

Jane Mead

HOWEVER,

what if I said I wanted
myself back whole—what then?

“What’s broken, we can fix,”
the humans would say—predictably.

You have to love them for that.

Of course, nothing *really* heals.

I know what wind knows.
Tearing across the prairie,

bits of grit riding its cold storm—
grit like coal-dust, or like ashes:

What’s the difference?
There’s enough love here.