

## GRIEF

The stillness of snow  
holds all sound

—the barred owl's flight, shrieks  
of the winter hare, an oak tree groaning  
in the ravine.

It cradles  
the birth cry, cottons the green shoot,  
the white rage.

Falling, it fills  
                  what was empty

—the only time  
I do not weep for her silence.

by Laura Apol, from "A Fine Yellow Dust"

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