

Wilderness House Literary Review 9/2

D'Anne Bodman

SANTO

He presses his head
into my knees

just a check in
before returning outside

over the years his poem
has come to me
for the color of shed oak leaves

bleached stalks of meadow
or pine or cornfield down
the blade of his chest

only we know the secret
pink between the toes of late
summer grasses
our daughter pleaded not to mow

And the smell
of you being absent