

WINTER RECESS

In the dark sky of roots
the earth clouds with winter.

There is sleep, a still promise
fills with dull, grey milk.

The pecans have ended
their part of the tree. Fallen.

The leaves that went
before them blacken, wet,

staining two or three fingertips
that dig in them.

The mud mother shifts once,
opening her leaf mouths or worse.

The nuts hide
in the matted slick of leaves.

Close to February
a cry drifts silently. In soil,

in a trace of intent, a flower
brimming in darkness.