

Goddess looking up, sowing mercy

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in the shadow she broadcasts like seed,
left hand sifting the infinite satchel she wears
at her hip, fingers praying each grain
as she yields them to soil. On the valley's
blank page, they punctuate
the language of wind, shape its words
into clauses the trees can understand.

As she sows, first light parts the mist, whispers
her name. Right hand to cheek, she translates
the matins' caress into the psaltery
of her skin. Her body sings azure the tone
of a mourning dove's elegy across the cosmos
she upholds with her dreams.

(After J. Kirk Richards)

—Tyler Chadwick