

## Louisville Wires

(December 10, 2001)

By **Chris McDonnell**

Fog filled the valley and settled  
deep round trees between  
forest tracks and the car lit road.

Deer cuddle the darkened  
night, ten days into this distant  
December month and the endless

spinning songs. Unknown words  
drift out between the tall stands  
of damp, silent, disappearing firs.

The sharp chillness and the early  
closing of blinds. Still there,  
up a cinder track, sparse rooms

of personal lived in space. Echoes  
from thousand upon thousand  
scribbled pages, the letters and

the Prefaces, the articles, Chapters  
and the Introductions, the greetings,  
the poetry and prayer. Too late

in December. Titles and testimony  
and the memory of many Summer  
nights, Louisville's singing wires and

then the silence. Winter then and  
now the years between, a different  
forest and another place.

Here roadside deer slip from late  
evening cover, in ones and twos  
and then in silence, disappear.



**Chris McDonnell**

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**Chris McDonnell**, who will be retiring as head teacher of a primary school in Staffordshire, England this spring, has published six volumes of poetry and is a frequent contributor to *The Merton Seasonal* and other journals.