

Eleutheria

by Bill Yarrow

Eleutheria, searching for asters
for the wedding of her son, bent
in the hedge and thought about
the letter she had just received
from her father. It was incoherent.
Was he failing? Could that be possible?

She watched an inky cloud suck
all the color from the trees. She
observed a conspiracy of garden moths
circle The Rock of Prayer. Walking over
to the frog pond, she stared at her
muddy self. Something had congealed.

With the wedding a week away, she saw
her childhood gone. And now suddenly his had
returned. Well, there was nothing to be done.
Nothing to be done and still so much to do.
She examined her reflection in the water.
It began to rain. Her reflection glared back.

