

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.