

the wrap

by Kitty Boots

a brittle bundle of thoughts
colliding with satellite dreams
spins, crashes

branches, stark, crowded with crows
scratch at the sky, tremble

a whisper of wind, scented with woodsmoke
teases the nostrils

sparrows peck and back-hop, rustle curled leaves

slapped by frost, morning glories hang limp

inside I light a candle, sit before the hearth
stare at fire, fragrant with cedar

I bite into a mountain apple, sweet, firm
it assuages the bitterness

