

## Airbrush · *James Galvin*

The sky was an occasion  
I would never rise to. I had my doubts.

Frost fell back into morning shadows of things.  
Gate posts and evergreens had two shadows then,  
One white and twice as cold  
With half the heart and half again  
Smaller.

Better than expected was good enough.  
A man could say *mercy* and mean it.

There were daughters  
In whom fathers would be well pleased, sons  
Not able to breed, mothers among the living.

Fields blew away and blew back in, painless.  
Everybody died since everybody does, still

I have my doubts  
And they have shadows, double.