Hourglass

The curve of the pond . . .
is it needled already with ice
does milk fern frost windows
frame the river turned
a rind of gray metal
did the grape clusters shatter
this year, under shelter of silver-palmed leaves
the bulbs—
are they saved
have the wings of white birds
already blossomed, the sounds
strophic and deeper than waves,
overhead blue distanced once more
from migration
didn’t you just call to me
is it weeks since you left
is the light gone cold
filling the moon?

—Dixie Partridge

This poem won first place in the
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