changes his coat of red.

Enough light to see by  
yet my mouth lies in darkness.  
What needs to sleep, sleeps there.  
What needs to rest.

Outside my mind, the wind is reckoning.  
Always there is something  
to figure out.