

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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