

After Sorrow

I used to think *something good*
must be coming when a day came
like this one The light strong again
after rain after the slow gathering-in
of the days the nights getting darker and colder
I am older now A day comes
The poplars not torches but lit
with their own leaves dying A mist
breathes out from the shining fields
And this is good The light the mist
the color of the leaves A broken quorum
of brown wrens flutter and settle
their paths of flight binding up the branches
of a shattered apple tree Abandoned
fruit gleams wet and round and red
against the cracked black trunk
Something good The present voices
of the birds The sun rising in November

—MaryJan Munger

*This poem won first place in the 2007 BYU Studies
poetry contest.*