

A PAUSE IN AN ALL-DAY RAIN

—for Hanna Grayce

In the quietest reach of late afternoon,
the light, without warning, dapples and shifts,
finding new leaves in the saucer magnolia
we planted for you last week.
I watch the green bending, here

and here, think perhaps I should give you
the quilt I've tossed over my bed
—it matches your sofa—catch myself
once more. Friday, I had your name
inked into the skin of my inner arm

so I'd be reminded—not of you
but of your absence, would stop reaching
for the phone. Now I want to tell you
I blistered my hand on the stove,
the cat is showing her age—

I've set up a pad and blankets
near my desk. You should know I'm better
with her; more space in the heart perhaps.
Good morning, luv, I say out loud each day
on waking to whomever is listening.

by Laura Apol, from "A Fine Yellow Dust"

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