

## *Judith Bishop*

### ALICE MISSING IN WONDERLAND

Each day below the  
pallid eye of winter noon

there hangs a net of gulls.  
It obscures the day moon,

forgotten as porcelain  
or the delicate need

for tragedy. Grass,  
come morning, weeps away

a loveless night of hoar.  
Beside a clean tree trunk,

an old discarded boot  
speaks bluntly to the heart:

Tread carefully.  
Consider what's left out.