

Remission

I sit in the center of the field
& wait for winter
to make a widow out of me.

The snow, bitten black, stirs
underneath the horses'
heavy breathing.

Their hooves, primordial,
fissure the earth. Half-healed scars
the beetles fall into

like a trap. The seeds
they brush from their hair
harden into the pebbles

I place on my tongue
when you ask me
my son's name.

Define grieving.
For months, I sat
in a frail-lace nightgown

on the splintered porch
of a two-story house,
my husband

breathing down his shirt,
pursing his lips for hours
against the same mug of twig tea.

The only talking we did
was what the wind
pushed out of us.

We went weeks
without seeing a soul.
We tried to bury

ourselves in the snow
until we lost that, too.
How something so light

can hold a garden still
the way a mother's promise
can turn lungs into wind-chimes.

When I cough, my arm
bends like a splint across
the bow of my stomach

as if to presume the worst.
I make my way to the field
and wade in on my knees.

The grass lets me burn
in a way this life
never could.