

## Psalm for My Father

Let the russet chair  
with its upholstered curves  
remain for a while as he shaped it,  
removed to a spot by windows  
laced over and tall.

Let the coming winter stay longer  
on mountaintops: October,  
the month of his birth, crisp slowly  
into frost, stubble fields holding onto gold  
before the turn to fallow.

Allow us time to watch a lowering sun  
shoot back prisms,  
faint ice etching long needles  
across the water trough, mountain spring water  
still trickling in as it has all my years,  
though irrigation ditches he cut in pasture  
no longer flow.

In the necessary wait for morning  
and motion, let us open  
to what darkness can give . . .  
the moving metaphors of earth,  
its core of heat, the underground rivers  
that stream beneath us.

—Dixie L. Partridge