

DEBRA ALLBERRY

All We Need

Purblind twilight, Michigan's mum
in snow blankets and bird cloaks—
grackles blackleafing two oaks and a locust,
then taking flight in a swarm. The trees
straighten into single digits.

House on the hill behind them,
its arched windows lit. There were years I woke
into cold, single rooms, and now.
Now we have all we need.

Even plenty has its ache. Two winters ago,
another life inside me, I walked
stubbornly centerless on the ice.
Now that child wakes to the dark dawn,
looks out at the dim sparrows

scavenging in the snow. *No*,
he calls it, *no, no*.