

SPRING



Mother tried to take her life.
The icicles thawed.
The house, a wet coat
we couldn't put back on.

Still, the garden quickened,
the fields were firm.
Birds flew from the woods'
fingertips. Among the petals

and sticks and browning fruit,
we sat in the grass and
bickered, chained daisies, prayed.
All that falls is caught. Unless

it doesn't stop, like moonlight,
which has no pace to speak of,
falling through the cedar limbs,
falling through the rock.

