

Wilderness House Literary Review 1/2

FOR TOBY WHO DISAPPEARED LAST MONTH

We're having your kind of weather-- sunny, not too hot.
New grass grows in the place where you liked to sleep.
Last week, I showed Robbie that chipmunk hole out back.
Remember how you'd stand guard?
He piled a sentinel of little stones nearby.
When I take Nina for her walk
she looks for you under the old hemlock,
its low branches still sheltering your private bower.
A fox squeezed through the fence yesterday.
Circling our yard, he seemed unable to get out
but, after a while, he was gone.
The birds who used to tease you
are silent now.

-- Patricia Brodie