

Wilderness House Literary Review 6/1

D'Anne Bodman

Meadow

I go to your room to see how light breaks

what you would have seen from your windows
glow of leaves in early fall
yellow green grass licked with dew

It is natural
to want to give you what
has carried me through
to plant strawberries and nasturtium
as when you were little

The things I kept
were never enough
to still leaving

I go to your room as if the view
and glancing light could give
answers to what shaped you
and words for years
spilling across the sky