

||||||| (Munun)

by Dianne McKnight-Warren

Winter melts to ashes and now we walk where hillocks dip like pillows, where a warm pocket of air keeps the scent of spring beauties for itself. Sensitive vetch so easily shocked folds under a feather, yet the earth trembles where trout lilies shove.

Buds stall on lilacs and beeches, and scrimmed light comes even to nightshade, but the Devil will not tend this garden tonight. Tonight under a thin canopy, a roof made of sticks, look overhead to the stars. Watch one fall--see the past flash behind in one bright stream?

“Remember,” written in runes.

